

A
0
0
0
3
2
5
1
8
3



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

EX

EGYPT



VENICE

BURTON HOLMES
TRAVELOGUES



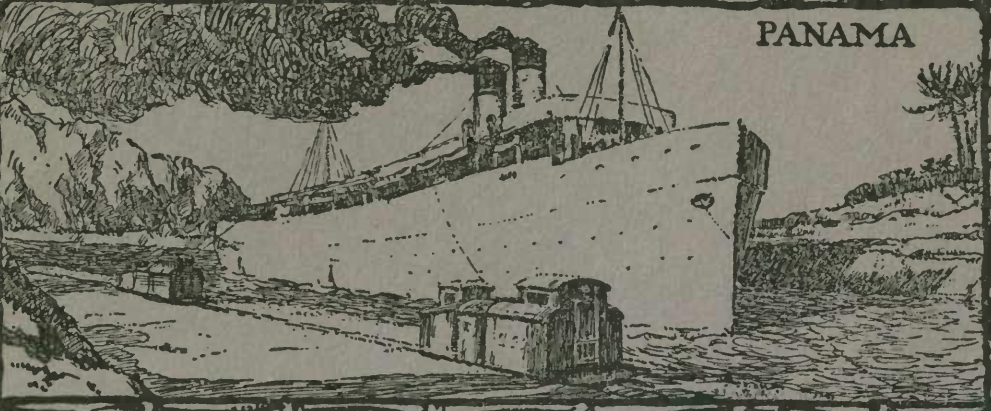
LONDON



SWITZERLAND



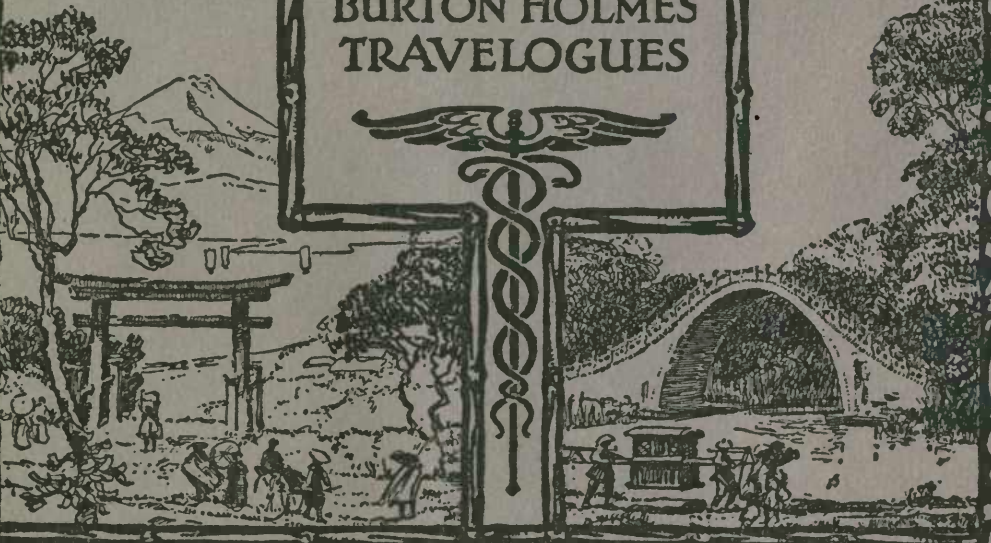
PANAMA



JAPAN

BURTON HOLMES
TRAVELOGUES

CHINA



YELLOWSTONE



Edmund & Irene Andrews



you fool! to seek companions in a crowd!
Into thy room, and there upon thy knees,
Before thy bookshelves, humbly thank thy God
That thou hast friends like these!"



ENGLAND
SCOTLAND IRELAND

BURTON HOLMES
TRAVELOGUES

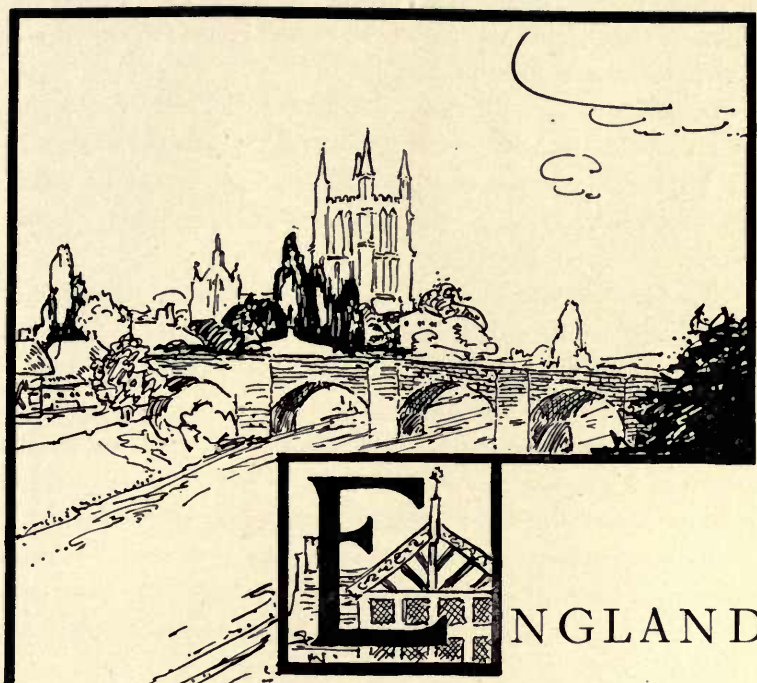
WHITE HOUSE, PUBLISHERS

CHICAGO

Copyright, 1922, by E. Burton Holmes
All rights reserved

ENGLAND

2056055



GREAT BRITAIN emerged from the World War as Greater Britain. The British Empire stood the strenuous test. Britons fought and won like Britons. Britannia's ruling of the war-time waves was glorious and just. Civilization owes an increased debt of gratitude to her British champions—the English, Scottish, Irish, Welsh, Canadian, Australian, and Colonial sons of Greater Britain. Nobly they bore themselves—splendid in their dauntlessness, undismayed in defeat, magnanimous in victory.

It is therefore with a new and more sympathetic interest that we turn to a consideration of the British Isles—the little archipelago that has mothered the most masterful of modern races—the English-speaking, peace-loving, fair-fighting, and unconquerable race

that has extended its dominion around the world and, through its American kindred, has created in the United States the richest and most powerful of modern nations.

England is not Great Britain. England is not the British Empire, but England is and must remain the heart and soul of the world-wide federation of free peoples who speak her language, cherish her ideals, and give her loyal, respectful, self-respecting, and intelligent allegiance.

There is something thoroughbred about England, something that men of other nations are impelled to admire and respect even though they may resent and pretend to ridicule it. Nowhere in the world is there a land so rich in gentlemen.

The country itself is as well-groomed in appearance as the English gentleman. You may search Kipling's Orient from Bombay to Mandalay and fail to find a "greener, cleaner land" than England.

Not very verdant, however, are the cliffs that mark the place where, in one sense, England begins — Land's End. But those cliffs are clean, washed by the waves and swept by the winds of the Atlantic. Land's End is, literally, one of the ends of England. It is the westernmost extremity of Cornwall, which county is itself a great peninsula, seventy-five miles in length, jutting westward from the southern edge of England.

Once
upon a
time
Cornwall
stretched

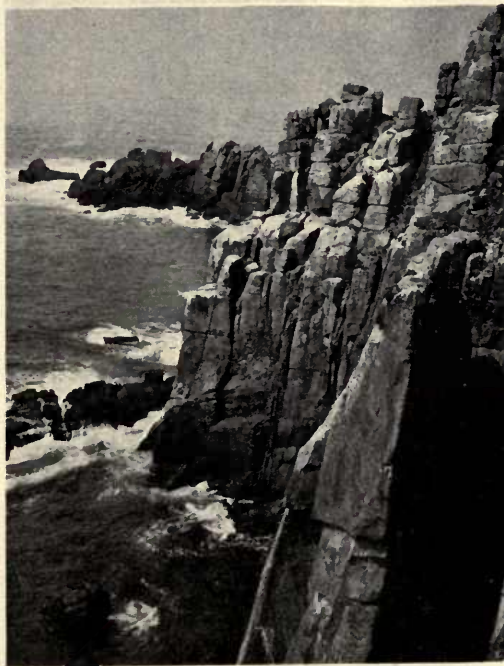


A GOOD PLACE
TO BEGIN



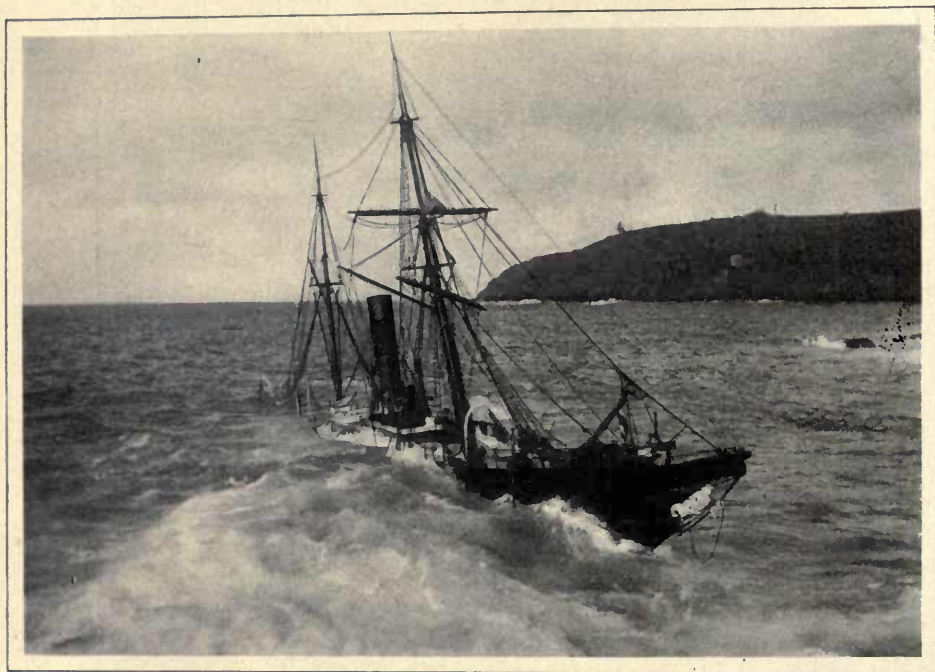
LAND'S END

farther westward. The Scilly Isles, now twenty-five miles off Land's End, once formed a part of the Cornish mainland. The intervening region vanished centuries ago. It was known as the "Land of Lyonesse." According to the ancient chronicles, that legendary country, with its hun-



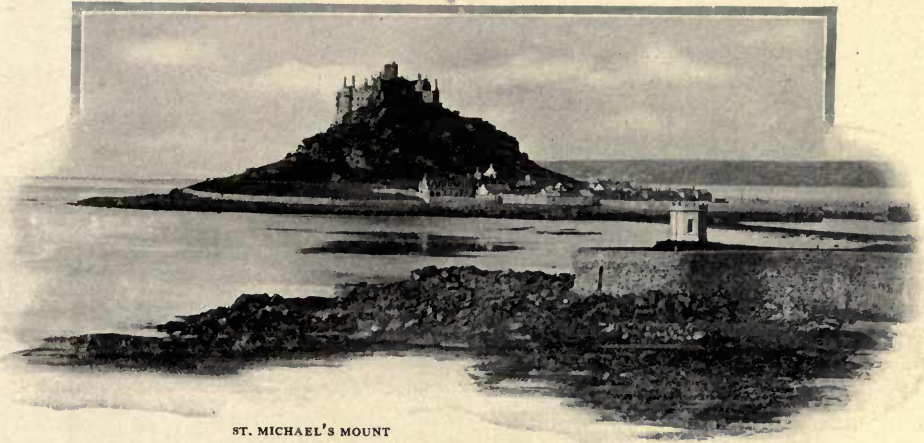
THE WESTERNMOST CLIFFS OF CORNWALL

dred and forty parishes, its cities, towns, and villages, its smiling fields and wonderful old castles, sank out of sight beneath the waves. In one of those now submerged Cornish castles dwelt and ruled the patient old King Mark, whose young bride, the fair Iseult of Ireland, became enamoured of the brave knight Tristram—the messenger sent by the aged King to bring her from her Irish home across the Channel. Wagner has told of that great love in “Tristan and Isolde.”



WHERE THE SEA TAKES TOLL

We are assured that the story of the sunken land of Lyonesse is not all legend. There are proofs evident and visible that sections of this coast have risen and fallen in the course of ages. Just as the Norman coast near Mont St. Michel has changed its level, so too the coast of Cornwall near that curiously similar church-crowned island called St. Michael's Mount, is known to have been subject to mysterious



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

and yet perfectly natural risings and fallings which to geologists are not at all astonishing.

St. Michael's Mount is best known to fame as the stronghold of the grim giant Cormoran, who to the delight of every boy we ever



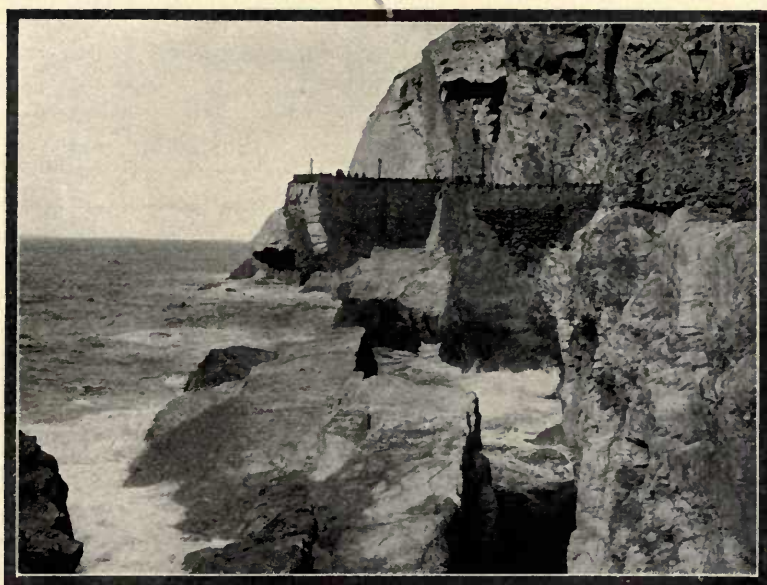
THE LITTLE TOWN OF LOOE

knew, was slain gloriously by that prince of our boyhood heroes, Jack the Giant Killer.

The whole south coast of England is one long stretch of beauty. Bold cliffs, softly rounded and carefully cultivated hills, long level beaches of clean wholesome sands, pretty little towns, beautiful big villages, picturesque seaport cities — all these attractions combine or



ILFRACOMBE



THE BRISTOL CHANNEL

alternate in giving to the English Riviera a charming, comfortable beauty all its own.

The climate is astonishingly mild — even in winter when the rest of England shivers, the sunny south coast is often bathed in an atmosphere of sunshine and warmth reminiscent of the Mediterranean Riviera in the south of France.

For the traveler who does not love the sea, the south of England offers the inland delights of Devonshire, one of the most beautiful of all the English counties. As we traverse its deep-cut lanes and peer through garden gates at impossibly picturesque thatched cottages, we begin to understand why Englishmen are always talking about the delights of a week-end “down in Devon.”

To go “down in Devon” is to go deep into the heart of beautiful old England. Or, if the traveler wishes to combine the calm joys of inland Devon with the exhilaration of sea breezes he will find at Ilfracombe an ideal place of sojourn. The word “combe” means

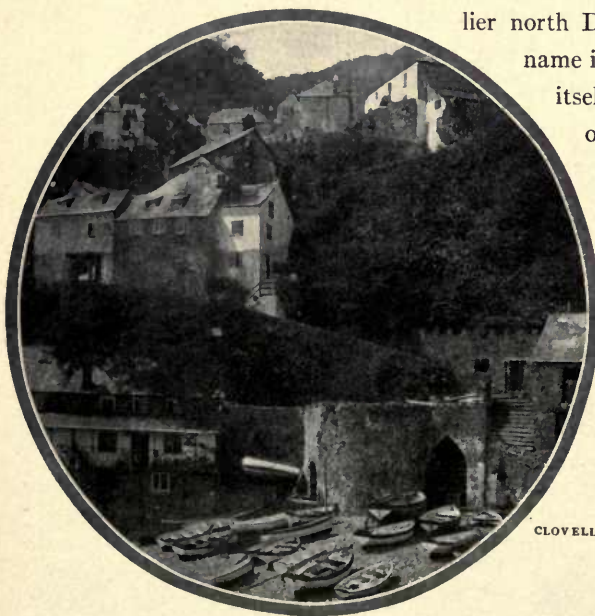


IN QUAINC CLOVELLY

"a hollow between steep hills" — and Ilfracombe lies between steep hills, and, backed by steep hills, it looks out on the dancing waves of the Bristol Channel.

Not far away — some twenty miles or so — there is an even lovelier north Devon beauty spot. Its

name is as pretty as the place itself— Clovelly. Clovelly is one of the most charming little places in all England. According to the guide book, only six hundred and twenty-one persons enjoy the privilege of dwelling in Clovelly, but thousands of other persons come to Clovelly



CLOVELLY FROM THE PIER

every season to enjoy the hospitality of its pretty white houses with their bright green doors and lattices opening upon the one and only street of this delightful village. The street is almost like a flight of stairs with, at the top, the high green hills of Devon and at the bottom the deep blue waters of Bideford Bay.

Hospitality is the profession of Clovelly. The brewing and serving of tea is the chief local industry. The entertainment and refresh-



CLOVELLY READY FOR THE TOURIST INVASION

ment of the passing stranger is the end and aim of nearly every native of the village. Clovelly is always glad to see the passing stranger. The stranger — unless he is insensible to the appeal of beauty and the lure of local good-will — is always glad to see Clovelly.

It is worth while to linger in a place like this and watch the passing procession of visitors — the little crowds of busy trippers that come and go from day to day.



THE ONE AND ONLY STREET



UP STAIRS AND DOWN IN CLOVELLY

One day's enthusiastic audience is very like another's. Everyone seems to say and do the very same things that everyone else has said and done here, day after day, since tripping to pretty places by the sea became the pastime of the British people.

The traveler who "stays over" for a few days finds an easy road to distinction. He acquires the dignity of an old settler; visitors look up to him as an authority on local sights. He becomes the familiar



ALONG THE ENGLISH RIVIERA

friend of the elect six hundred and twenty-one citizens of this tiny show place. He discovers the home of the housewife who brews the best tea — the haunt of the tenderest of all the toasted muffins — the source of the most marvellous of all the local marmalades and jams.

He may, it is true, tire of the local cuisine. But after a summer of travel along the byways of Britain it is our impression that the local cuisine of one town is the universal cuisine of the country. Every-

where, every day, bacon and eggs for breakfast. Good bacon and good eggs, but *always* bacon and eggs — and porridge — the latter not appealing to the Yankee palate. Everywhere, every day, for luncheon, cold joint and a boiled potato. For dinner, hot joint and a boiled potato. One comes to dread the “twice daily” of the inevitable boiled potato. Every day for seven weeks — and there are forty-nine days in seven weeks — we met that British boiled potato twice daily — at luncheon and at dinner. That totaled ninety-eight



DOWN IN DEVON

meetings. Of course, we have nothing against the boiled potato as a boiled potato; but as a daily diet — that is another story. But Britons don't appear to mind — nor to suspect that a dash of variety in potato matters might not come amiss.

When we ventured to express ourselves in the hearing of an English lady, concerning this, to us, inexplicable monotony of fare she looked at us in wonder, and inquired, “But how *would* one cook a potato if one didn't boil it?” — and then, while we were trying to



TORQUAY

find an answer, she added, with a flash of inspiration — “or bake it?” We suggested that in our humble opinion, a potato might, without disrupting the British Empire or disturbing the Entente Cordiale, be served German fried, mashed, French fried, sauté, hashed brown,



THE BEACH OF MANY COSY CORNERS

stewed in cream, hashed au gratin, Lyonnaise, soufflé, rissole — or even in the form of crisp Saratoga chips. The lady looked at us as if to say, "Dear me, these mad Americans" — and proceeded to do her duty by the standardized boiled potato, which had impelled us to the above outburst of suggestions.

In justice to the British provincial cuisine it must be said that



ON THE SILVER SANDS

the joints are good joints and the potatoes good potatoes — it's the deadly monotony of the fare that is depressing.

But there is no monotony in the feast of beauty that is spread before the traveler in the south of England. The exquisitely finished aspect of the country, the absence of industrial scars, the picturesqueness of the old-time towns and villages make touring a delight. And yet strong indeed must be the traveler's "wanderlust" to keep him on the move in England when there are so many charming places that

invite him to lay aside his pilgrim staff, and settle down to spend the season.

Let him beware the lure of Torquay with its semi-tropical, palm bordered streets and its rocky,



cosy corners on the beach. Let him be strong to resist the joyous temptations of the silver sands at Weymouth, or at Bournemouth. Let him be wise



enough not to yield to the sophisticated citified attractions of Brighton and the other seaside suburbs of overcrowded London. Let the true traveler avoid "resorts" and hie him to the interesting towns and lesser cities of old England where her great Cathedrals



SALISBURY

rise like glorious and beautiful reminders of a calmer and more restful age.

Typical of many other medieval English towns, but with a charming "Early English" atmosphere all its own, is Salisbury, the county town of Wiltshire. There we may lunch in good old English fashion at a famous tavern at the appetizing sign of "The Haunch of Venison." From its windows we may feast our eyes upon the



THE POULTRY CROSS

quaint design of the old Poultry Cross — a market cross much more elaborate than those we find in other English towns. The curious structure marked the center of the old-time market where earlier generations of Wiltshire folk trafficked in cackling hens and crowing roosters. Its arches doubtless sheltered many a worthy housewife of ye olden time during the frequent showers that are an almost daily matter-of-course



UNDER
THE
CROSS

in wet old England. The design of the Poultry Cross is good late-Gothic — but the architectural glory of Salisbury, the great



A FAMOUS TAVERN



ST. ANNE'S GATE

Cathedral, is Early English. Its spire, the loftiest in England — four hundred and four feet high — is visible for many miles as you approach across the fairly level country round about; but once in the narrow streets of the town, the traveler looks in vain for its tapering cross-crowned tip — so successfully do the low two- and three-



AFTER SERVICE

story buildings of the unchanging town obscure the most aspiring and inspiring monument of Salisbury's pious and artistic past.

The great
Church

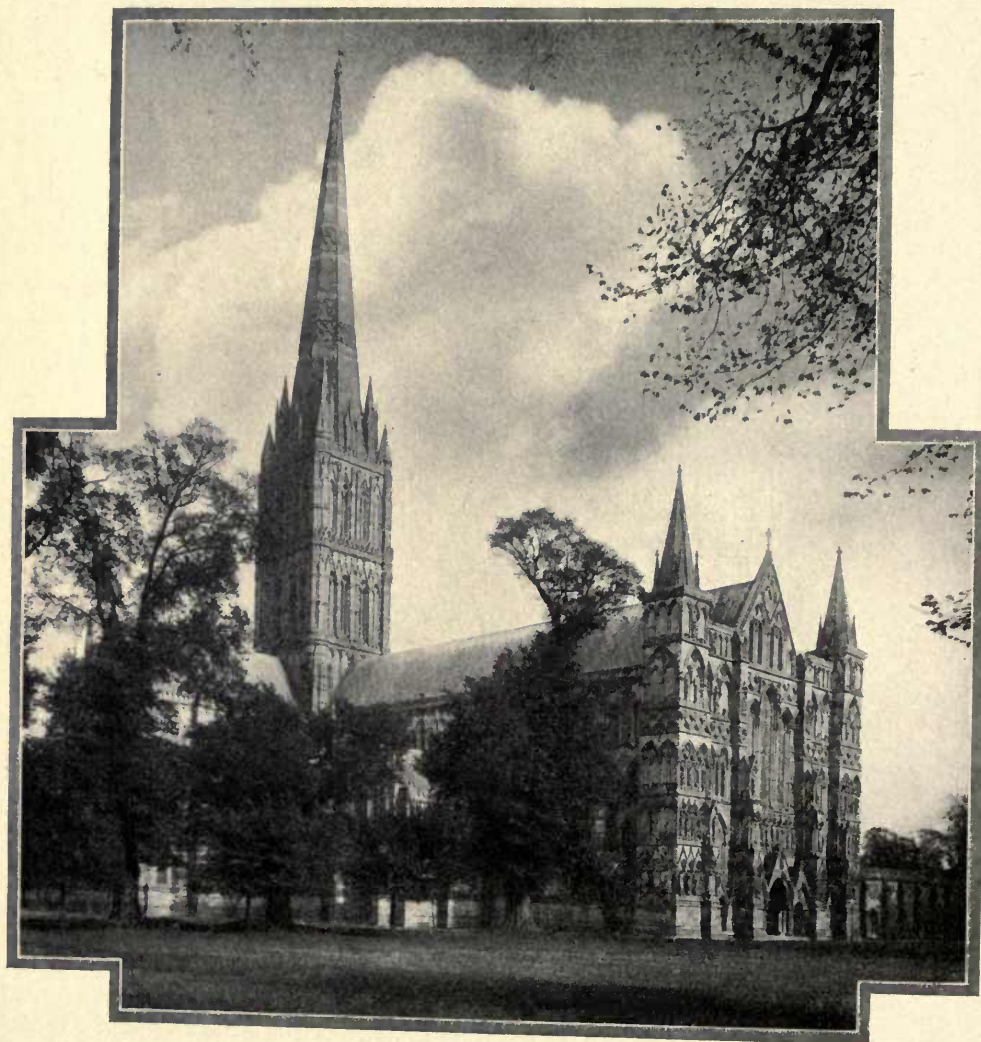


THE NORTH GATE

rises from the velvety level of a park-like inner minster-yard called the Cathedral Close. This quiet, restful Close is shut off from the calm of the town itself by walls that are in certain places incorporated in the mass of the surrounding structures. Old gates, each with a special character — one might almost say a special personality — give access to the Close and as we pass beneath the arches of St. Anne's or of the North Gate, we feel that we are

entering an out-of-door architectural museum of which the Cathedral is the dominating masterpiece.

It is quite fitting that a grand old church should rise, not from the midst of a commerce-ridden quarter, but from the midst of a fair



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

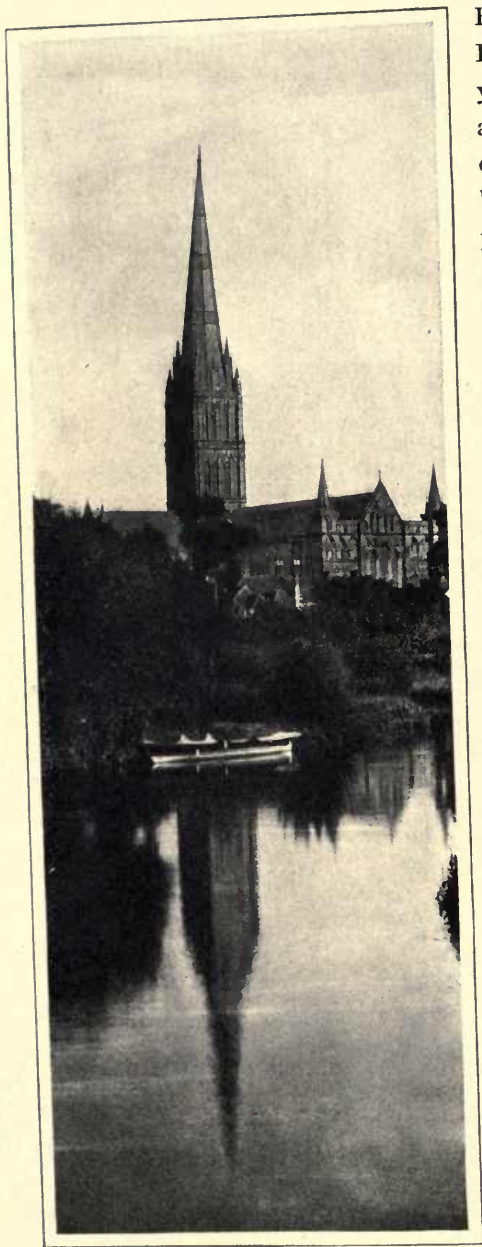


PURE EARLY ENGLISH
ARCHITECTURE

expanse of Nature's green, with pretty, homelike houses set all round about, but at a piously respectful distance. So does the Salisbury Cathedral rise in its perfection, acknowledged as the most graceful and symmetrical of all the English Cathedrals and as the most consistently and characteristically



A THIRTEENTH CENTURY PORTAL



THE LOFTIEST OF ENGLISH SPIRES

English of them all. It was begun in the year of our Lord 1220, and, strange to say, completed within the brief period of forty years. Cathedrals as a rule are centuries in building but Salisbury's famous fane stands as a glorious exception to the rule—a great Cathedral designed, erected, and completed within the space of two-score years. Thus the tapering spire at which we look to-day has stood there, lifting its cross against the sky, or seeming to plunge it deep into the mirroring depths of the little River Avon (not Shakespeare's Avon, but another—one of the several English streams that bear that familiar name), for nearly seven centuries. But what are seven centuries in a land as old as England! With-

in seven miles of Salisbury there stands a temple of worship dating back — as closely as modern man may compute its age — nearly thirty-seven centuries! That temple is the most imposing megalithic monument in Britain, a memorial of a vanished race, of a forgotten faith and of a religion unremembered.

Stonehenge is a colossal and enduring mystery. The wise men of successive centuries have striven to solve



A LOVE OF A COTTAGE

this mystery, but in vain. There is no authentic record upon which to rely. The name is said to be derived from a name given by the Saxons — “Stanhengist” meaning “Hanging Stones.”

No man knows for what purpose these great stones were erected on the low hill that looms above the wide and wind-swept Salisbury Plain. Some say that Stonehenge was a memorial to four hundred nobles executed in the year 472 A. D. Others insist that it was the tomb of Constantine the Great, first of Christian Roman Emperors



STONEHENGE

and founder of Constanti-
nople. Various au-
thorities equally
worthy of a
credence
assure us
that
Stone-
henge
was a
Roman
temple, a
Tuscan shrine,
a Danish mortu-
ary memorial, a circle
for Druidic serpent worship,
or a Saxon sepulchral sanctuary.

But the theory latest advanced, and to us the most reasonable, is
that Stonehenge was a temple for the worship of the sun. The



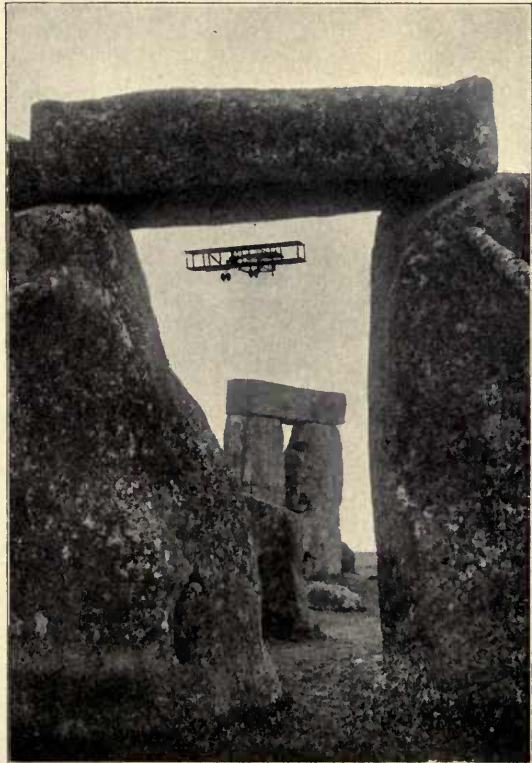
COLOSSAL TRILITHONS

arrangement and orientation of the mighty blocks suggest that the mysterious temple was a colossal prehistoric sun-dial and calendar stone, erected with careful regard to the direction of the sun's appearance on the morning of the summer solstice.

Many of the monoliths have fallen. One of the mighty trilithons — a great gateway formed of three stones — collapsed on the last day of the year 1900 A. D. The fall of another was recorded a hundred and three years before.

The outer circle consisted originally of thirty colossal "sarsens" — supporting gigantic lintel stones. The inner circle of smaller "blue stones" has nearly disappeared. Within this was a horseshoe of five huge trilithons and within this a lesser horseshoe of nineteen "blue stones."

The open ends of these two horseshoes faced the east. At some distance eastward from the temple rises an isolated monolith now called the "Friar's Heel." It was undoubtedly placed there to enable the priests of the sun and the few favored worshipers standing in the midst of the temple, to sight the exact point on the



A MYSTERY OF YESTERDAY A MIRACLE OF TO-DAY

horizon where the sun would rise on the morning of the summer solstice. The traveler standing there on a modern midsummer morning will note that the sun rises *nearly* in line with that huge indicating arrowhead. Now we know that in the course of centuries, owing to astronomical causes, there has been a change in the direction of that line. Thus it has been possible to compute the age of



LIKE A MIGHTY PREHISTORIC SUN-DIAL

Stonehenge by ascertaining at what period in the past the sun would have appeared to rise precisely in line with the "Friar's Heel." Scientific calculations fix that period — in fact the very day — with disconcerting precision, as Midsummer Day in the year 1680 B. C. Thus the cyclopean masses of Stonehenge must have been reared, by unknown men employing means to us unknown, more than thirty-six centuries ago — or, that we may better sense the remoteness of



THE FRIAR'S HEEL

the date, let us say four hundred years before Rameses the Great set up his obelisks and the mighty monoliths of his colossal temples in the Egypt of the Pharaohs. It is with a thrill of wonder that we look through one of the titanic trilithons — which opens like a portal of the fathomless past — and see, framed there against the blue of the heavens, British military aviators cleaving the ancient sky of Britain with man-madewings of modern air-craft. Their

IN WILTSHIRE





CASTLE COMBE



DEEP IN ENGLAND

flight turns our thoughts from the unfathomed past, hopefully toward the unfathomed future of our race.

But sufficient unto the present day are the problems and the joys thereof — and on we travel through this land of England which is so old and at the same time so new — at least to me. Strange

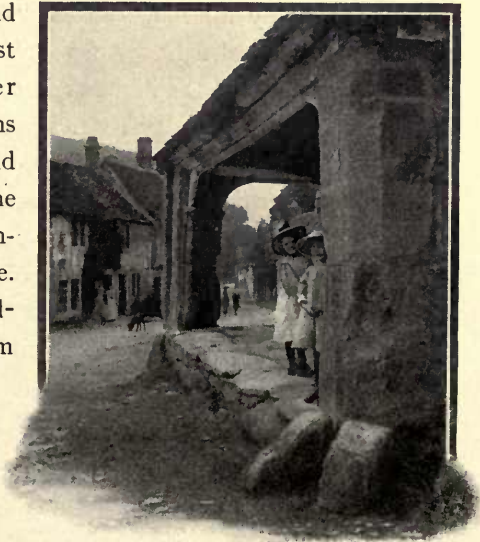
to say it is only after a quarter of a century of travel around and up and down our interesting earth, that I now find myself for the first time tasting the joys, seeing the



QUAINT CORNERS OF CASTLE COMBE

sights, and marveling with the surprised enthusiasm of one who has discovered something new, at the beauty of delightful rural England. Even the ancient Roman Baths of Bath are very new to me.

These famous baths remind us that Britain's earliest civilization came to her from Rome — that Romans brought to this far-off island of the pale barbarians the arts and pleasures and conveniences of ancient Rome. They introduced the goodly and the godly custom



of the daily bath — a custom which Britons have perpetuated to the lasting benefit and credit of a cleanly, well-washed and self-respecting race. No unwashed nation can be ever truly great. No one will ever know how much the greatness of Great Britain is the direct result of the individual Briton's devotion to his daily tub — even though for generations it has been at best only a round tin tub full of chilly water, laboriously carried up several



THE ROMAN BATHS AT BATH

flights of stairs by the long-suffering "slavies." May Britons who have fought the good fight for personal cleanliness, generation after generation, against all the discouraging odds of inadequate facilities and antiquated plumbing devices, receive in due time their well-merited reward in the form of countless porcelain tubs that *are* tubs and hot running water that *runs*, and *is* hot and other advantages now long since enjoyed by the denizens of the skyscraping cliff dwellings of America. Think of the centuries of discomfort that have intervened for civilized man — blessed with a desire to keep his body clean — between the yesterday of the marble baths of ancient Rome



PIPES LAID BY ROMAN PLUMBERS

made himself the social sovereign in the kingdom of local vanities. He was the Ward McAllister, the Harry Lehr and the Berry Wall of his time — all three in one. His fame is not to-day as wide as that of the better known dandy of the succeeding generation, Beau

and the to-day of the tiled bath rooms of the ultra-modern U. S. A.

Bath was in the eighteenth century the most fashionable watering place in England, frequented by the elegant world of the day, whose amusements and diversions were organized and supervised by the famous fop Beau Nash, who as master of ceremonies

made himself the social sovereign in the kingdom of local vanities. He was the Ward McAllister, the Harry Lehr and the Berry Wall of his time — all three in one. His fame is not to-day as wide as that of the better known dandy of the succeeding generation, Beau Brummel — but he was in every way an abler man. He lived a frivolous but far more useful life and unlike Beau Brummel died a decent death. His memory is still honored by the town of Bath which owes to his practical administration of its



A BATH CHAIR

eighteenth century follies so large a share of its twentieth century prosperity.

Another place where Romans bathed in ancient days is marked to-day by that glorious little town of Wells with its glorious great church. "Wells" it is called because of the springs or wells to which the place owes its earliest fame — wells of health-giving waters prized



IN LONGLEAT PARK

by the Romans — believed in by the ailing folk of the middle ages — but not enjoying any modicum of modern favor. Wells is a place that delights the eye. No town in England offers a more complete or pleasing picture of the art and exquisite good taste of the ecclesiastic builders of the Golden Age of Early English architecture. The Wells Cathedral is very easy to look at — not in the slang sense of that phrase — but literally easy to behold and to admire from many

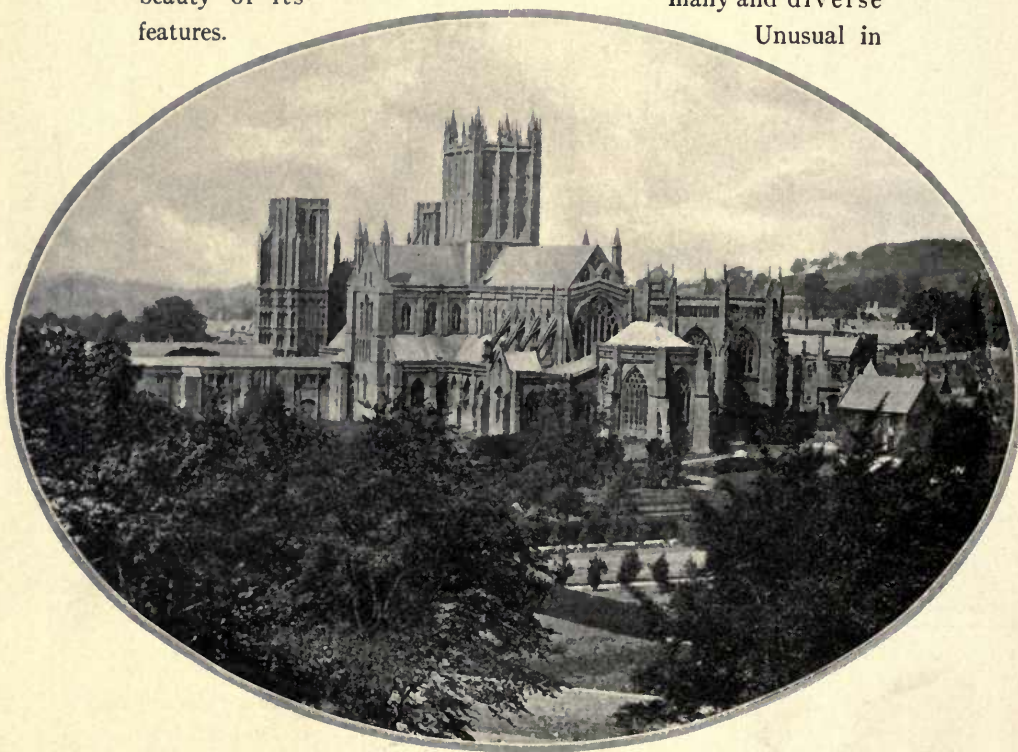
satisfying points of view. To stand in a narrow street and stretch one's neck and strain one's eyes in efforts to see and analyze the glory of a great cathedral is to risk losing patience with the builders who have so badly set a gem of architecture that its beauty must be sensed rather than seen. At Wells, however, one may lie upon the green-sward of the quiet, spacious Close and gaze up at that wonder-wall



ON THE ESTATE OF THE MARQUIS OF BATH

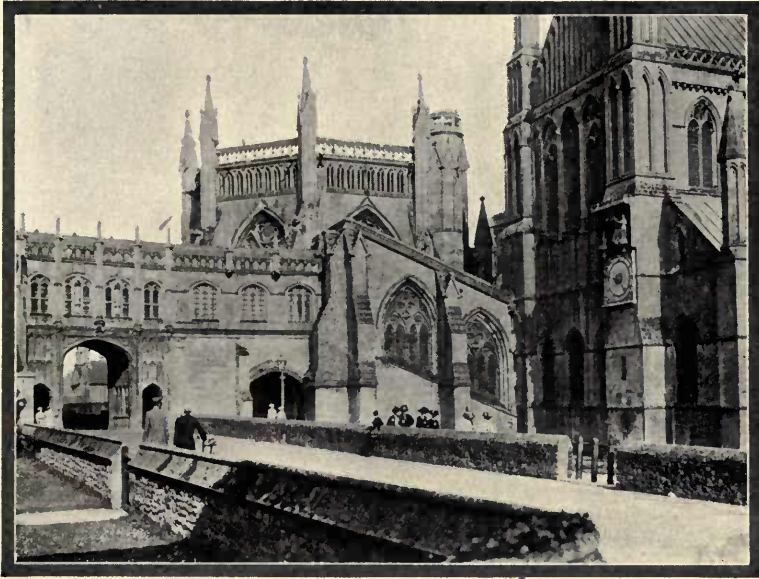
of the façade where in their canopied niches stand more than six hundred figures of angels, prophets, saints and bishops, kings and queens and honored benefactors of the Church. Six hundred heavenly personages or noble men and women of this earth are there portrayed in stone, their various forms so ranged and juxtaposed as to present on one great sculptured page "a compendium of both theology and history."

Above those nine tiers of silent but eloquent images rise the towers of the beautiful cathedral, as yet unfinished — in fact never to be finished. Like Notre Dame in Paris, this English church has stood so long without its projected spires that to add spires and thus complete the design of the old architects would be an act of what might be termed constructive vandalism. Although imposing from every point of view this medieval art-creation is comparatively small. Its satisfying impressiveness lies in the happy grouping and harmonious beauty of its many and diverse features. Unusual in



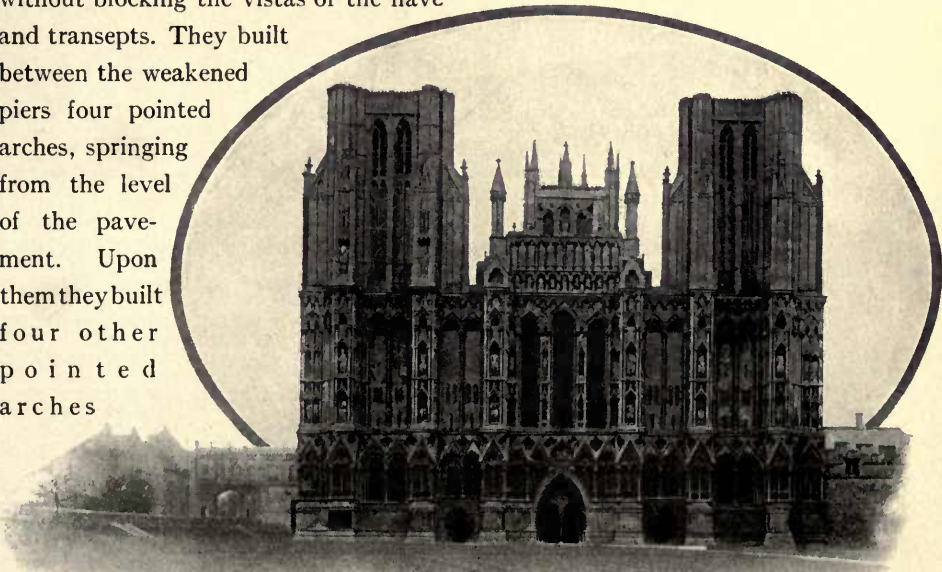
WELLS CATHEDRAL

design and in beauty is the octagonal Chapter House — approached from the church by a peculiar flight of stairs that suggests an inclined wavy sea of stone. The well-worn steps tell of six hundred years of



THE CHAPTER HOUSE OF WELLS

constant use. The nave of the Cathedral is unique; not by design but through what might be termed a fortunate misfortune. While in construction the four piers of the great tower threatened to collapse. The master-builders, inspired by alarm, happily hit upon a novel and unique expedient for bracing and supporting those piers without blocking the vistas of the nave and transepts. They built between the weakened piers four pointed arches, springing from the level of the pavement. Upon them they built four other pointed arches



THE FAÇADE OF SIX HUNDRED STATUES



THE INVERTED ARCH

upside down. Thus the stability of the higher arches was assured and thus the Wells Cathedral has been blessed with forms of unique beauty, framing but not blocking the noble perspectives from entrance to altar and from transept to transept. Moreover the dominant lines of these double arches present to the mind of every worshiper a most



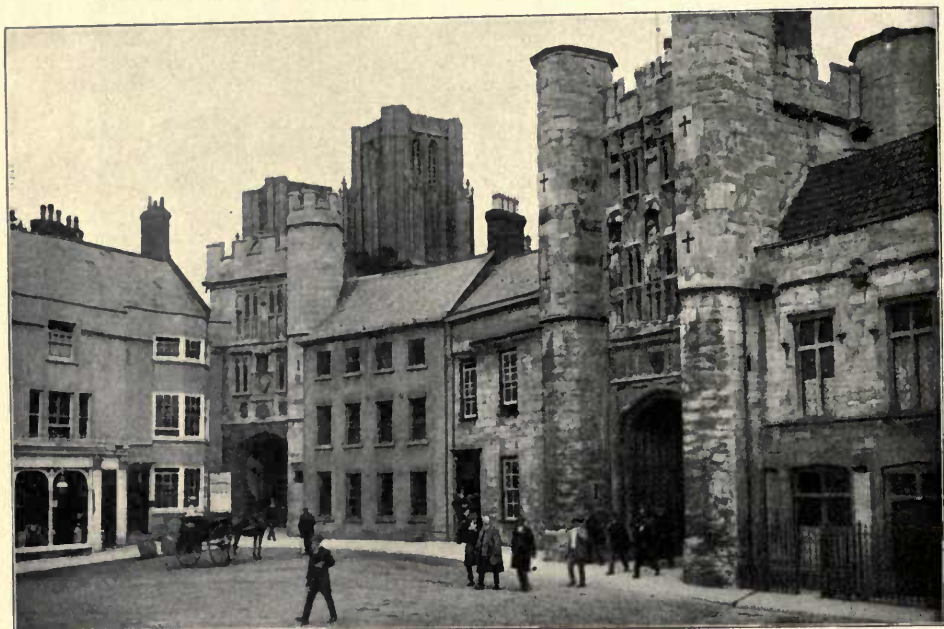
THE WELL-WORN STEPS

appropriate symbol — a huge St. Andrew's Cross — for Wells Cathedral is dedicated to St. Andrew. He died upon a cross in form unlike that of his Master — for the cross on which Andrew was crucified was



shaped like a letter X:—a cross of this unusual form is known as a *Crux decussata* or *decussate cross*.

The sight-seeing pilgrims of to-day perpetuate the prosperity of the taverns of the town which were once supported by the pilgrims of old who came to pray. Numerous bands of British tourists are brought to town in fleets of big motor-driven char-a-bancs. They view the beautiful cathedral, climb the wavy stairs of the Chapter



THE GREAT GATE OF THE EPISCOPAL PALACE

House, pass out from the Cathedral Close through the Penniless Porch (where beggars sat in olden days) and, entering the noble portal of the Episcopal Palace, wander in the lovely park around the Bishop's picturesque abode. Then after they have bought sets of post cards and refreshed themselves at the local inns, they clamber into their respective motor busses, and roll away, over good English roads, to see more of the sights of their beloved England.

Of course they visit Glastonbury, which is less than six miles from

Wells. There is more to tell of than to see at Glastonbury but the structures that have survived the turmoil of the ages are eloquent of the venerable and holy things that are no more — but to which the place owes its ecclesiastical fame. Vanished of course is the first church that marked the site—the little church built of wattle and of wood by none other than Joseph of Arimathæa, who, so says the monkish legend, was sent from Gaul by Saint Philip as



WHILE THE TOURISTS SEE THE SIGHTS

leader of a band of twelve apostles to evangelize Britain. One evidence of his coming long survived that wattled sanctuary. It was the famous Thorn of Glastonbury which he planted here (some say it sprang from his holy staff) in the first century. It flourished until the Puritan fanatics of the Reformation cut it down.

Nor will the pilgrim of to-day find any trace of the tombs of good King Arthur and sweet Queen Guinevere, who, if we are inclined to credit legend, were buried here, when the hill called Glastonbury Tor



GLASTONBURY TOR

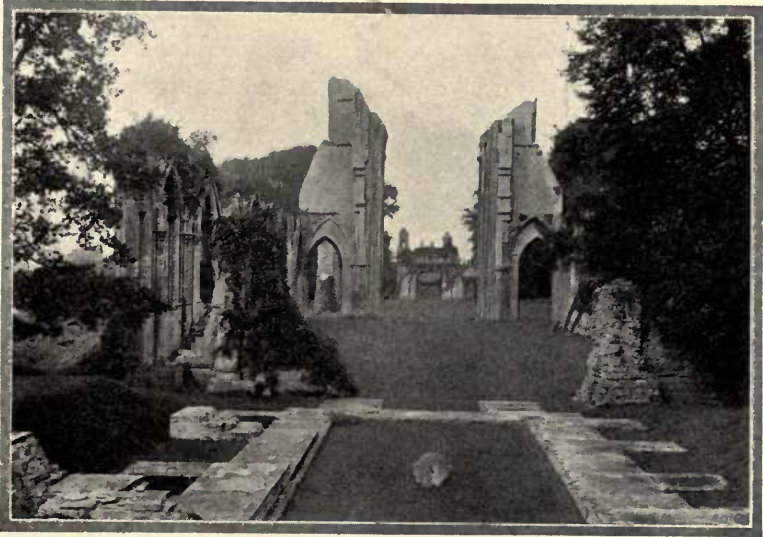
ning in the tiny shrine set up by the good merchant of Arimathea nearly two thousand years ago. And — of especial interest to the hungry and thirsty traveler — there is the quaint old Pilgrims' Inn, where while the chops are grilling and the "bitter" being



MUTILATED SPLENDOR

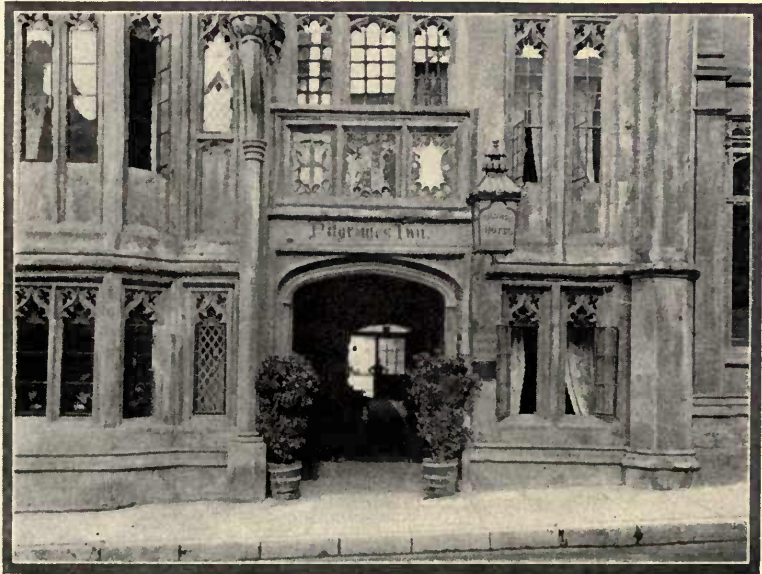


drawn we may talk of the past of Glastonbury and be glad that in speaking of it we do not have to use its ancient Saxon name of Glaes-tyngabyrig — or its still more ancient name of Ynsyr Afalon by which it



GLASTONBURY ABBEY

was known to the early Britons. But speaking of inns and chops and ale — we naturally think of cheese — and of course the cheese



THE GEORGE INN FOR PILGRIMS

served in this neighborhood is the famous cheese of Cheddar. The nearby town of Cheddar where that cheese was born more than two hundred years ago lies near the entrance to the grandest gorge in England — a long winding defile shut in by the towering Cheddar Cliffs, in which are the famous and fantastic Cheddar Caverns.

THE CHEDDAR CLIFFS



IN THE CHEDDAR GORGE

Apropos of cheese — cheddar or other, we learn on going to the encyclopedia — that intellectual delicatessen cupboard — that the familiar expression "That's the cheese" in no way refers to that favorite food of mice and men. We should say "That's the *cheez*" — the word "*cheez*" being from the Urdu language of old India — and meaning "thing." Thus does the thoughtful thumbing of an encyclopedia richly reward the seeker after truth.



CHEDDAR, WHENCE COMES THE CHEESE

There are in England two world-famous towns which may be regarded as living, corporate, and infallible encyclopedias. They are the University towns of Oxford and of Cambridge. In either of these celebrated seats of learning the seeker after truth will find at his command the stored-up wisdom of past ages and the latest revelations of

modern research. Well may the alumni of a great university regard it as their "Alma Mater" — literally their "Fostering Mother."

Oxford is to the eye one of the most beautifully satisfying towns in England. It is an exposition of period architecture almost unrivalled in the world. It is a liberal education — artistically speaking — just to look at Oxford. Nor can we hope in these pages to do more than look at Oxford, for to study in detail even the outward



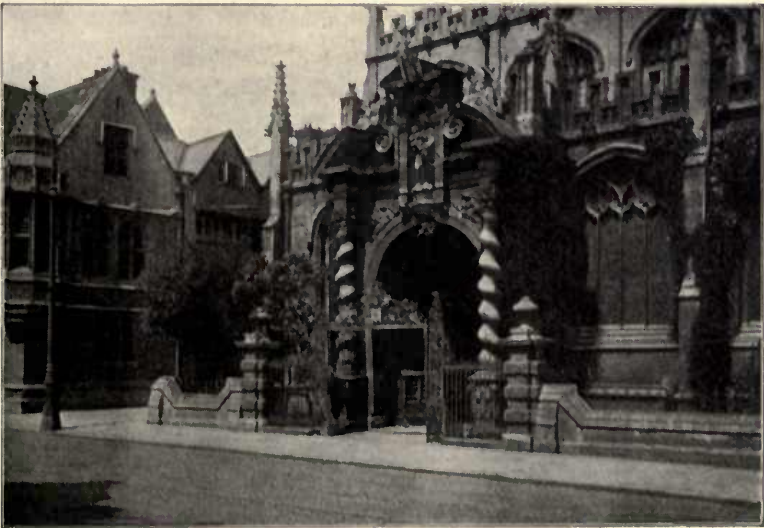
OXFORD

aspect of the twenty-two colleges that combine to form the University of Oxford, would call for many thousands of pictures and entire volumes of descriptive text. Therefore we are content merely to stroll along "the High," one of the noblest streets in England — enjoying the vistas that are unfolded as we advance, and admiring, as others have done before us, "the stream-like wanderings of this glorious street." We pause before the picturesque portal of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, recalling that within the Church the unhappy



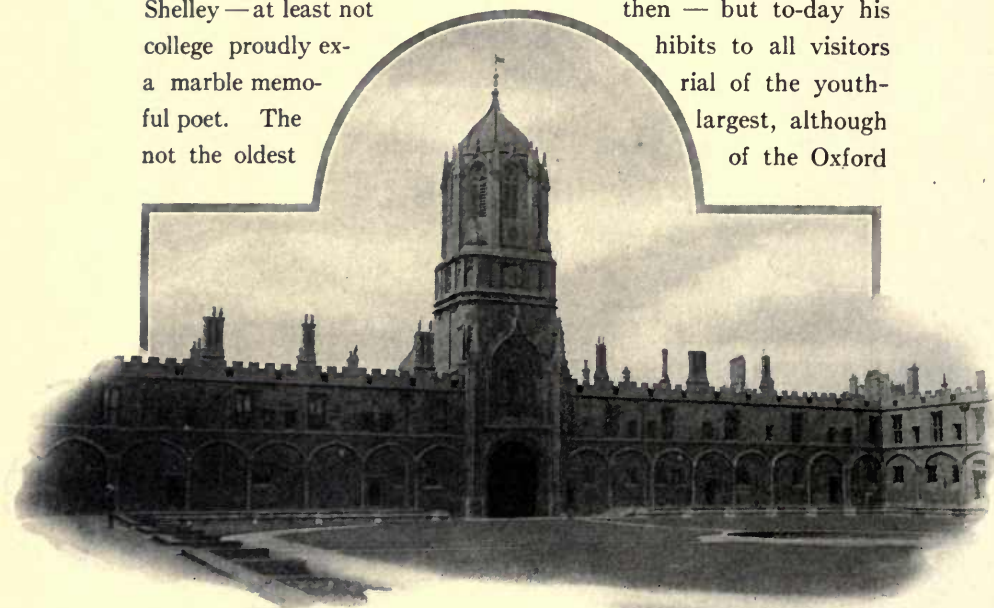
"THE HIGH"

Amy Robsart, murdered wife of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was laid away beneath the Choir in 1560. At every turn we are reminded of some famous name in history or literature or art. University College in the High was the Alma Mater of poor Shelley. He



ST. MARY THE VIRGIN'S

was never graduated; he was expelled in 1811 — because of his essay on "The Necessity of Atheism." The faculty was not proud of Shelley — at least not then — but to-day his college proudly exhibits to all visitors a marble memorial of the youthful poet. The largest, although not the oldest of the Oxford



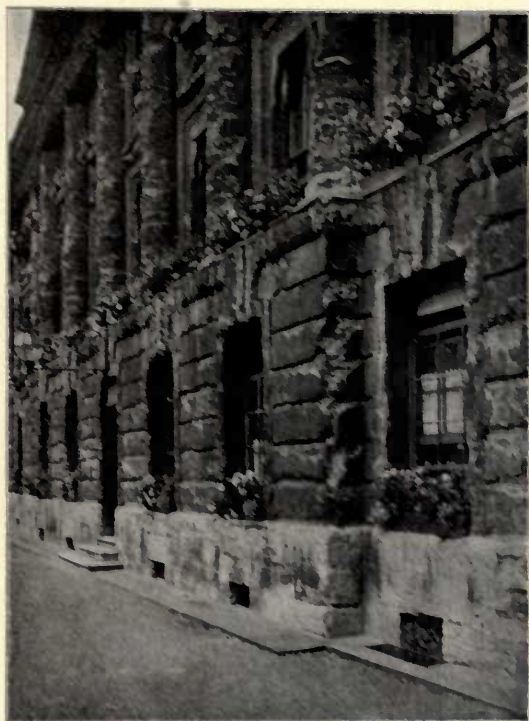
THE TOM GATE OF CHRIST CHURCH

colleges, is Christ Church. The tower of the old Tom Gate dominates the famous Tom Quad — the most spacious of the many



PECKWATER QUADRANGLE AND THE LIBRARY

college quadrangles. High in the tower hangs "Great Tom," a bell that weighs seven and one-half tons. Every night at just five minutes after nine those seven and a half tons of metal vibrate to the traditional one hundred and one strokes that give the signal for the closing of all the college gates of all the twenty-two colleges that lie



VENERABLE STONES



CHRIST CHURCH MEADOW BUILDINGS

within sound of the booming of Great Tom.

Cardinal Wolsey founded Christ Church in 1524. Samuel Johnson, the Duke of Wellington, John Ruskin, Gladstone, and King Edward VII were numbered among its under-



THE SHELDONIAN THEATER

graduates. The boy who may some day reign as Edward VIII spent his college days at Magdalen College. In one corner of its quiet



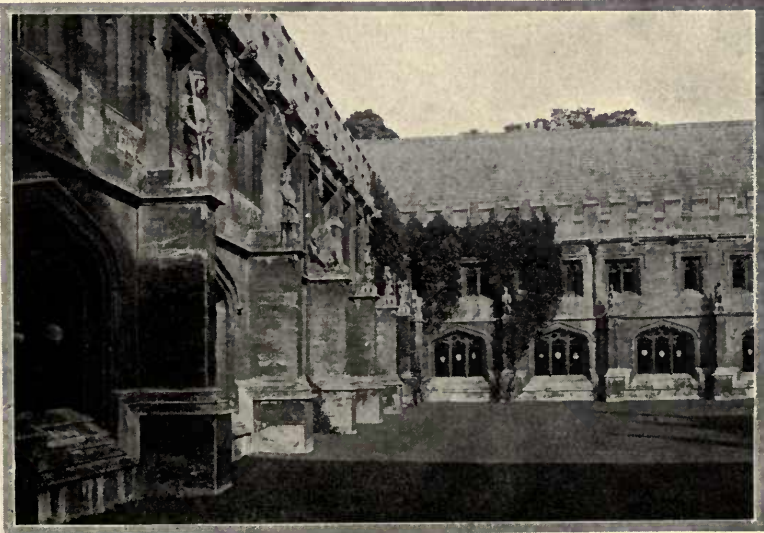
IN CAP AND GOWN



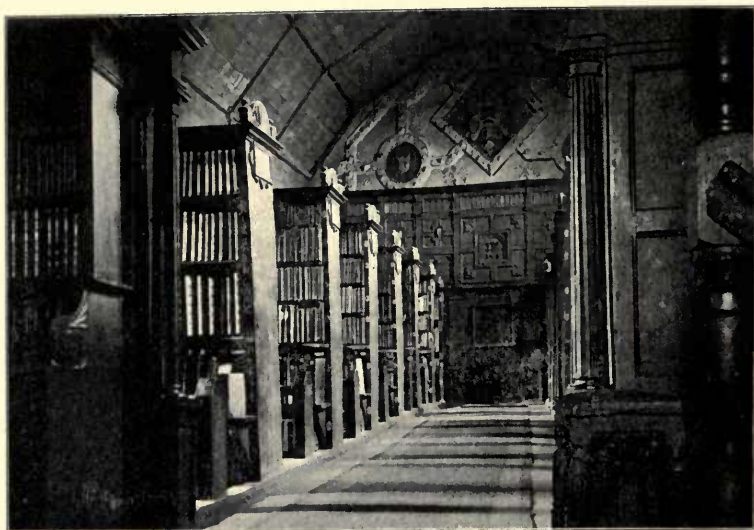
ST. MARY MAGDALEN COLLEGE

old quadrangle we see the ivy-draped windows of the rooms occupied by Edward, Prince of Wales, eldest son of George V and future King of England and Emperor of India.

Under the walls of this same beautiful old college flows one branch



THE IVY-DRAPED WINDOWS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' ROOMS



LIBRARY OF MERTON, MOST ANCIENT IN ENGLAND

of the little Cherwell River to join the Thames a little farther on. Along its banks lies a section of that famous deeply shaded path where Addison was wont to wander, more than two hundred years ago. We think with admiration of his perfect prose as we follow that poetic path, still known as Addison's walk.



AN OXFORD STREET

That tree-arched path beside the tree-arched river is to us as suggestive of scholastic calm as the ancient oak-arched halls of the venerable college libraries. Calmest and richest in its atmosphere of mellowed learning and age-old cultivation is the library of Merton College with its laden book racks which subdivide it into so many cosy nooks for quiet study or profound research. Absolute calm broods here even during the exciting days of Commemoration Week, when outer Oxford is thronged with visitors come to witness the processions and ceremonies that mark the end of the term called the summer term — although it ends in June.

Summer in England is a season of delight and the River Thames is the scene of the most delightful doings of that delightful season.

All fashionable England seems to say with one accord in the words of the old hymn "let us gather at the river—the beautiful, the beautiful, the river"—and a good part of the British population gathers literally on the river, paving the placid stream with a mass of punts, canoes, and little motor craft cruising at times in such close formation as almost



THE OCTAGON HOUSE

to hide the waters of the aristocratic stream. Congestion of river craft is especially acute in the various locks that lift and lower these flotillas of pleasure from one reach of the canalized Thames to another. At Boulter's Lock on Ascot Sunday, thousands of spectators gather to watch the leisurely passing of a floating pageant of luxury. But the greatest of great days on the river come with the



BOULTER'S LOCK

Henley Regatta early in July. Then the Thames presents an astounding motion picture, glorious in color, scintillating with the sunshine of bright skies, bright eyes, and the glint of flashing oars and paddles. There are of



A PICNIC IN A PUNT

course boat races to give a special thrill of excitement from hour to hour — but all day long we may enjoy the quiet, joyous, lasting thrill born of this pleasing picture of the very pleasant life lived by thousands of nature-loving pleasure-seekers who

seek and find real pleasure on their best beloved river.

There is a very human quality about the Thames. More truly



ASCOT SUNDAY



A HOUSE BOAT

than any other river that we know, it seems to be in sympathetic touch with the hearts and minds of the men and women who love it and play with it to-day. It seems to have had sympathetic under-

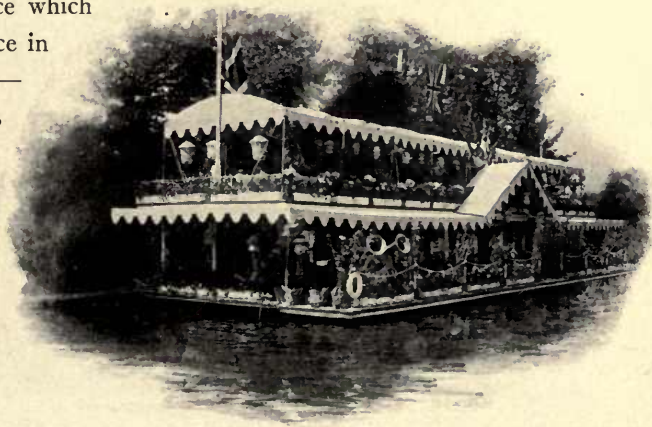


AT RENLEY

standing of the great princes, prelates and nobles of the past whose gilded barges it once bore upon its breast — whose medieval castles, palaces, and mansions are still mirrored in its modern depths. The Thames remembers and reflects

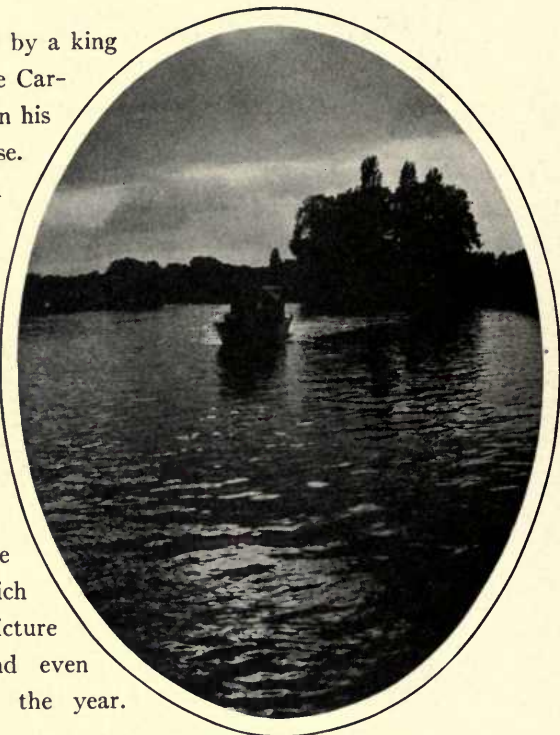


most clearly to those who look upon it with eyes focused on the past, the haughty mightiness of the great Wolsey — “the proudest prelate who ever breathed.” It was at Hampton Court that he held his court in the great palace which is still the largest palace in all England. His king — the violent and envious Henry — whose appetite for wives was equalled only by his appetite for palaces, looked upon Hampton Court to covet it. In



A FLOATING VILLA

those days a palace coveted by a king was not a thing that a wise Cardinal would care to have in his possession. Wolsey was wise. Hampton Court was offered to the Royal British Bluebeard — and accepted. To-day it is a home for indigent royalties — poor relations of the Crown, who are granted lodgings, rent free, in certain portions of the palace. Other portions, with the gardens, have become the playground of the prosperous proletariat which throngs the park and the picture galleries every sunny — and even every soggy — Sunday in the year.



EVENING ON THE THAMES



HAMPTON COURT

Twentieth century Pilgrims from America must always find this old palace of special interest, for here was held in 1604 the Hampton Court Conference, at which King James I, in response to the petitions of the Puritans, burst

forth: "I shall make them conform themselves, or I will harry them out of the land, or else do worse." Thus Hampton Court Palace might be called the birthplace of New England, for it was this determination of James' to "harry them out of the land"

WOLSEY'S GIFT TO HENRY VIII

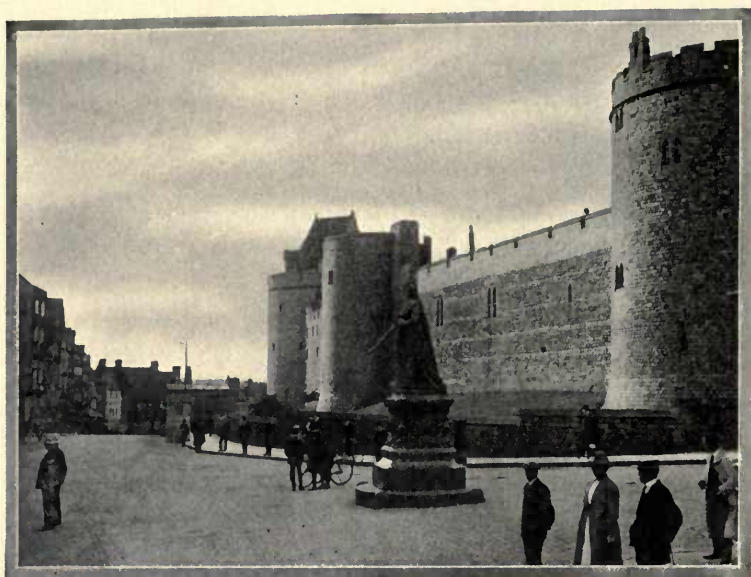
which drove the Pilgrims of the seventeenth century first to Leyden and then on to found settlements in a more hospitable *new* England.

A few miles farther from London, but still on the charming Thames, is Windsor, the chief residence of British sovereigns for ages long. Here before the Norman Conquest was a residence of the Saxon kings.

Dominating the castle is the famed Round Tower, eighty feet high, built by Edward III to receive the Round Table of the knights of the newly formed



THE PALACE



WINDSOR CASTLE

Order of the Garter. According to Froissart, the chronicler, he selected this site because it was on the summit of this very mount that King Arthur was wont to sit with his Knights of the Round Table.

To-day the "most noble" Order of the Garter is still a most noble and exclusive fraternity. To be a Knight of the Garter is a distinction accorded to but few. The Sovereign of Great Britain and the Prince of Wales and the flower of modern British chivalry, to the number of not more than half a hundred



THE ROUND TOWER

compose this most noble order of to-day. The insignia and costumes of this most exclusive of fraternities are elaborate and gorgeous. The young Prince of Wales when arrayed for his induction was a picture of old time sartorial splendor. He wore the white-lined mantle of blue velvet — the hood and coat of crimson velvet — the hat of black velvet with its white ostrich plumes from which a heron plume of black stands stiffly forth; around his neck was the collar of gold — of twenty-six pieces — each like a coiled garter with the pendant badge of Great George killing the dragon; the “lesser George” appeared upon the broad blue ribbon over the prince’s shoulder; the eight-pointed star gleamed on his left breast, and on his left leg just below the knee was the garter itself — of azure velvet — gold-edged and gold-lettered with the familiar but often ill-pronounced motto, “*Honi soit qui mal y pense*” — “Shamed be he, who evil here imputes” — as Edward III, founder of the order,



BATTLEMENTS OF ROYALTY



THEIR MAJESTIES

exclaimed as he picked up and placed upon his kingly knee the dainty garter, dropped at a dance by the fair Countess of Salisbury, in the gay old days of the fourteenth century. If we ask why the King of England was so graceful a master of Gallic phrase, we must remember that his mother, Isabelle, was a princess of France.

Some serious authorities assure us that the order does not owe its origin to this uncertified incident, but to the fact that Richard Coeur de Lion tied leathern garters to the legs of his fighting knights in Palestine, as binding reminders that they should fight to win — and win they did — thus making the garter a fit emblem for a chivalric order.

The garter also became in later centuries the emblem of a Tavern. In Shakespeare's time Windsor had about seventy taverns, the most famous of which was the Garter, presided over by the genial taverner who will live im-



H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ON THE OCCASION OF HIS INDUCTION TO THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER

mortal as "mine host of the Garter." There Sir John Falstaff was wont to empty countless tankards of foaming ale, the while he told the world what a mighty man Sir John Falstaff was. There, as mine host said, were "his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new."

From Windsor and its scenes reminiscent or suggestive of royal splendor it is only a little way to the heart of English simplicity. In the midst of the English Midlands is another Mecca for Americans — the old Jordans Meeting House of the Society of Friends. There in the burying ground stands a simple tombstone bearing the name of William Penn — the great Quaker founder of Pennsylvania.

Son of a gallant fighter — an admiral in the good graces of King Charles II — the young Penn became one of the great leaders of the peace-loving Quakers. His

life was one of striking contrasts. As a pious child he had visions of heavenly glory; as a youth he dallied for a time amid the gayeties of the court of Louis XIV at Versailles — returning to England, according to Mr. Pepys, "with the vanity of the French garb and affected manner of speech and gait." As a man he wielded a stern and trenchant re-



ON GUARD



THE HORSESHOE CLOISTERS

but a short ride to the little village famous as the birthplace of John Bunyan. In Elstow, not far from the city of Bedford, the author of *Pilgrim's Progress* first saw the light, in November, 1628. The house in which he lived, not the one in which he was born, is the one well-labelled landmark of the place. Bunyan was the illiterate son of an itinerant tinker, but he became one of the most powerful preachers of his time, and in *Pilgrim's Progress* he com-

ligious pen; and as a statesman he became the founder and the governor of a great commonwealth in the New World which he wished to have known as "Sylvania" — a name to which the King insisted on prefixing "Penn" in honor of his friend and credi-

tor, the gallant Admiral Sir William Penn, who was the father of the father of the City of Brotherly Love.

From Jordans it is



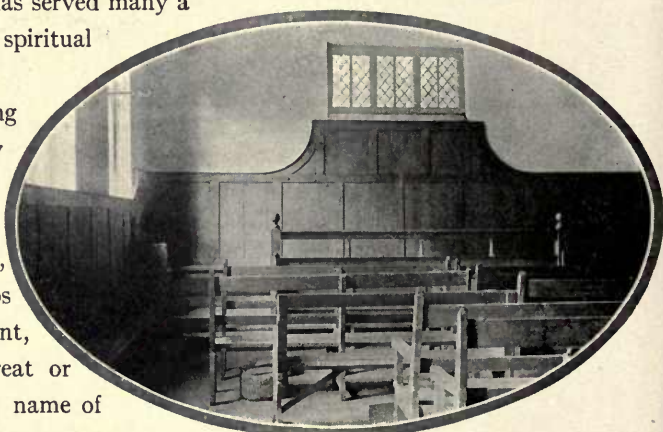
AT THE ROYAL PORTALS



THE OLD JORDANS MEETING HOUSE

posed a book which has served many a wandering soul as a spiritual and moral Baedeker.

Thus in touring England, at every turn the traveler is greeted by some thing, some house, some place, perhaps merely some monument, evocative of some great or familiar name. The name of



WHERE QUAKERS MEET

Sulgrave is not familiar, but the dignified mansion that is known

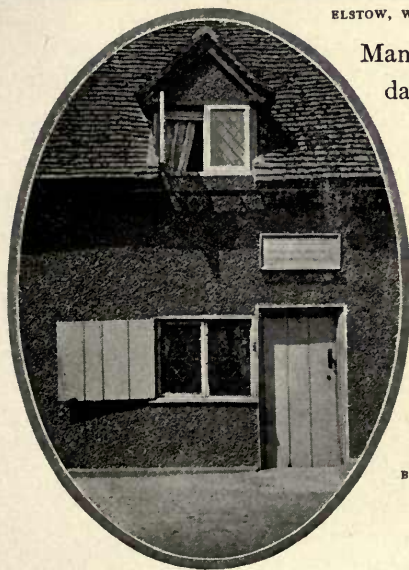


THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN

as Sulgrave Manor takes on a meaning for us when we learn that the Washingtons of Sulgrave were direct ancestors of George Washington, first President of the United States. The history of Sulgrave



ELSTOW, WHERE JOHN BUNYAN WAS BORN



BUNYAN'S COTTAGE

Manor goes back to the days of the Domesday Book, that great survey of England by which William the Conqueror attempted to learn the financial resources of his new kingdom. The connection of the Washingtons with Sulgrave appears to have begun in 1539, when one Lawrence Washington, of the town of Northampton, bought the estate for the sum of £321 14s. 10d. He was trained to the law, but had become a

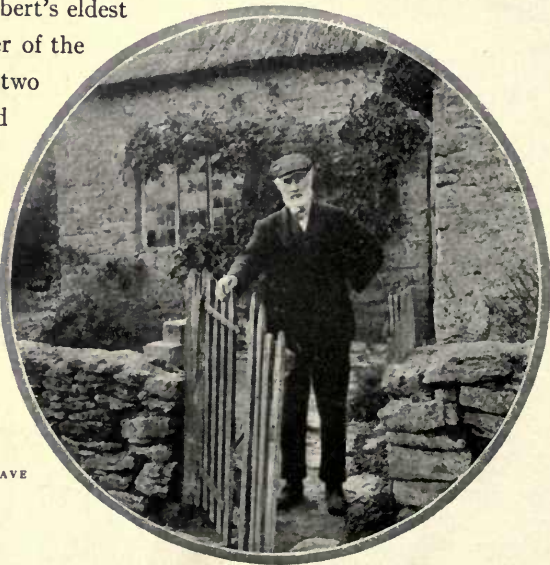


THE PARISH CHURCH OF SULGRAVE

wool merchant — and like most wool merchants, apparently a prosperous one. He was twice elected mayor of Northampton, and seems to have been held in high regard by his friends and neighbors.

Lawrence Washington's eldest son, Robert, succeeded to the manor on the death of his father in 1584. Robert Washington had six sons and three daughters by his first wife, and three sons and three daughters by his second wife. Robert's eldest son, Lawrence, was the father of the Rev. Lawrence Washington, two of whose sons, Lawrence and John, migrated to America and settled in Virginia in 1658. John Washington was the great-grandfather of the first President of the United States.

All save a few of us will have to read the above

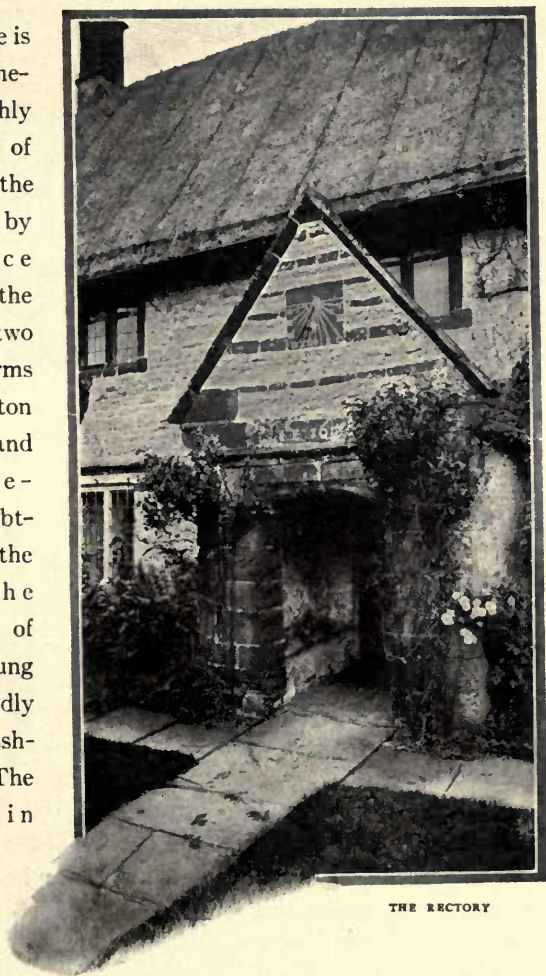


IN SULGRAVE

paragraph more than once before we get a good grip on its contents: geneological details always make hard reading.

Sulgrave Manor passed out of the hands of the Washington family in 1610, when Robert, son of the first Lawrence, sold the estate to his nephew, Lawrence Makepeace. It passed through many hands in the next three centuries, until in 1914 it was purchased by the British Peace Centenary Committee. The funds for this purchase were provided by a small group of public-spirited Britons, who deeded the estate to a board of trustees, in perpetual trust for the American people.

The manor house is a two-storied limestone building, roughly L-shaped, the base of the L being part of the original home built by the first Lawrence Washington. Over the doorway, in the two spandrels, are the arms of the Washington family, those stars and stripes of his forefathers which undoubtedly furnished the inspiration for the Stars and Stripes of the flag of the young country which proudly claims George Washington as father. The poet Tupper, in



THE RECTORY

words more poetical than truthful, makes Benjamin Franklin tell the story:



SULGRAVE MANOR

"Yes, Nathan, I proposed it to the Congress.
It was their leader's old crusading blazon.
Washington's coat, his own heraldic shield,
He never heard of it till fixed and done,
For on the spur when we must choose a flag,
Symboling independent unity,
We, and not he—all was unknown to him—
Took up his coat of arms and multiplied
And magnified it every way to this
Our glorious national banner."

At the western end of the village is the parish church, dedicated to Saint James. There one may see in front of the seat that once belonged to the owners of the manor house, a grey

WELCOMING
VISITORS



THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE
WASHINGTONS

slab, with three old brasses let into it. At the top of the slab, is a thin plate, bearing the Washington arms. The inscription on the brass follows:

"Here lyeth ye bodys of Laurence Wasshington Gent. & Amee his wyf by whome he had issue iiii sons & vii daught's Wc laurence dyed ye....day of....ano 15.... & Amee decessed the vi day of October ano dni 1564."

Evidently the husband ordered the slab placed after his wife's death, and left blank spaces for the date of his own death. But his suc-



THE WASHINGTON COAT OF ARMS



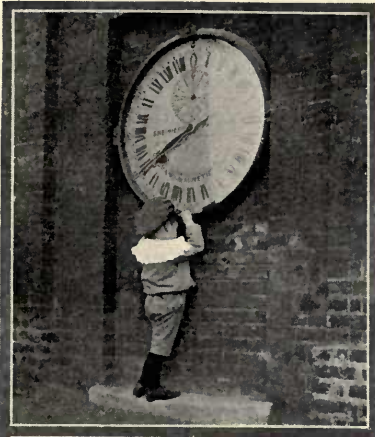
BANBURY CROSS

cessors seem to have thought little of such details and neglected to have the inscription completed.

Only five miles from Sulgrave is a spot of which every English-speaking child hears long before becoming aware that such a person as

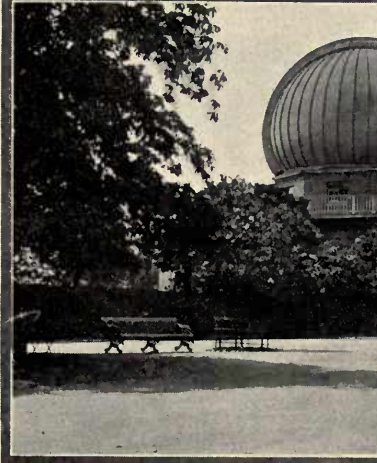


THE "COCK HORSES" OF TO-DAY



THE STANDARD CLOCK

George Washington ever lived. For what child has not been advised time and again to "ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross"? We look with reminiscent enthusiasm upon the modern Banbury Cross, a little cross on a fairly tall Gothic spire, mark-



THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY

ing a crossroads near the center of the town. In vain we watch for the cock-horse — but motor-cycle side-cars pass by the dozen, or halt at the garage opposite the town hall to purchase "petrol" or renew a tire.

Greenwich is another British



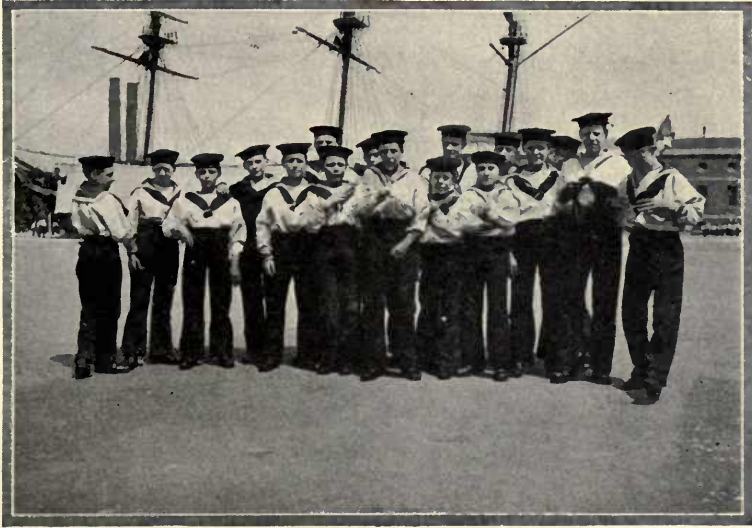
ON THE MERIDIAN OF GREENWICH

place-name familiar to us all from childhood. It thrills us therefore to stand in Greenwich — and presumably upon the world-famous meridian of Greenwich, the zero line of terrestrial geography. The buildings of the Royal Observatory, most of them dating from 1675, mark the spot where in one sense time begins and ends — where East in truth meets West — and Orient and Occident are one.



THE GREENWICH ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE

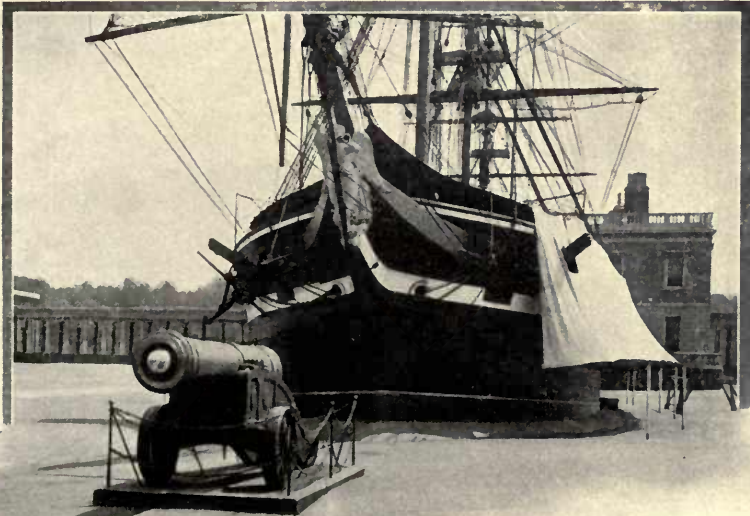
The sturdy, honest-faced, old Standard clock at the Observatory gate marks Greenwich time — the time sacred to all the thousands of conscientious skippers who at this moment are sailing the seven seas. The navigator who does not know what time it is at Greenwich is as good as lost — but we know that aboard every worthy ship to-day afloat, there is a carefully guarded chronometer, infallibly correct, upon the dial of which two faithful hands are marking Greenwich time. For the traveler who cannot spare time to go to either

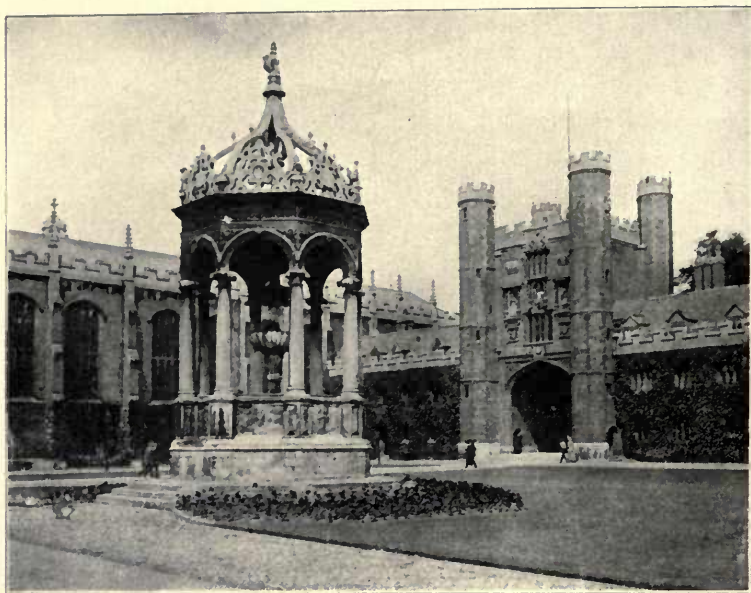


SONS OF SEAMEN

of the poles, I can recommend the zero line at Greenwich as a giver of a geographical thrill that is worth while.

It was in the now vanished Royal Plaisance of Greenwich that the much-to-be-married Henry VIII was born and there, too, his manly daughter, good Queen Bess, was brought into a troubled world.

AFTER YEARS
OF HONORABLE SERVICE



A COURT AT CAMBRIDGE



THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM

In Greenwich, the great Nelson, hero of Trafalgar, savior of his country, lay in state after his famous and to him fatal victory. The British Navy feels at home in Greenwich. The vast hospital and Royal Naval College on the site of the vanished palace — the Royal Naval School with its wholesome horde of a thousand sturdy sons of seamen and marines — the training ship on shore — and the myriad ships from the far ends of the earth that glide past Green-



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

wich up the winding Thames toward the great port of London — all these things endear the place to men whose lives are lived upon the deep in the service of the far-flung British Empire.

Less famous than the Thames, but equally dear to many British hearts, is the little river Cam, on whose banks stands the University of Cambridge. Most beautiful of the many bridges of "Cam-Bridge" is the Bridge of Sighs, joining the spacious piles of St. John's College. This was the college of Cecil, Lord Burghley, Wentworth, Roger Ascham, Wordsworth and Lord Palmerston — to name only a few



"THE BACKS" ALONG THE CAM

of its notable alumni. But every one of the colleges of Cambridge has distinguished sons, and the roster of their alumni reads like a list of the leaders in every field of human enterprise. Particularly is this true of Trinity, the largest collegiate foundation in Cambridge, and larger than any in Oxford. Isaac Newton, Byron, Macauley, Tennyson, were all Trinity men, but as the Encyclopedia Britannica carefully explains to the seeker for knowledge, the eminent

CLASSIC CHIMNEYS



alumni of Trinity are really "too numerous to admit of selection."

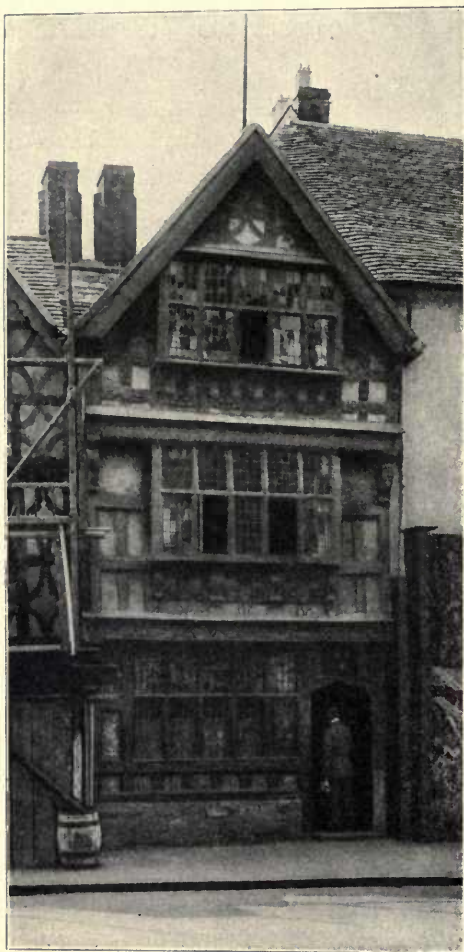
Cambridge is a city of unusual charm and dignity. Keenly to appreciate that charm, the visitor must glide along the Cam, between those stately gardens which are called with a lamentable lack of the respectful admiration they deserve, simply and brutally "The



THE TUDOR ARMS ABOVE THE GATE OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE

Backs," because they are behind the colleges. The gate to Christ's College, where John Milton and Charles Darwin studied, epitomizes architecturally the medieval dignity of Cambridge.

Emmanuel College, in Cambridge, has one alumnus whose name is best known because of his connection with another university in another city of Cambridge, in New England — for it was the bequest from John Harvard of some three hundred books and one-half the value of his estate, amounting to less than four thousand dollars,



THE HARVARD HOUSE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

was aroused through the efforts of Miss Marie Corelli, who had rescued the fine old building from oblivion and decay. Thus the Harvard House takes its place, in all its quaintness and dignity, among the sights of Stratford, to show us what the Stratford homes were like in Shakespeare's time.

that was commemorated in the naming of Harvard College. The home of John Harvard's mother, Katherine Rogers, still stands in Shakespeare's town upon the River Avon. For more than three hundred years it has stood there, but it has been known as the Harvard House only since 1909, when it was purchased by Mr. Edward Morris of Chicago, and presented by him to Harvard University, to be preserved as a memorial of John Harvard. His interest



JOHN HARVARD



THE HOME OF JOHN HARVARD'S MOTHER



GIVEN TO HARVARD UNIVERSITY BY EDWARD MORRIS

The Shakespeare *home* itself — the house in which he lived his wedded life and doubtless wrote his greatest plays — was almost without question, very like in aspect to the Harvard House, but alas it has completely disappeared. It was known as New Place. It was demolished by a strangely thoughtless clergyman into whose possession it had come. This happened in the year 1759 when there was



THE SHAKESPEARE HOUSE

unfortunately no enthusiastic lady novelist to protest against the threatened vandalism — no American capitalist to purchase and preserve the structure which would have become a heritage so precious for all lovers of the Bard of Avon.

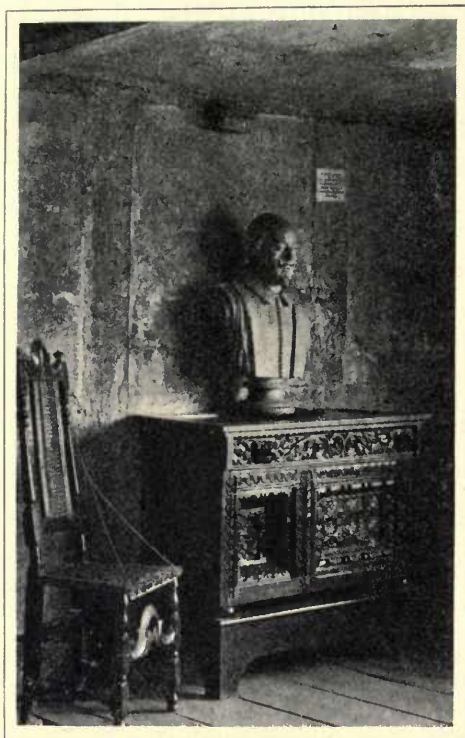
But the house in which the eyes of Shakespeare opened upon the world that was one day to acknowledge him its master dramatist, still stands as a shrine to which thousands of grateful pilgrims make their annual way. No fewer than thirty thousand visitors knock at the



THE STAIRS DOWN WHICH THE BABY SHAKESPEARE DOUBTLESS TUMBLED



WHERE YOUNG WILL SHAKESPEARE SPENT HIS BOYHOOD DAYS



IN THE ROOM WHERE HE WAS BORN

when men demanded homes that would endure and shelter many successive generations. Of course much careful restoration has been lavished on the precious little pile that sheltered Shakespeare's early youth; it has been tended and watched over with an almost religious zeal,

door in the course of every twelvemonth; but the wear and tear of sixty thousand reverent, and oftentimes hurried feet, have left no brutal marks upon the floors or stairs of John Shakespeare's well-constructed and well-cared for cottage. The paternal cottage is in fact composed of two cottages brought under one roof — old timbered dwellings conscientiously put together by the carpenters and builders of an age

CHURCH
OF THE
HOLY TRINITY

by the officers and employees of the "Birthplace Trust" which now owns and controls it. For perfect, meticulous house-keeping, commend me to the worthy guardians of the Shakespeare cottage. No insect is allowed to dig its fangs into the hallowed timbers — no rain-drop to steal insinuatingly between the shingles of the roof — no cobwebs are allowed to sway in cozy corners — no mildew



THE BUST OF SHAKESPEARE LOOKS DOWN ON SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE

or dry rot to attack hidden vulnerable places. Everything is scrupulously scrubbed, religiously rubbed, painstakingly polished; and, to the horror of many a conservative and warm-blooded Briton, the place is actually kept warm and livable in winter by means of an American installation of hot water radiators. The rooms

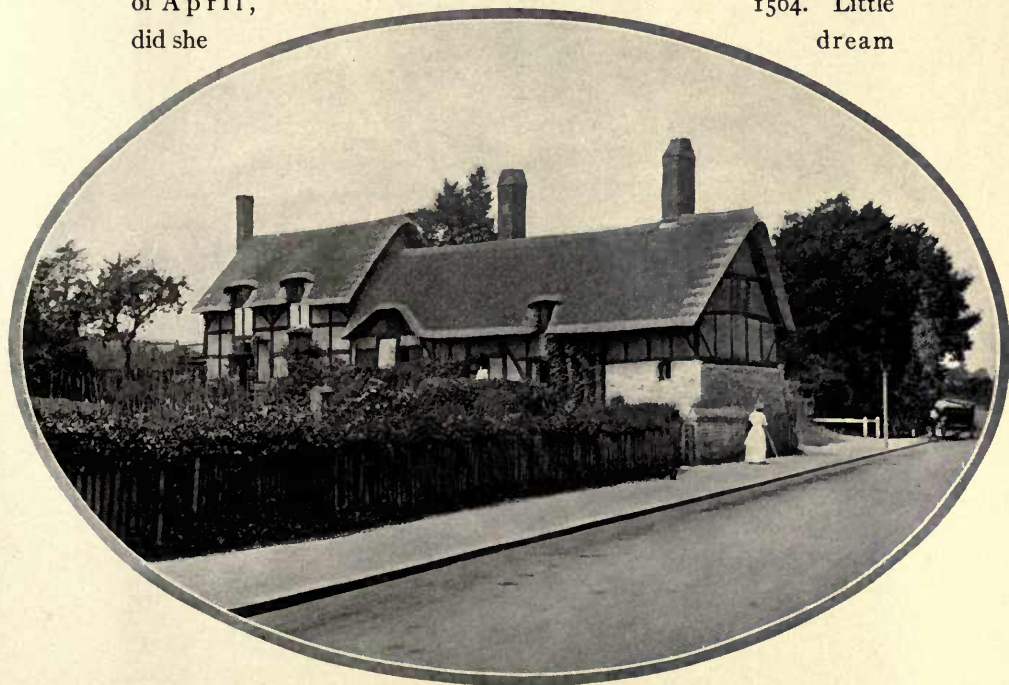


THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL

on the ground floor are so crowded with interesting souvenirs of the poet and his times as to produce the effect of a museum rather than that of a private dwelling; but up-stairs things have a more home-like look and there we find an atmosphere more pleasingly domestic.

Very simple, very bare and yet very impressive is the little upper chamber in which Shakespeare was born — on the twenty-third day of April,
did she

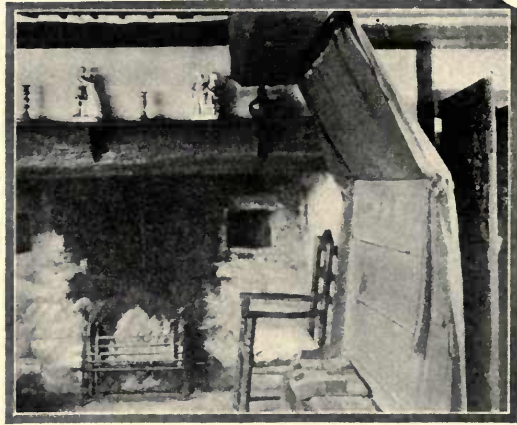
1564. Little
dream



THE COTTAGE OF ANNE HATHAWAY

— the mother of the child whose first cry was uttered in this humble room so many years ago — that even after the passing of three full centuries, an endless procession of admiring humanity would be flowing in and out of the low narrow door — that the world would make of this house a shrine of pilgrimage, because of the amazing genius of the babe — so like to other English babes — who then lay mewling in her arms. But still they come, thirty thousand and more each year, from the farthest

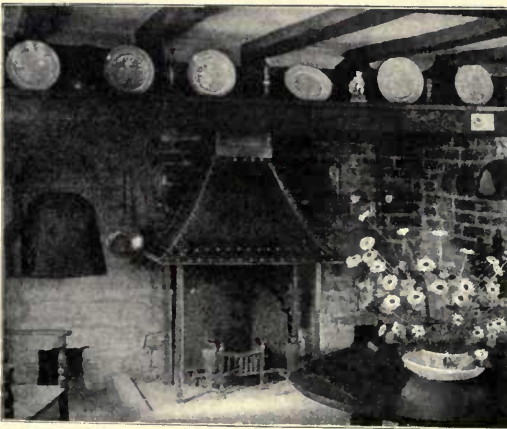
corners of the English-speaking world, to enter with respectful hush, this upper room wherein her baby boy was born. We come to-day, among the rest, to pay our humble share of the boundless tribute that humanity so gladly



WHERE THEY SAT BY THE FIRE

pays to him who voiced so clearly and so revealingly the thoughts, ideals, and aspirations that dwell, silent, undefined or inarticulate within us. It is the vast and deep humanity in Shakespeare that draws all the human race to him. He made himself one of the great spokesmen of mankind — and men have listened to him and will listen to him, gladly and responsively, so long as his words glow upon the pages of human understanding.

Between the cradle and the grave he traveled far, touching in his



IN THE HOME OF THE HATHAWAYS

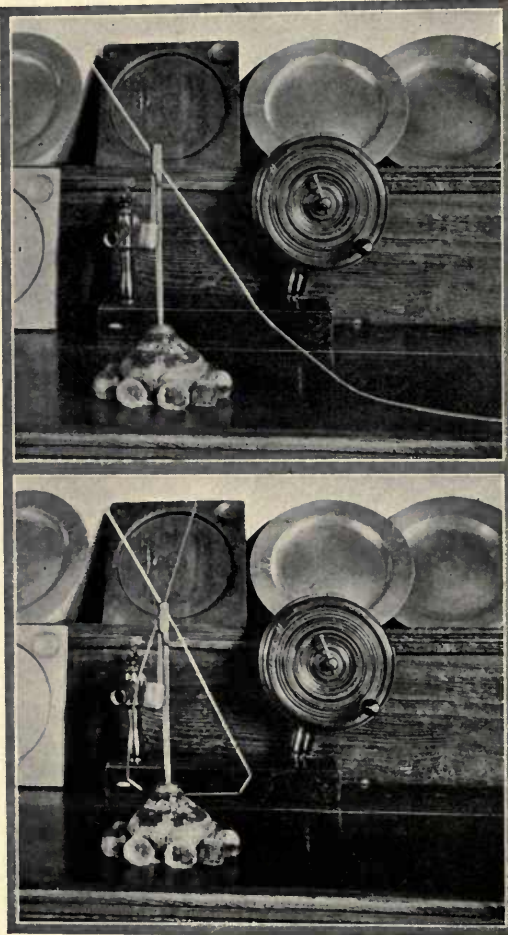
plays the farthest ends of the narrower world of his own day—and touching, from time to time, in his poetic flights, the very stars. And yet his cradle and grave are situated within the limits of one little English town. His last sleep,

like his first, is on the banks of the Avon, in Stratford amid the scenes of his childhood, his maturity, and his life's end. His bones rest in the chancel of the Church of the Holy Trinity which, like the Birthplace itself, is now a shrine to which come pilgrims from many lands. For me twenty-eight crowded years had passed since I had entered the little sanctuary. I had not



THE LOVE PATH OF THE POET

been in Stratford since I had come as a boy of sixteen in the course of my first European tour. Yet nothing seems greatly changed. Everything is as it used to be — with one exception. The famous tinted bust of the poet — recognized as one of the few reliable, convincing likenesses of the great one — has been screened by a thick screen of plate glass. I ask the sexton why the image has been thus enclosed as in a show case. He glances suspiciously at the ladies of our party and replies, "It's because of the Suffragettes, Sir; you never



HOW TO "BURN A CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS"

can tell what they may be doing next, Sir; they might come bombarding *him* because he never asked for votes for women." The old inscription on the slab in the pavement beneath which he lies still quaintly curses him who shall attempt to move his bones — still blesses him that spares those stones.

Could he rise and wander forth from the old church to contemplate the Stratford of our day, he would not feel himself a stranger in his native town.

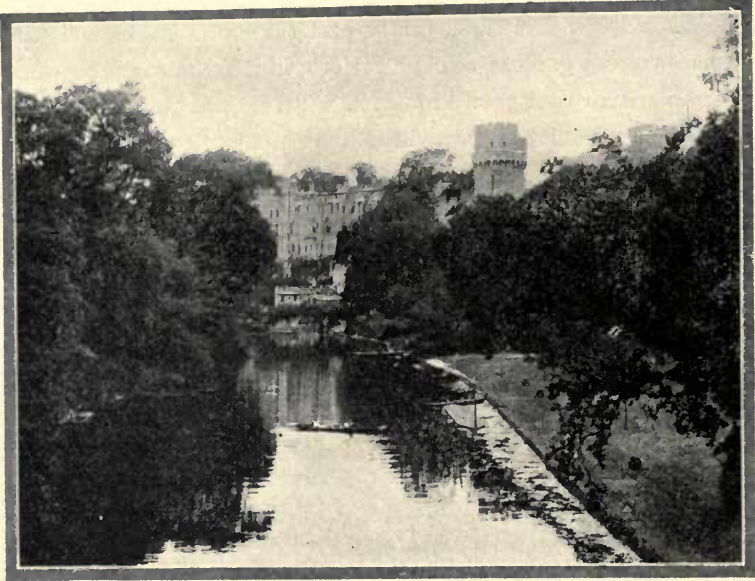
The Avon River still flows gently past the green lawns and the gloriously green gardens of old Stratford; in it are mirrored the same venerable trees that graced its banks when he was wont to wander there. He would see very little that would be new or strange to him — save the conspicuous bulk of the great Memorial that bears his name. Within it he would find a library filled with the thousands



WARWICK

of books that men have written about him and his writings. There, too, he would find a museum filled with souvenirs of him, and a theater, on the stage of which his plays have annual presentation.

It is only about a mile from Stratford to the tiny village where the author of *Romeo and Juliet* did his own love-making. At Shottery dwelt the presumably fair and unquestionably mature Anne Hathaway to whom the as yet uncelebrated Stratford youth paid court.



WARWICK CASTLE

Shakespeare was eighteen years of age and Anne confessed to twenty-six when they were married. The cottage home of the Hathaways



THE VELVET LAWN

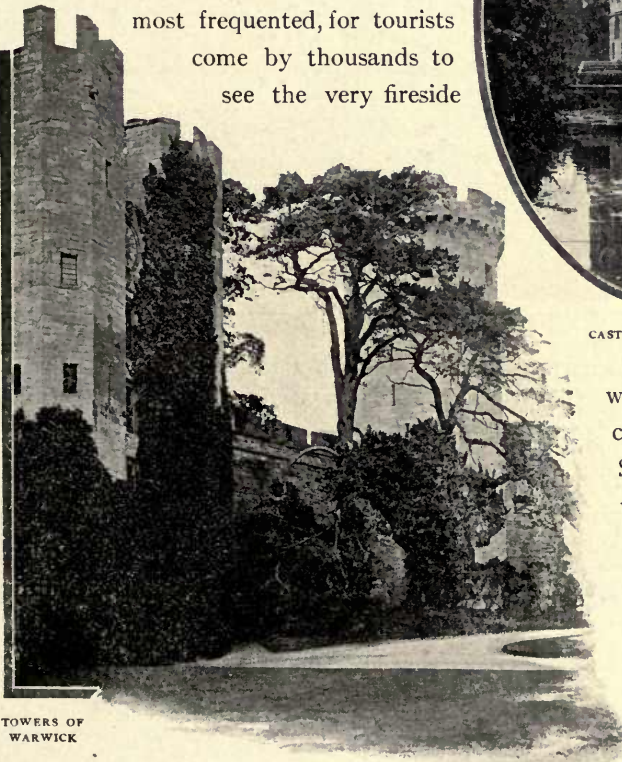


THE BARONIAL HALL

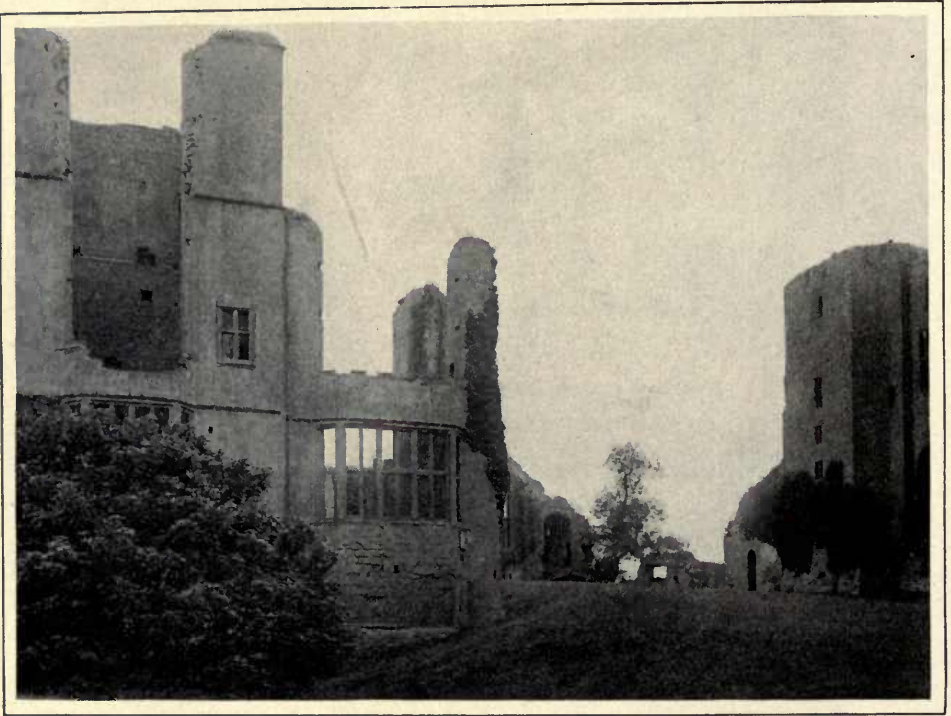
stands to-day in all the quaintness and beauty of its sixteenth century design. It is perhaps the prettiest cottage in all England, and one of the most frequented, for tourists come by thousands to see the very fireside

CASTLE OF THE KING
MAKER

where the
creator of the
Sonnets
wooded and
won the dam-
sel of his
choice.

TOWERS OF
WARWICK

Even to-day we find a very charming damsel waiting to greet us at the gate. She leads us in and from room to room, explaining in fascinating dialect the many curious and interesting details of the perfectly preserved old dwelling. She shows us the *wooden* door of the brick oven, the heavy pewter plates ranged on the shelves and the square wooden dishes with hollows for the salt



KENILWORTH

cut in the corners. She shows us also a real old fashioned "rush-light" in its holder, or "clip candlestick." It was in candlesticks like this, she tells us, that people used to "burn the candle at both ends" — and she proceeds to show us how it was done. The wick is made of the dried pith of a rush dipped in oil or tallow and is very long and slender; it is held by the "clip" of the crude iron candlestick and, as it burns, it must be moved upwards from time to time, requiring

almost constant attention. It gives at best a very feeble light, and therefore extravagant folk were wont to fix both ends of the wick in the clip and thus literally "burn the candle at both ends" — as the saying had it.

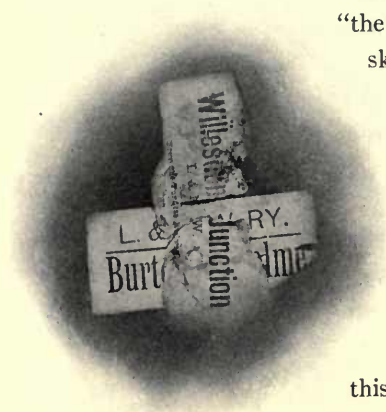
From this humble but historic home the traveler usually goes directly to another equally historic home but one very far from humble. It is Warwick Castle, one of the noblest and at the same time most home-like fortified palaces of the feudal period. It lifts its towers high above a lovely stretch of the River Avon. The oldest of its towers — Caesar's Tower — was reared shortly after the Norman Conquest. Here was the home and stronghold of Richard Neville — "The Last of the Barons" — and the most famous of the Earls of Warwick —



"MY HOUSE"



A LAND OF HOMES



“the good fighter but poor general” — the skillful manager of men who helped to seat and unseat Edward IV and for a time reseat Henry VI on England’s throne — the masterful spirit of his time who perished in defeat in 1471 — but is still remembered for his victories and still called by the proud epithet of “King Maker.”

Only about five miles by road from this perfectly preserved and exquisitely maintained citadel of the great Warwick stands

LUGGAGE LABELS the shattered, ivy-clad ruin of another famous English castle made doubly famous by the familiar novel to which it gave its name. The Kenilworth that rises before our imagination at mention of the name, is the Kenilworth of Walter Scott rather than the Kenilworth of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester and one-time host of England’s Virgin Queen. Scott has peopled for us the lordly halls and chambers of this now almost formless abode of Elizabethan splendor. His prose evokes the living past — brings



A WESTMORLAND WAY STATION



THE MAIN STREET OF BURTON

before our mental vision the events and incidents of a far-off gorgeous age almost as vividly as the film of modern kinematography brings to our eyes the things that we have heard of but have never seen and makes them real to us.



THE TOWN OF BURTON IS VERY MUCH LIKE THE TOWN OF HOLME

Despite its many castles England is primarily a land of homes — of homes that have been homes for generations. The child of to-day who speaks of “my house” is nearly always the descendant of forebears who have called the same structure “my house” since it was built by the founder of the family long centuries ago.

Personally I have some reason to suspect that the “my house” of my remote ancestors was in Westmorland. A hint of this came



IN THE LAKE COUNTRY

to me many years ago, in 1900, while en route to the Passion Play at Oberammergau. In the railway carriage was a British matron embarrassed with the many bags and bundles that accompany the touring subjects of her far-flung monarchy; in the confusion of arrival I volunteered to handle some of this impedimenta, and in lifting one piece of luggage I noted some old English railway labels pasted upon it. One of these interested me because such letters as were visible



GRASMERE

seemed to spell my name. There was the B-u-r-t and just far enough along there was the l-m-e. My curiosity aroused, I asked permission to remove the outer label and there beneath it was an older label reading "BURTON AND HOLME, L. and N. W. Ry." I present my card by way of explanation. The lady in return explains that the two little Westmorland towns of Burton and Holme are served by one station with a hyphenated name. Naturally, when I found myself many years later motoring through the Westmorland country, I did not fail to visit and photograph the station and the towns that bear — with the exception of the final "s" — my name.

Not far beyond these name-sake towns of mine we find ourselves in the heart of one of the most celebrated scenic regions of all England — the Lake District, home of the poets of a recent past and the beloved



THE HOTEL



IN DOVE COTTAGE

playground of the beauty-lovers of the present. The English Lakes, in the northwestern corner of the Kingdom, are very little lakes indeed. Grasmere itself, upon the shores of which we spend a pair of happy days, is but one single mile from end to

end, and only about eight hundreds *yards* across. But it is beautiful — so beautiful that poets who have charmed the world with



DOVE COTTAGE AT THE END OF THE LANE

their words, have been happy to spend their years within the green bowl formed by the low gentle mountains that rise around about it. So many poets have succumbed to the charm of this region that we now speak of "The Lake School of Poetry," and of the "Lake Poets." The founder, and for a long time the master of this school, was William Wordsworth. Of his eighty years upon this planet Wordsworth elected to spend three-score in this exquisite paradise of inspiration. For nine years — from

1799 to 1808 — he lived in Dove Cottage at the end of a pretty little Grasmere lane. Dorothy, his sister, dwelt there with him; hither, too, came Coleridge — and Southey and DeQuincey. Dove Cottage was for those nine years the rendezvous



THE GRASMERE CHURCH



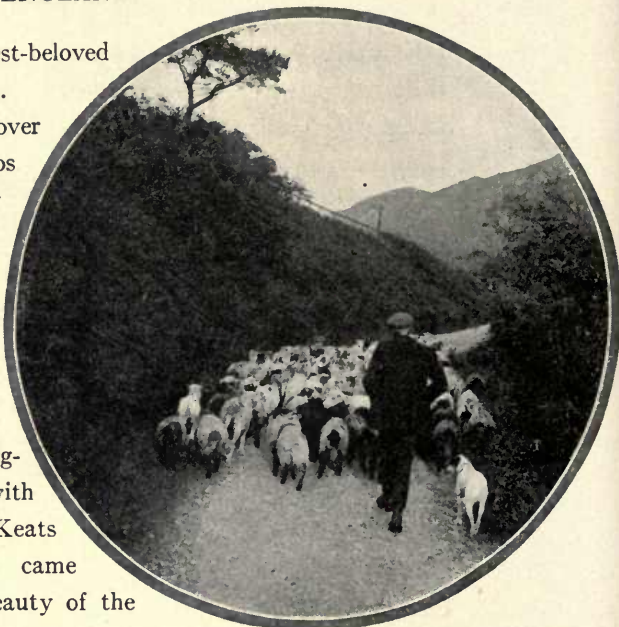
WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE

of those artists in words who painted with their pens immortal pictures of the beautiful lake country which they loved so much and understood so well. Wordsworth died in 1850. His simple grave is in the crowded churchyard of the Grasmere Church. Near him lie Mary,

his wife, and Dorothy, his best-beloved sister, critic and companion.

Another genius—great lover of beauty in all forms—sleeps in another churchyard near another lake. John Ruskin sleeps at Coniston beneath a Celtic cross, not far from his lakeside home at Brantwood. Tennyson once dwelt on the shore of that same lake; in fact the poets of England were all in love with England's lakes. Shelley and Keats and Matthew Arnold often came seeking inspiration in the beauty of the lovable and lovely region—a beauty that lies not only in the lakes and landscapes but is expressed in a thousand charming ways by the villages, the highways, the woodlands, and the byways. The country seems like a vast private park in which fine animals have been turned out to pasture. The sheep and cattle that seem to place themselves with artistic discrimination, at just the right spot in the scene to complete the

composition of the picture we are in the act of making, may be regarded by the traveler as ideal "artistic properties"—but to the hard-headed farmers and breeders like those we find assembled at the fair of



FOLLOWING THE FLOCK



TOIL



BRITISH BLONDES

Ambleside, these same artistic properties represent very practical and negotiable belongings in which reside rich possibilities of prosaic profit.

And yet we learn that the poetic beauty of their corner of old England is very dear to these serious-looking folk whose stern British physiognomies we study with interest as they study with the air of experts, the fattened ovine prize-winners in the various sheep-pens. In 1883 there was established a Lake District Defence Society, the object of which was, in the words of its constitution—"to offer a powerful and consolidated opposition to the introduction of unnecessary

railways into the Lake District, and to all other speculative schemes which may appear likely to impair its beauty or destroy its present character."

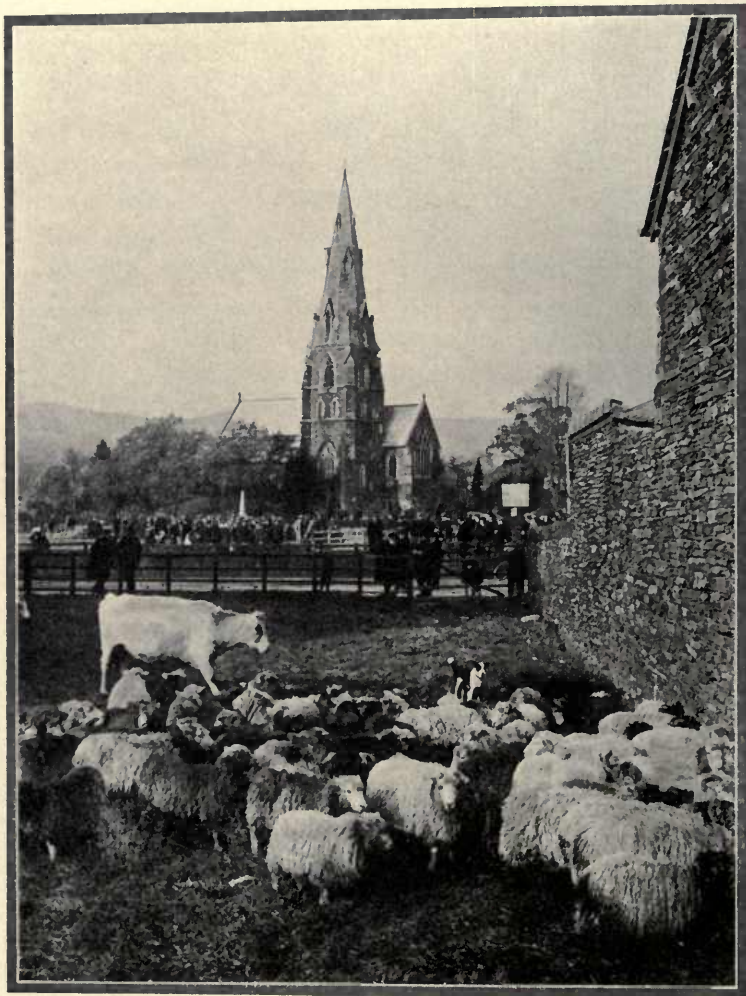
We of the ever-changing new world are prone to criticise the conservatism with which the English regard all efforts to alter the established ways of doing things. We like to try out new devices; they are content with the time-tried installations that their fathers found to their old-fashioned liking.

Of this fact we were reminded when we one day discussed with a most intelligent Englishwoman, the important matter of keeping one's house warm in winter. She, as the principal of a well-known boarding



AN ENGLISH FACE

school for girls, had just completed the equipping of a new and "very modern" dormitory building of a hundred rooms—in which as she proudly informed us there were one hundred fire-places—one little coal-burning grate in every room! "Dear me, no!" she exclaimed, as we expressed surprise that she had not installed a central heating plant. "No, I wouldn't have those horrid steamy pipes running all over the place! Each girl can have her own cosy little fire."



A SHEEP FAIR

So every cold day, one hundred little fires were to be kindled — and after giving forth a cheerful smudge, proceed — like every grate fire that I have ever tried to nurse in England — to expire and leave the



GOOD JUDGES OF WOOL AND MUTTON

classic chill, so characteristic of the British interior, triumphant in its suggestion of a sepulcher for the living.

But happily the average American — pampered by the all too efficient heating apparatus of his own hotel or home — rarely suffers

the discomforts of the British winter. He comes as we have come in summer when the tepid charm of the sun-warmed English out-of-doors keeps him continually in the open where he finds so many allurements that his own land can never offer him.

As for the excellent roads, they seem to have been created expressly for the pleasure of the motorist, except the steep rough mile or more that leads over the Honister Pass. We had been warned at the hotel that the descent from the pass was "absolutely impossible for motor cars," and so we garaged our car for the day and for safety's sake embarked for this wild ride on one of the coaches operated by the local stables. With ostentatious care the driver negotiates the fearful incline from the summit; as we touch bottom safely we breathe sighs of relief. Our sighs are echoed by the honks of a tin something that has come sneaking down behind our coach, and there, safe and sound, at the foot of a descent regarded as "im-



"THE KIND GREEN COUNTRY"

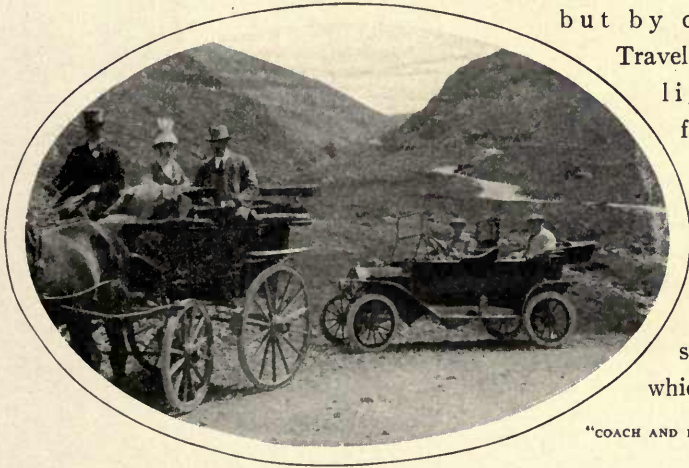


HONISTER PASS

possible for motor cars," is one of those inevitable, unafraid, and indestructible American contrivances commonly known as a flivver!

But after all, the ideal way to tour the Lake District is not by motor but by coach and four.

Traveling in this delightfully old-fashioned way we have time to see, to taste, and to enjoy the quiet beauty of the scenes through which we make our



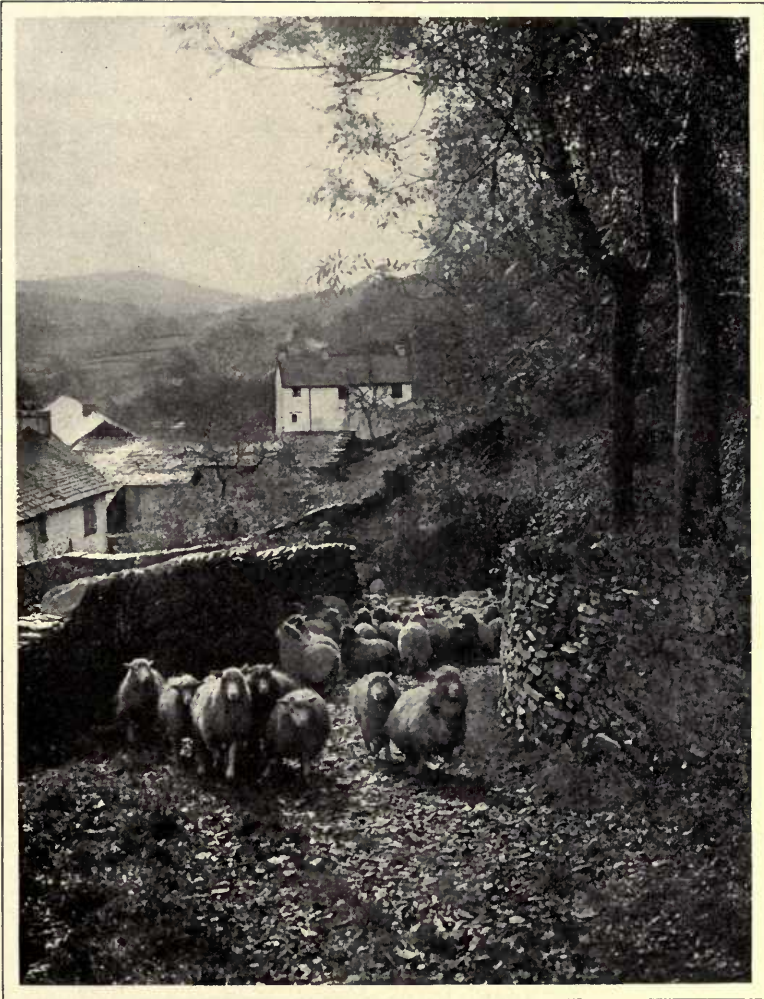
"COACH AND FORD"

lazy way. Let us be glad that there is left one lovely region where the old-time four-in-hand still has its place upon the modern road.

For a word-picture that suggests and reveals much of the peculiar charm of the English country-side, I cannot do better than to bring before you these paragraphs from a novel by Beatrice Grimshaw, who tells us of scenes that lie "under the gentle English sun, soft and glittering as spun glass. The shadows are English shadows, blurred, uncertain, blue. There is nothing in the world so green as this English grass, sloping up beyond the grey, moss-painted garden walls, field after field inclined against the sky. Oh, the gentle country, the kind green country, how it purrs at you as it lies there basking in the tepid sun! It has no harm in it—it would never do you ill, this tamed and fattened England. Other countries you have to handle with care, or they may strike at you with claws of plague and fever; they pounce upon you with tornadoes, they bite you, sting you, earthquake and torrent



PASSERS-BY



"THIS TAMED AND FATTENED ENGLAND"

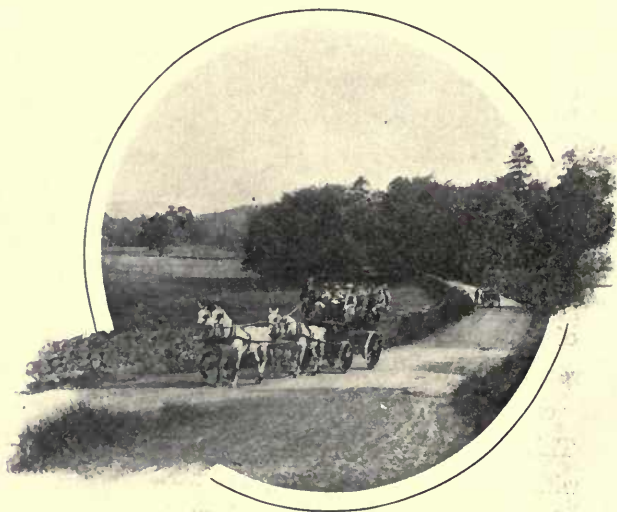
you out of existence. All the time, whether you remember it or whether you do not, they are out after you. They mean to get you if they can. But this England — it wants us to pet it, I could swear!" This voices perfectly the unforgettable impressions that we carry with us as we leave the English Lakeland.

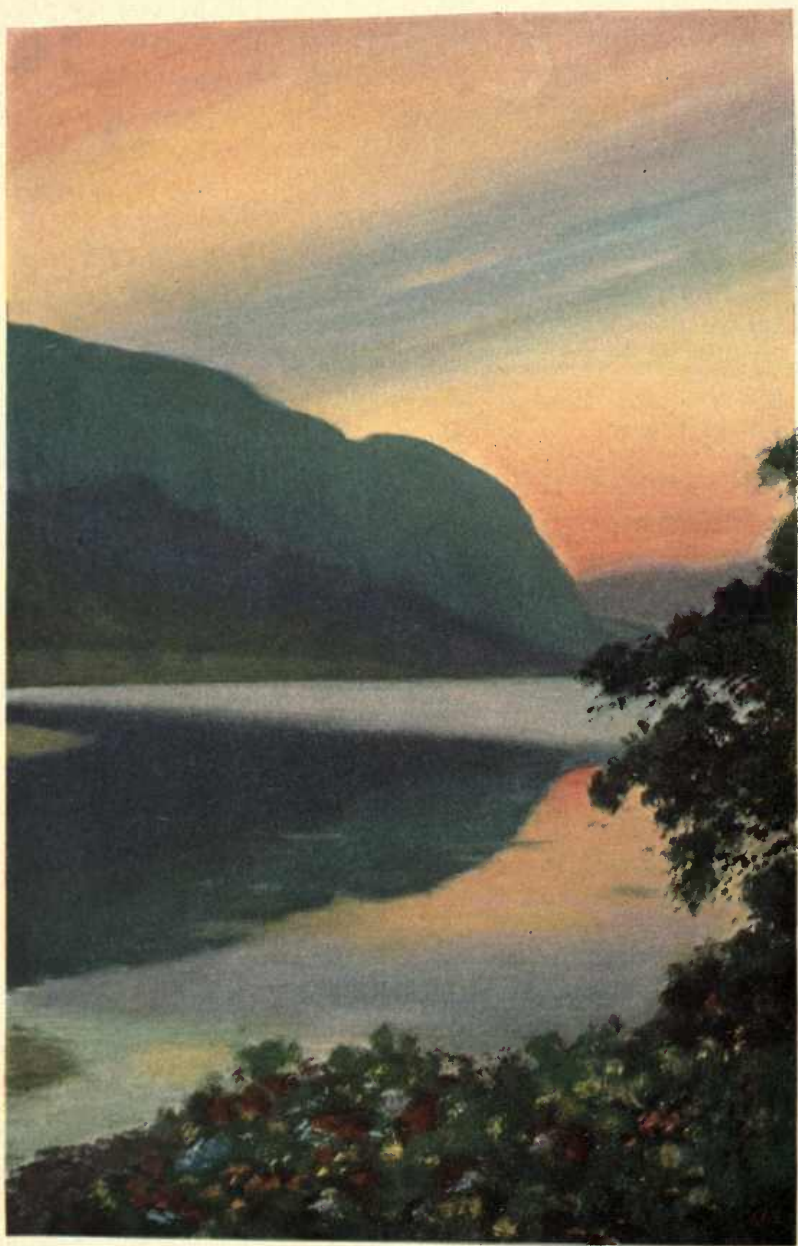
Although we have merely glided with modern haste from lake

to lake and shrine to shrine, through this compact but enormously significant little earthly paradise of the poets of a calmer, happier yesterday, we feel all the richer, spiritually, for our brief, hurried contacts with its memory-hallowed places and its classic expressions of natural beauty.

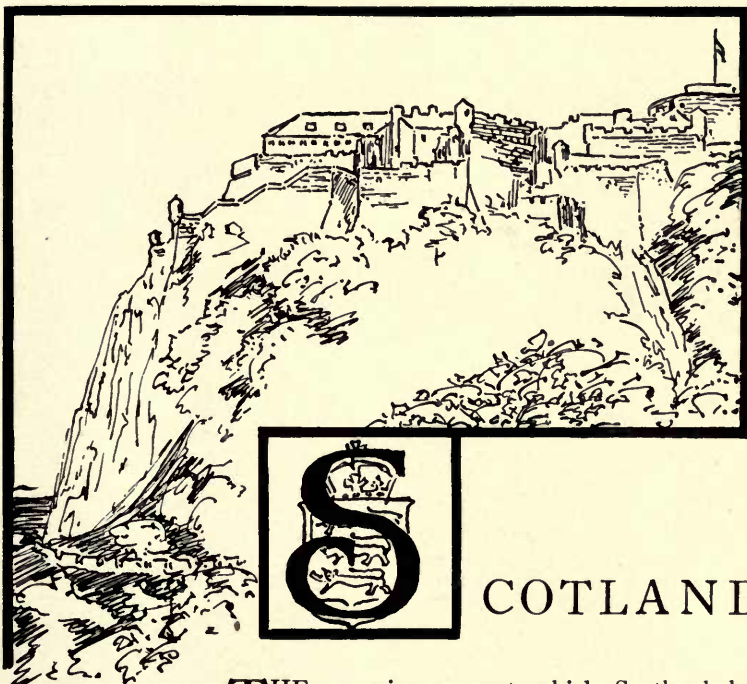
So, too, our longer journey from Land's End at the southwestern tip of Britain, hither to these northern dales that skirt the hilly borderland of the old Scottish kingdom, has given us a fuller, richer concept of the land that men call England.

To see and know all England as it should be seen and known, would be the task of a long, strenuous, and studious life. We have but glimpsed the glories — historic, artistic, scenic, and heroic — of this land that has meant so much to Humanity and to Civilization. But we have seen and learned enough, even in the course of our haphazard pursuit of the picturesque and striking things that appeal to the pleasure-seeking wanderer, to fix us firmly in our faith that without England the Earth would be a poorer planet — the history of Humanity, a story lacking one of its grandest chapters — and Civilization, a thing that had failed in its world-girdling destiny.





SCOTLAND



COTLAND

THE conspicuous part which Scotland has played on the great stage of human activities is manifestly out of all proportion to the area of Scotland and to the numbers of her sons. That a people numerically far less considerable than the population of London should have left so deep an impression on the world's history, religion, literature, and industry, inspires an admiring and a sympathetic interest in the homeland of that people. Every year thousands of eager travelers throng to visit the historic sites, the religious shrines, the literary landmarks, and the industrial centers of Scotland.

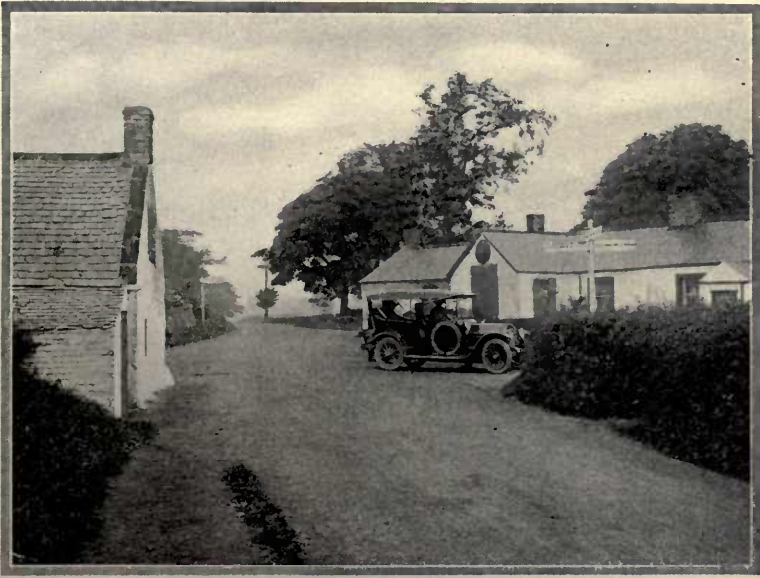
To leave England and cross the border into Scotland is like coming out of a carefully kept park into the real wide open country. In

England the traveler feels the charm of studiously finished scenery, as he motors along the perfect roads between the accurately clipped hedges, beyond which lies the sleek and well-groomed landscape, dotted with model villages or dominated by the towers of great cathedrals. In Scotland he feels the charm of a land not yet completely tamed by man, a land of ruder aspect, wider vistas, freer air.



IN SCOTLAND

The customs, too, were once upon a time far freer than in England, if we are to credit what we have heard of Gretna Green, a village just three-quarters of a mile beyond the English boundary line, a place to which eloping English couples formerly came to marry in the freer Scottish way. According to the freer Scottish law, a marriage might be "constituted by declarations made by the man and woman that they presently do take each other for husband and wife." The intending bride and groom had only to declare their wish to belong to one another. Witnesses were not required by Scot-



GRETNA GREEN

tish law, but it was customary to call them in, because their presence simplified the matter of evidence. The village blacksmith of Gretna

Green, whose forge stood at the cross-roads, was a most willing and ever available witness. He kept an informal marriage register and made a very good thing out of it, for the happy couples who left their names therein never failed to leave some practical token of their gratitude. Thus the worthy blacksmith helped to weld the chains for about two hundred couples every year. Since 1856, however, business has been somewhat slack, because a new law passed in that year requires one of the twain to reside in Scotland for three weeks before the troth may be plighted, even at the anvil. Thus the anvil now offers no greater



A LASS



A COUNTRY POST OFFICE

advantages in the matter of expedition than the altar, and the present-day blacksmith devotes his time to shoeing horses.

From Gretna Green good roads invite us northward, through a bare and open pasture region alive

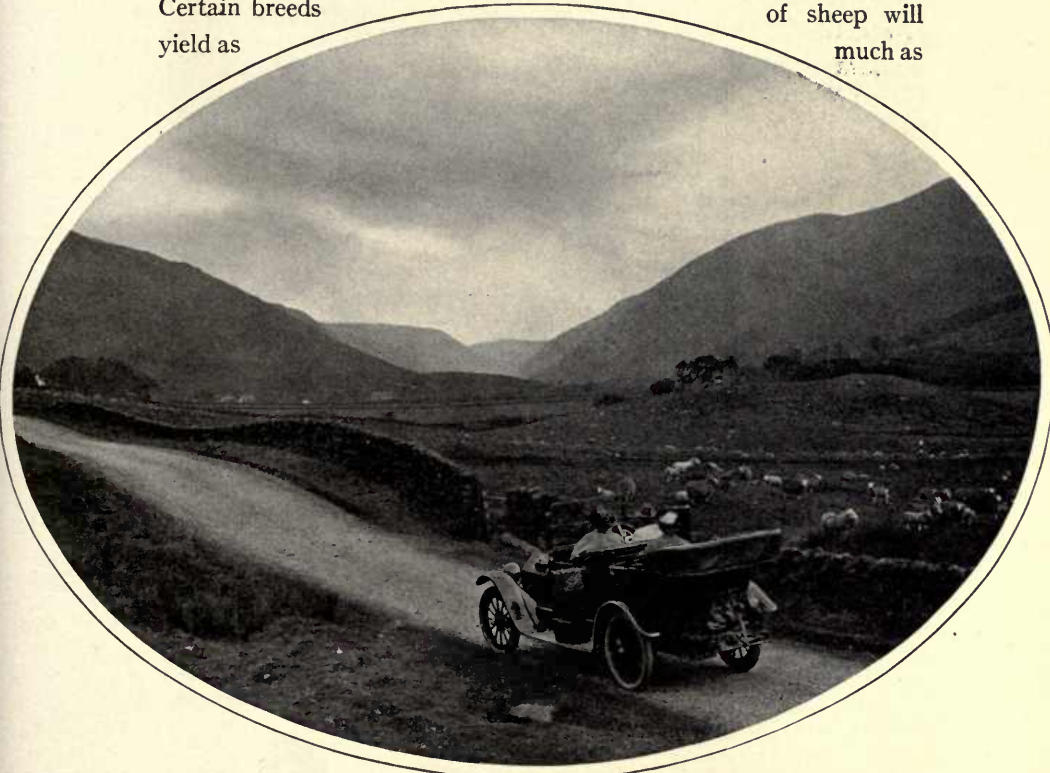
with woolly flocks. The sheep bred in this region are chiefly Cheviots, a breed which takes its name from the range of hills stretching along the boundary between Scotland and England. The Cheviot breed is very hardy and the straight wool is very close-set. The unshorn sheep on the range have a rather unwashed look, and as

"GOOD MORNING!"



we watch the operations at a shearing camp we learn that much grease and dirt comes off with the wool. It is not unusual for the weight of a clip to be only 30 per cent net wool.

The lamb is first clipped at the age of eight or ten months, for "lamb's wool." Later clips give what is known as "wether wool." Certain breeds of sheep will yield as much as



THE SELKIRK HILLS

ten or twelve pounds of wool per head. When mechanical clippers are used one skilled man can clip two hundred sheep a day, but we find the shearers working with the old-style shears. The coat comes off in a single piece, retaining the form of the shorn animal; at first glance it looks as if the poor creature had been skinned alive. These woolly coats are rolled and stowed in big bags holding



SHEARING TIME IN THE SELKIRKS

a hundred weight. The freshly shorn animals look strangely clean and white as they slip from the shearing benches.

As we motor northward the rolling region takes on a barer, bleaker look. At times no sign of human habitation can be seen. Then



BUSY SHEARS

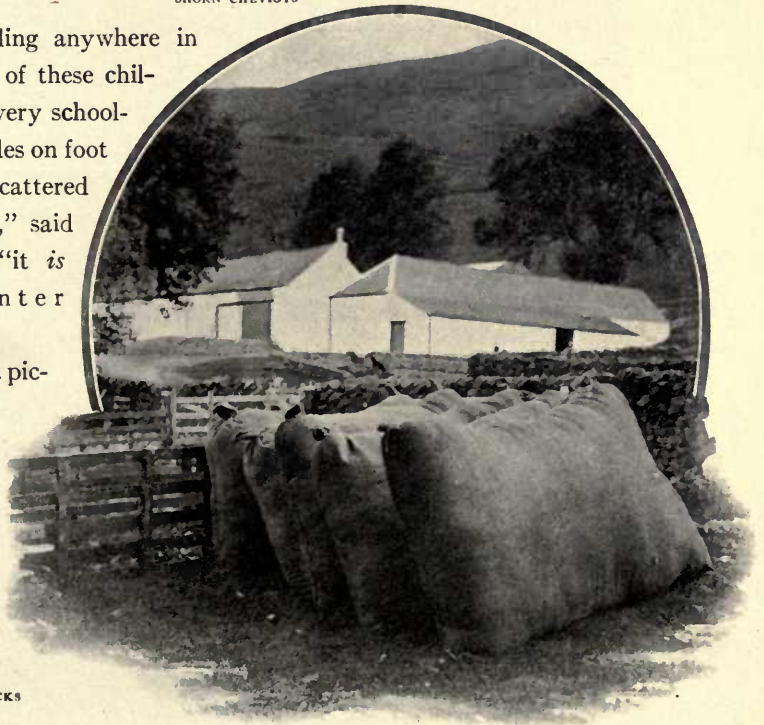
suddenly we round a bend and find ourselves confronted by a company of youthful clansmen, armed with Indian clubs and commanded by a graceful Scottish damsel. They are the pupils, she the teacher of a little highland school. Except the school house there



SHORN CHEVIOTS

is not a building anywhere in sight. Some of these children come every school-day many miles on foot from their scattered homes. "Yes," said the teacher, "it is hard in winter time."

We took a picture of the entire "faculty" and the "student body" of this



WOOL SACKS



CHAPEL HOPE SCHOOL, ST. MARY'S LOCH

isolated educational institution, the Chapel Hope School, of St. Mary's Loch, Yarrow, Selkirkshire. I kept my promise to send them a few copies of the photograph. In acknowledgment I had a letter from the young "faculty," in which, after thanking me, she



THE ENTIRE FACULTY AND STUDENT BODY

says with charming Scotch directness, "If you could send six pictures more, each child would have one." And then she adds with Scotch hard common sense, "but if you do not send the pictures the children can very well do without."

From young Scotland our thoughts were soon turned to old Scotland for that same night we slept near Melrose Abbey, the most artistic and most famous reminder of the Catholic era of pre-Reformation days. The Abbey has been repeatedly destroyed by warring



THROUGH THE PASS

armies, repeatedly rebuilt and rebeautified. Reformers, in their pious zeal, have profaned and defaced it in the name of their religion. But to-day, painstakingly restored, its broken stones replaced one upon another, the Abbey stands as a pathetic reminder of the piety and art that reared it, the brutality and intolerance that wrecked it, and the belated repentant appreciation of its beauty that assures to-day the conservation of its lovely shell.

Within the Abbey, near the chancel, is a memorial startling in its

simplicity, yet dramatic in its evocation of the heroic age of Scotland. It is a modest stone upon which a heart of bright red immortelles has been placed by pious hands. The words "Bannockburn" and "Rest, Brave Heart" tell us that here lies the heart of Bruce. Here, beneath the ancient pavement, the Scots of old buried the heart



MELROSE ABBEY

of their beloved hero, Robert the Bruce, who was crowned King of Scotland in the year 1306, won the great fight against the English at Bannockburn in 1314, and died a year after his title as sovereign of independent Scotland had been definitely recognized by England in the treaty of 1328.

WHERE THE HEART OF
ROBERT BRUCE LIES BURIED



The story goes that Robert had made a vow to undertake a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulcher but finding himself at the point of death before he could fulfill the vow, he begged his faithful friend and follower, James Douglas, to convey his heart to Jerusalem. Douglas set out, bearing the heart of the Bruce, but perished fighting against the Moors



FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OF AGE



in Spain. Happily his precious luggage was not lost; the heart was saved, brought back to Scotland and interred beside the altar of the Abbey. Proof that this tale is true came to light in 1821, when the tomb of Bruce at Dunfermline was opened and examination of the skeleton revealed a *severed breast bone* — severed five hundred years before, for the removal of the heart.

THE CHOIR OF MELROSE



SCOTT'S NOBLE MANSION

The ruin of another famous Abbey, only a few miles from Melrose, contains the tomb of one, to whose world-famous novels we owe most of our notions of Scotland and her history. Sir Walter Scott's last resting place is in the aisle of the ruined north transept. The Abbey estate belonged to his

at one time
ancestors,



THE RIVER TWEED AT ABBOTSFORD



AT ABBOTSFORD

but was lost through their extravagance. Sir Walter used to say: "We have nothing left of Dryburgh, except the right of stretching our bones there." In life the novelist dwelt in dignified splendor on his estate of Abbotsford, in a noble mansion that he built on the banks of the River Tweed. There Scotland's literary potentate reigned and entertained like a medieval king and wrote and labored like a modern captain of



WHERE THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLY WROTE



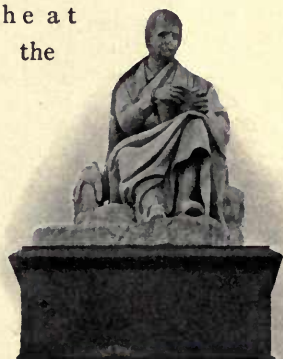
APPROACHING EDINBURGH



DRYBURGH ABBEY

industry—literary industry. His popularity was unrivaled by that of any living poet or prose writer. His productivity was equal to that of five or six of his most prolific contemporaries. Yet he found time to devote three hours every day, for twenty-five years, to routine legal and clerical work as Clerk of the Session and as Sheriff, which offices brought him a considerable income.

His literary earnings were for those days enormous. While turning out the Waverly Novels, two or three a year, anonymously, as "The Great Unknown," he at the



THE AUTHOR OF IVANHOE

THE SCOTT
MONUMENT
IN EDINBURGH

same time published so much fine prose and poetry over his own name that no one could suspect him of being the author of "Waverly" and the numerous stories that fol-



GOTHIC DETAIL

lowed that popular tale and became famous as the Waverly Novels. For one man to produce so vast a literary output appeared a physical impossibility. He even went so far as to review, as Walter Scott, his own novels by *The Great Unknown*. He was very fair and just in his criticism of those novels and used his reviews as a means of



MODERN EDINBURGH



THE ROYAL INSTITUTION

explaining the motives of the mysterious author and clearing up misunderstandings — an opportunity that any writer of to-day would prize. The foreign books upon his shelves remind us that he had mastered French and Italian before he was fourteen, and German a few years later. He read five times as much as the average thoughtful man reads in a lifetime, and yet found time to play the hospitable

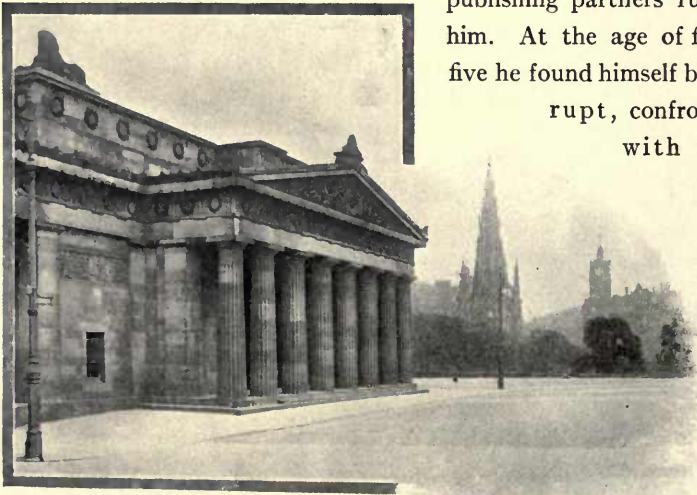


PRINCES STREET



A DORIC COLONNADE

laird to hosts of guests in his baronial castle and to carry on two quite distinct and separate literary campaigns. Like most men of artistic temperament he was no business man. The failure of his publishing partners ruined him. At the age of fifty-five he found himself bankrupt, confronted with obli-

IN THE
ATHENS OF THE NORTH



CALTON HILL

Thence in 1832 he hastened home to end, at Abbotsford, in his beloved Scotland, a life than which few nobler, richer, and more admirable lives have left their impress on the history and letters of a nation.

It is fitting that the most conspicuous monument in Scotland's capital should

gations of about seven hundred thousand dollars. He resolved to pay every penny, earning the entire sum with his pen. In two years he had made and paid two hundred thousand dollars. Then in failing health, he wrote on and on and finally when too weak to write he dictated. Ivanhoe was dictated in agony by the dying novelist. The great debt was nearly paid when, mercifully, his mind failed and left him with the comforting delusion that he had successfully completed his task.

In his last year the government placed a ship at his disposal and he was taken for a cruise around the Mediterranean.

THE UNFINISHED TEMPLE
COMMEMORATING WATERLOO



THE SCOTS GREYS

be a beautiful memorial to Walter Scott. It is superbly placed; to right and left stretch long lovely gardens gay with flowers—while from his seat beneath the graceful Gothic spire Sir Walter looks down upon the animated panorama of Princes Street—that prince of streets and proudest of all Edinburgh's thoroughfares. It is one of the most characterful avenues in the world. As a business street it is one-



A ROYAL ESCORT

sided. "It is but half a street!" exclaimed a jealous citizen of Glasgow. Commerce, it is true, claims but one side of Princes Street; beauty and grandeur claim the other — the beauty of the Princes Gardens and the grandeur of the classic Grecian structure of the Royal Institution with its superb Doric colonnades. Beyond the delicate spire of the Scott Memorial rises the tower of



WAITING TO SEE THE KING AND QUEEN

the North British Railway Hotel, heavily modern in design — and in the distance, on the crest of Calton Hill, the colossal columns of an uncompleted Parthenon are lifted against the sky. A reproduction of the Parthenon was to have crowned this Scottish acropolis of the "Athens of the North." This was to have been a national monument commemorating the victory of Waterloo — but the subscription list promptly met its Waterloo when it was submitted to the consideration of the canny Scottish public. Calton Hill is rich in ill-assorted monuments. One, like a lighthouse, is the Nelson Mon-

ument, honoring the hero of the great naval victory over Napoleon's fleets in 1805 off Cape Trafalgar. Another resembles an Egyptian obelisk; others recall successive architectural epochs. All this melange of styles contributes, as a Scotch guide book says, "in no small measure to that bold and defiant architectural discord which constitutes the genius of Edinburgh." The sky line of the city offers to the



THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND THE OLD CITY ON THE CASTLE HILL

eye a delightful diversity of silhouette. We may turn from the severe "classicalities" of Calton Hill to survey the charmingly quaint "medievalities" of the long ridge that rises toward and seems to culminate quite naturally in the grim and famous castle of the Scottish kings, superbly set upon the rocky summit.

Edinburgh Castle looms high above the old town and the new. It is one of the great sights of the world, one of those things that stamp themselves forever in the memory of every traveler. It is

superb from every point of view. It seems to rise like some citadel of medieval romance in lonely, frowning isolation — even as we view it from the busy confusion and modernity of Princes Street.

It was upon the easily defended summit of the Castle Rock that some early chieftain of some barbarous, prehistoric clan must have reared the first crude stockade under the protection of which his

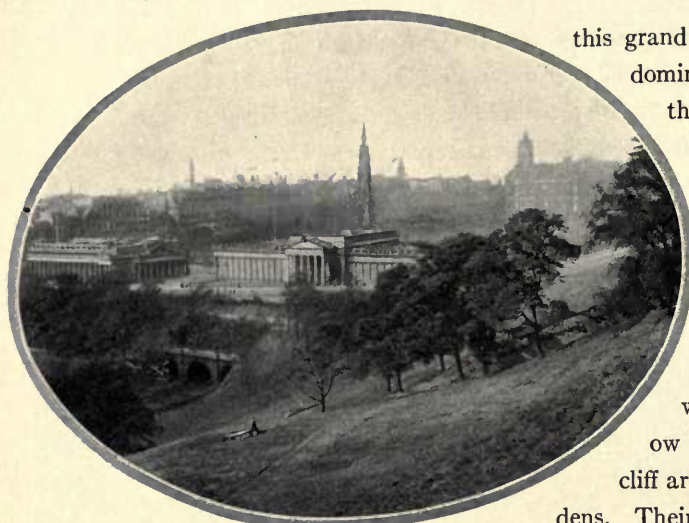


EDINBURGH CASTLE AND THE WEST PRINCES STREET GARDENS

people built the mud and fagot hovels of the village to which centuries later Edwin, King of the invading Northumbrians, gave the name of "Edwin's Burgh"—whence the "Edinburgh" of to-day.

Until the days of the Stuarts, Edinburgh was regarded as a rough border stronghold but in the fifteenth century it had become the recognized capital of Scotland and the center of Scottish culture.

By this time the stockade had become a granite castle — surrounding and protecting the palace of the Scottish kings. To-day

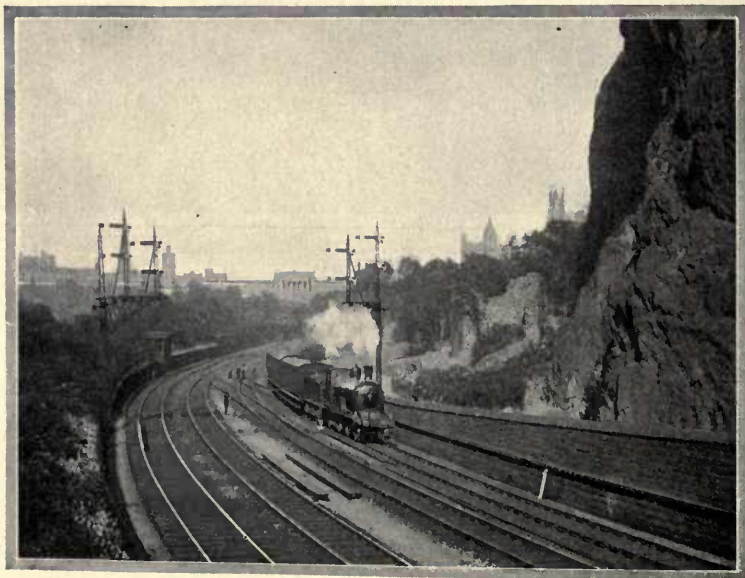


FROM THE CASTLE HILL

this grand old castle is the dominating sight of the great modern city that spreads away from the base of the historic rock. The deep and serene gardens that lie within the shadow of the castled cliff are man-made gar-

dens. Their site was once the bed of a lake — the Nor'Loch. The waters of this lake of yesterday were drained away, and into the depression were poured the verdant glories of the gardens of to-day.

The traveler's first "close-up" of the castle itself is enjoyed from



AT THE BASE OF THE CASTLE ROCK

the spacious esplanade or drill yard which spreads its surprising levelness on the high ridge before the eastern gate. Loquacious guides — Scotchmen can be loquacious — when there is money in it — lead the traveler under the portcullis and up winding passage ways and through the various solid old constructions that make up this historic royal stronghold. They show us the old regalia of Scotland — includ-



THE STRONGHOLD OF THE SCOTTISH KINGS

ing the sword of Robert Bruce and other precious "Honors of Scotland." They lead us into the "wee room" of Queen Mary where the baby who became James the First of England first saw the dimness of a murky day. We lean out of the tiny window from which the royal babe was lowered in a basket to be conveyed in secrecy to the surer security of Stirling Castle. This James the First of England was also James the Sixth of Scotland or, as sometimes written by the

wicked wits of his day, "James I. 6." To grasp the humor of this form — take down your Bible and turn to the 6th verse of the first book of the General Epistle of St. James. There you will find reflected the character of this son of the dastard Darnley and the



EDINBURGH CASTLE AND THE ESPLANADE

fickle Mary Queen of Scots. "For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord. A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." James was even "unstable on his pins" — as well as in his policies.

From the "wee room" we are led to the impressively restored Banqueting Hall, and thence to another tiny room associated with another Scottish queen, the smallest chapel in





ST. MARGARET'S CHAPEL
THE OLDEST BUILDING IN EDINBURGH

Great Britain and the oldest ecclesiastical "pile" in Scotland; it bears the revered name of that good Saxon princess, Margaret, queen of Malcolm of the Big Head. It is only $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet long by $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide. It is used now principally for the baptismal ceremonies of the children of soldiers garrisoned in the glorious old Castle on this height.

In front of the Chapel is the big gun called Mons Meg. It bears a Belgian name, and came, so legend runs, four hundred years ago from that Belgian city near which so many gallant Scots fell in the early days of the World War. It is of strange construction, made of a bundle of wrought iron bars, encircled by scores of external iron rings. It fired a solid shot of granite twenty inches in diameter and weighing 330 pounds, but its range of fire is not stated.

The mile-long street that leads from the Castle down past St. Giles' Cathedral with its crown of stone, to the Palace of Holyrood at the far end of the Canongate, is sometimes called the Royal Mile, for up and down its length the royal folk of olden times were wont to make their way in state between their newer royal dwelling of Holyrood and their ancient royal for-



MONS MEG

treasury. Thus they were sure to pass the doorway of the most significant of Scotland's churches — the Cathedral of St. Giles. It has been Catholic and Protestant. Mass has been said at its forty old-time altars. John Knox has preached from its reformed pulpit. Protestants pray in its modern pews to-day. Memorials to the



ST. GILES'

great dead of Scotland adorn its aisles and chapels. It has become the Westminster Abbey of the northern kingdom—or North Britain as Scotland is sometimes called. The exterior is impressive; the tower is crowned by arches and pinnacles that simulate a crown of stone.

The interior is
strangely
beautiful.
Some one has

THE HEART OF
MIDLOTHIAN





PARLIAMENT SQUARE

said that "Presbyterianism has quietly acquiesced in the old Catholic conception of ecclesiastical architecture" — and that — "the present appearance of the interior would have sadly shocked the good, earnest old Covenanters who strove so hard and conscientiously to eliminate the beautiful from religion."

THE GRAVE OF
JOHN KNOX

Between the church and the old Parliament House, now the Supreme Court of Scotland, there is a spot in the pavement marked with an inset of the letters I. K. and the figures 1572. The date gives us a clue. The I is an old-time J. It stands for John, — the K for Knox. Here then lies John Knox who, as Stevenson says, "made Scotland over again in his own image — the indefatigable, undissuadable John Knox. He sleeps within call of St. Giles', the church that so often echoed to his preaching." The church-yard is now Parliament Square; all signs of other tombs have been obliterated. The only

monument in sight is a bronze equestrian statue of King Charles the Second, who turns his back upon the plate in the pavement that marks the grave of the reformer.

The traveler who keeps his eye upon the pavement of old Edinboro' will discover many reminders of the vanished past. A heart outlined in paving stones marks the site of the old Tolbooth prison, immortal-



THE HOUSE OF JOHN KNOX

ized by Walter Scott in the "Heart of Midlothian." That ancient goal, where Effie Deans was held in durance vile, was finally demolished in 1817. Farther on, a circle in the pave-

ment marks the spot where in the cruel old days of superstition, witches were burned in public in the Canongate within



WHERE WITCHES
WERE BURNED



THE BOOK SHOP IN JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE

sight of the windows of the house which was the home of Scotland's great and strenuous reformer.

John Knox's house is now one of the double-starred sights of Edinburgh to which tourists are proudly and thriftily conducted by the canny cabbies of the capital. One day as a particularly Presbyterian jehu reined up at the door and solemnly announced to his fare — a hurried Jewish tourist



ANOTHER CLOSE



from New York — "This, Sir, is the house of John Knox" — he noted that the fare did appear impressed. In dignified, deliberate tones he reiterated the inspiring infor-

mation. The alien Hebrew glanced at the house and queried carelessly, "Who *was* John Knox?" The cabby gripped the box seat, turned red and pale by turns and thundered to his shrinking passenger, "Mon — do ye *never* read your Bible?"

Opening off the Royal Mile are countless "closes," or steep alley-ways, that afford striking glimpses of



STEEP, NARROW STREETS, CALLED
"CLOSES" OR "WYND"

the lower city. The ancient buildings, pierced by these slits and separated by these flights of public stairs, were once the abode of Edinburgh's nobility and fashion, but the fine folk of to-day live in the new city far below, and leave these former haunts of elegance to the plain people—the very plain and very poor people of to-day.



CANONGATE

Many of the houses in Canongate date from the middle of the sixteenth century. Canongate was once a separate borough, and it had a motto, "Sic Itur ad Astra," perhaps the bitter tribute of some weary climber to the eight- and ten-story buildings which prevail in this ancient neighborhood. And, as if to prove their age, the many little "closes" vent their ancient odors on the public way. Here had



THE WHITE HORSE INN

dwelt, doubtless, the Scottish wanderer who when overcome by homesickness was wont to exclaim, "Sweet Edinboro', I can smell thee noo."

In the White Horse Close is the famous White Horse Inn, once the best hotel in town, and frequented, as Scott tells us, by the noble-



THE WHITE HORSE CLOSE

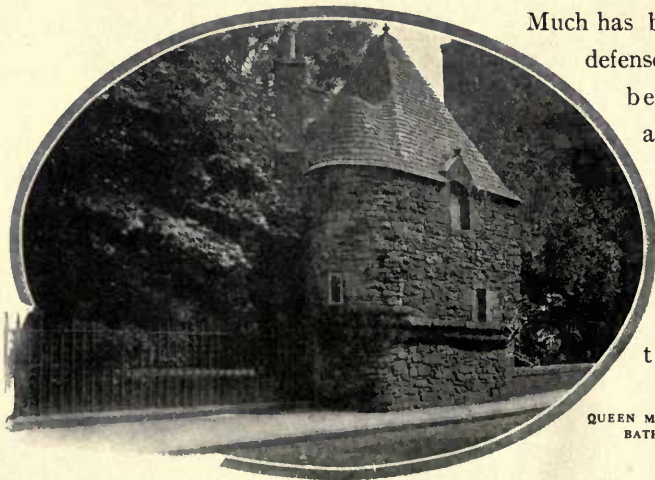
men and gentlemen who followed Bonnie Prince Charlie when he came in 1745 to claim the throne of Scotland and dwelt for a brief space as Scotland's King in Holyrood, the adjacent palace of his ancestors.

OLD HOLYROOD PALACE IN
THE MODERN SLUMS



THE PALACE AND THE CHAPEL

This grim fortress-like abode of royalty lies now next door to the slums of Edinburgh. Modern royalty, when in residence there, has for its neighbors the poorest of the poor. The history of Holyrood Palace reads like a melodrama of royal recklessness and crime, in which the leading players are Mary Queen of Scots and her murderous band of husbands and lovers, whose deeds, despite the glamour of romance, seem strangely kin to the doings of the lower criminal classes of to-day.

QUEEN MARY'S
BATH

Much has been written in defense and much has been written in abuse of the fair young widow of Francis II of France who at the age of nineteen returned from

the gayeties of Paris to the grimnesses of her Scottish capital, which must have been indeed a grim place in those early days.

'Tis hard to picture one who had been queen in France dwelling contentedly in the four forbidding rooms of Holyrood which are shown to us to-day as the apartments of the much-loved Mary. We can more easily visualize her in the audience chamber, disputing with John Knox, who has left a tribute to her "proud mind, crafty wit, and



HOLYROOD PALACE

indurate heart against God and truth." In the bed-room may still be seen the actual bed on which she slept. It was in this apartment that the Queen was dining with her favorite, David Rizzio, when the assassins, tools of Darnley, her second husband, dragged the terror-stricken Italian secretary from her side and stabbed him to death. Formerly a dark stain on the floor was pointed out to visitors as Rizzio's life blood, but now the morbidly curious must be satisfied

with a brass plate marking the spot. Henry Darnley, who was her distant kinsman, is perhaps the least attractive figure among all the players in Queen Mary's tragedy of love. Insolent and selfish in his triumphs, weak and cowardly in adversity, he was, as Swinburne says, "a hapless and worthless bridegroom." Even before Bothwell's henchman strangled him he sank into comparative obscurity, for the Queen had already turned from him. The exchange of Darnley for



A "PLAYGROUND" FOR THE POOR

Bothwell may have seemed advantageous for a time, for Bothwell was strong and able, but he was also coarse and imperious. The marriage of Bothwell and Mary was the beginning of the end, for only a few weeks later their army was defeated, Mary surrendered herself to the Scottish nobles who had revolted, and Bothwell fled from Scotland. Then followed an almost continuous captivity of nearly twenty years — and at last the tragic release of her spirit, by order of Elizabeth in 1587, on the block at Fotheringay.

Adjacent to the palace are some of the slummiest slums to be found anywhere in Scotland — slums the like of which should not be found anywhere in this rich, wonderful world of ours. The horrid tenements of the Cowgate are jammed deep into the sordid depths of poverty's abyss. In pictures these hopeless homes look fairly livable and decent; but photography glosses over much and fails to register the awful atmosphere of this congested quarter. Then, too, the out-



USHER HALL

ward neatness of the streets and "closes," the sanitary whitewash, and the well-swept pavements give a too favorable visual impression of what is in reality abjectly miserable in aspect. We noted with pitying eye the one spacious "playground" of the neighborhood; the children who can play amid such forbidding surroundings must be possessed of preternatural blitheness — or must be ignorant of all the

brighter things of life. This modern civilization of ours is an exasperating puzzle. It gives us this horrid "playground" in the slums and it gives us at the same time all the surpassing structural splendors of this impressive "Modern Athens." Of these we note with admiration the Usher Hall, a magnificent concert auditorium, the gift of a millionaire distiller and the M'Ewan Hall, an equally magnificent lecture auditorium, the gift of a millionaire brewer. Thus Edinburgh may be said to owe its temples of music and oratory indirectly to the unquenchable thirst of the Scots (and their friends and neighbors),



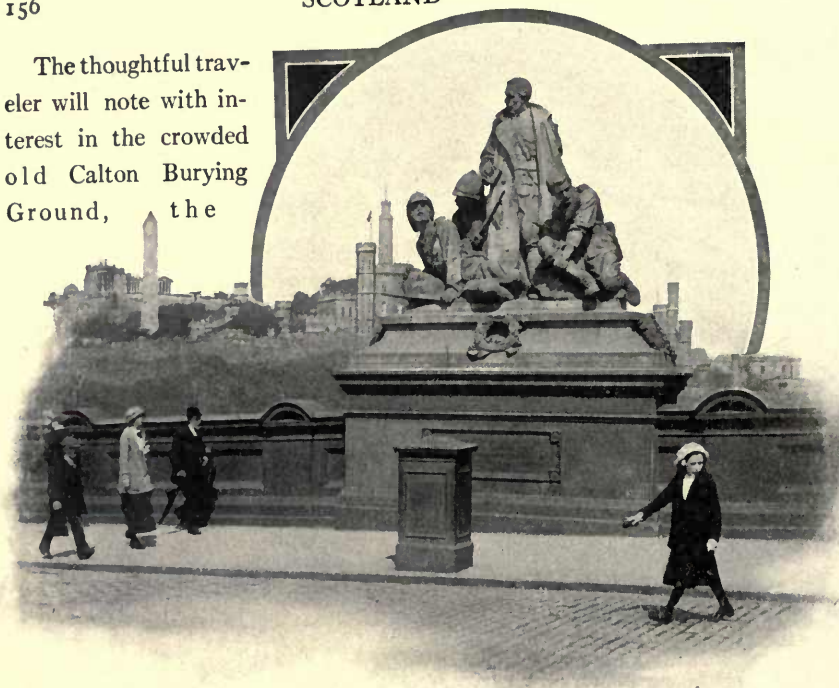
THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH



and more directly to the munificence of those philanthropists who have found the mission of assuaging that thirst so richly profitable.

Another Edinburgh institution which owes much to generous benefactors is the University. It was founded in 1583 under a royal charter granted by King James VI, and is the youngest of the four great Scottish universities. The grounds include the site of the old church of St. Mary-in-the-Field, the scene of the murder of Henry Darnley. The present main building, enclosing a spacious quadrangle, is in the classical style, erected from designs by Robert Adam, the great Scottish architect and furniture designer. The corner stone was laid in 1789, but the dome, crowned by the bronze figure of Youth bearing the torch of Knowledge, was not completed until 1883, the tercentenary of the university's foundation. Like the other Scottish universities, this institution benefits from the \$10,000,000 trust fund established in 1901 by Andrew Carnegie.

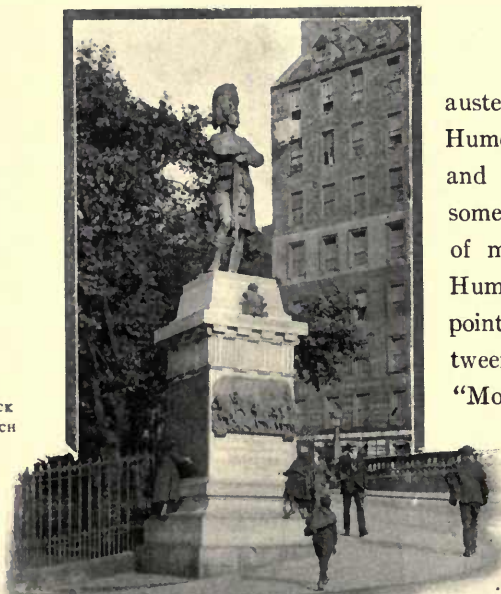
The thoughtful traveler will note with interest in the crowded old Calton Burying Ground, the



CALTON HILL FROM THE
NORTH BRIDGE

austere mausoleum of David Hume, the philosopher, historian, and economist who enunciated some of the underlying principles of modern economics. David Hume was one of the first to point out the true relation between money and wealth. "Money," said Hume, "is none of the wheels of trade; it is the oil which renders the motion of the wheels more smooth and easy."

THE
BLACK
WATCH



The gist of Hume's economic philosophy, that "everything in the world is purchased by labor, and our passions are the only causes of labor," might have been approved by that great American whose statue in bronze stands in incongruous juxtaposition to the mausoleum of the philosopher. A noble bronze figure of Abraham Lincoln stands here as a memorial to the many brave men of Scottish descent who, in the days of civil strife between the North and South, fought and died for the preservation of the Union under the flag of which they had lived and prospered in the new world. On the pedestal is a quotation from one of Lincoln's speeches, "to preserve the jewel of liberty in the framework of freedom." This turns our thoughts to another Edinburgh cemetery, which is a landmark in the age-long



A HISTORIAN AND A MAKER OF HISTORY

struggle to preserve the framework of freedom. For it was in Greyfriars Churchyard, on February 28, 1638, that the Covenanters adopted and signed that solemn bond by which they defied King Charles I and Archbishop Laud, and bound themselves, let come what might, to maintain the Presbyterian doctrine as the sole re-



GREYFRIARS

ligion of Scotland. Persecutions, tortures, imprisonment, even death, had no terrors for them. There, too, in Greyfriars Churchyard, as if inspired by their example of forti-



THE PRISON OF THE COVENANTERS

tude, lived and died that faithful dog, whose story has been told in the most touching of all dog - biographies, "Greyfriars Bobby." The stone beside which that tireless little guardian slept, night after night for fourteen years, guarding his master's grave, is to us an even more eloquent memorial than the fountain near the gate, bearing his effigy in bronze.

Ofttimes we hear a Scot refer affectionately to Edinburgh as "Auld Reekie."



GREYFRIARS BOBBY

Americans might well call Pittsburgh "New Reekie," for "reek" is a very pure Scotch term for atmosphere that is not pure, but is smoky, and literally reeks with reek.

Seeking purer air the traveler may make his way to the sub-

WHERE THE FAITHFUL
DOG KEPT VIGIL

urban fishing village of New Haven, on the shores of the Firth of Forth. There dwells a fisher population said to be descended from a colony of Scandinavians who settled on the Firth long centuries ago. The fish-wives of New Haven still swing their thick, full Scandinavian skirts, and their tow-headed children smile at us with the blue eyes of the old-time Vikings of the North.



OF SCANDINAVIAN DESCENT

On beyond New Haven, farther up the Firth, there looms the great Forth Bridge, the first of great cantilever bridges. It is a wonderwork of man, so vast, so intricate, so overpowering, that it almost takes rank in impressiveness with



NEW HAVEN ON THE FIRTH OF FORTH

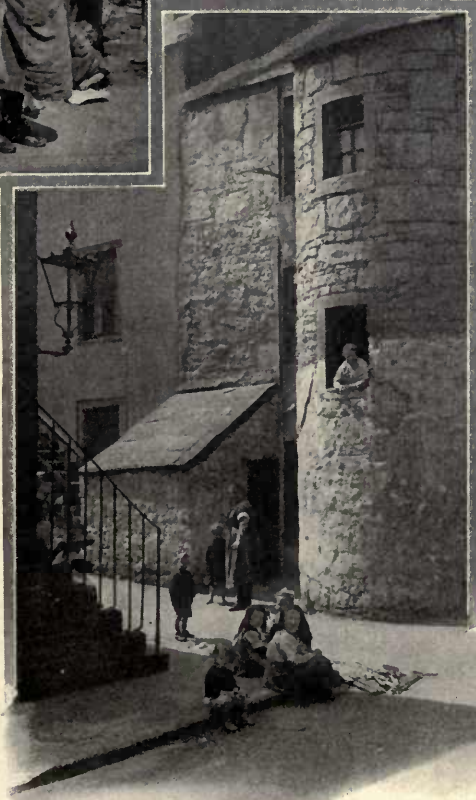
the great works of Nature. The bridge is more than a mile and a half long, and the spans, of 1,710 feet, are the widest in the world, with the exception of those on the



OLD FASHIONS
IN NEW HAVEN



great bridge across the St. Lawrence near Quebec. The rails of the Forth Bridge lie 160 feet above the water; the tops of the spans, 360 feet. Thirty-eight thousand tons of steel were used in the construction of the bridge. It was



completed in 1889, after seven years of work and an expenditure of more than fifteen million dollars.



THE
FORTH
BRIDGE

Among the many castles that rise like milestones of history along the tourist highways of the Scotland of to-day looms the square, sombre ruin of the palace of Linlithgow, another fortified home of Scottish royalty, the older portions of the structure dating from the fifteenth



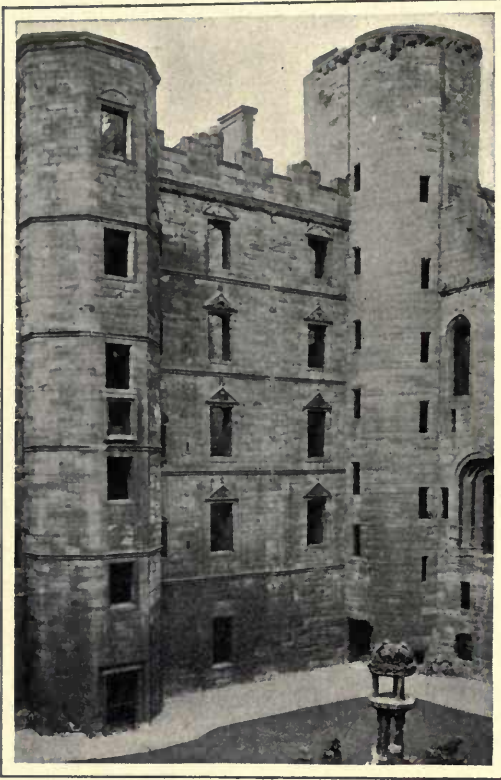
century. There in St. Michael's Church, just outside the palace walls, King James IV was warned by an apparition (at least so tradition says) of the disaster which was about to overtake him at Flodden Field. A little chamber at the top of the tower on the northwest corner is known as Queen Margaret's Bower, because here waited and watched in vain the good queen, while the Scottish army was annihilated and her husband killed by the forces which her brother, King Henry VIII



of England, had sent to oppose them. But Linlithgow is best



SPANNING THE FIRTH OF FORTH

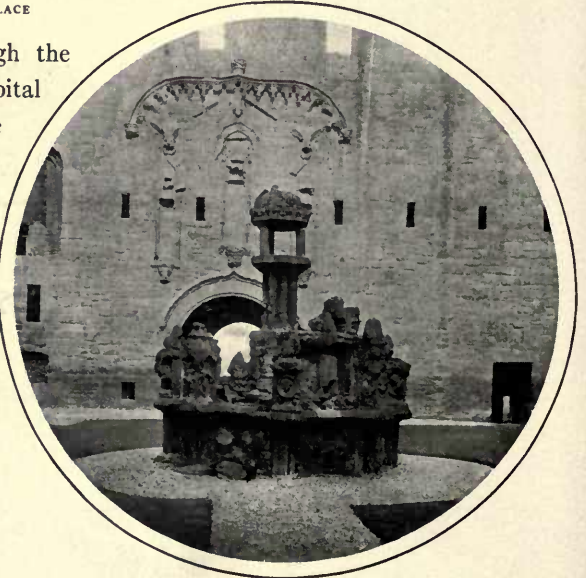


LINLITHGOW PALACE

cally shared with Edinburgh the rank and privileges of a capital city, and Stirling Castle from the days of Alexander I, at the beginning of the twelfth century, to the union of England and Scotland in 1603, was closely connected with the fortunes of the rulers of Scotland. No visitor can

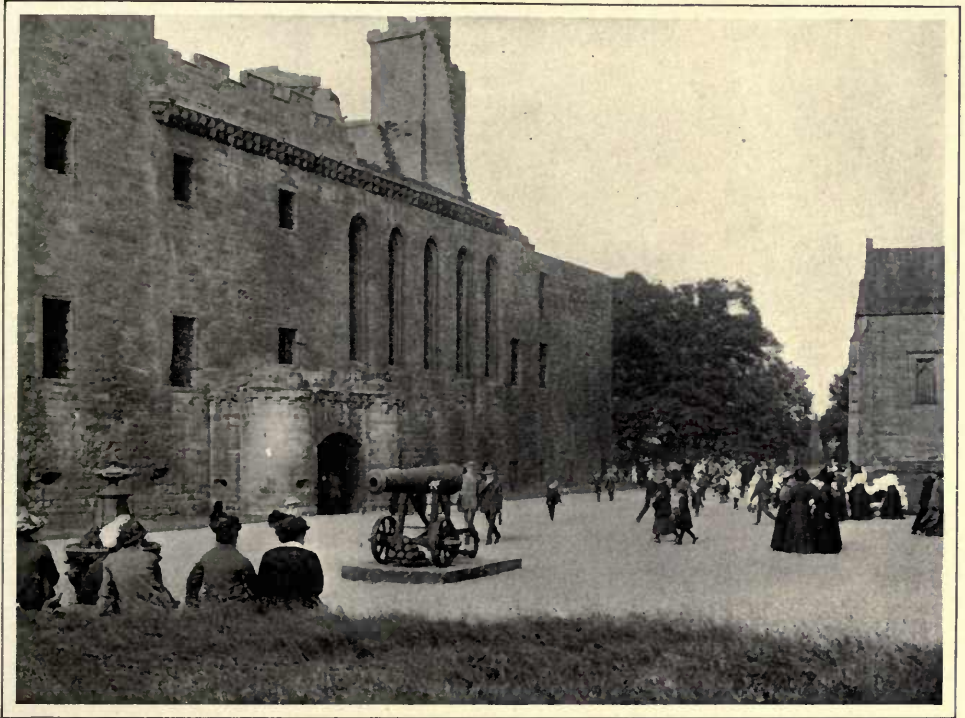
known to us because in another chamber of the palace was born Margaret's granddaughter, destined to fill so large and so conspicuous a place in history as Mary, Queen of Scots.

But far more interesting, and far more significant in Scottish history, is another castle a few miles farther from Edinburgh. The town of Stirling for several centuries practi-



come to Stirling without repeating to himself the immortal lines of Robert Burns:

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.
Now the day and now's the hour;
See the front o' Battle lour.

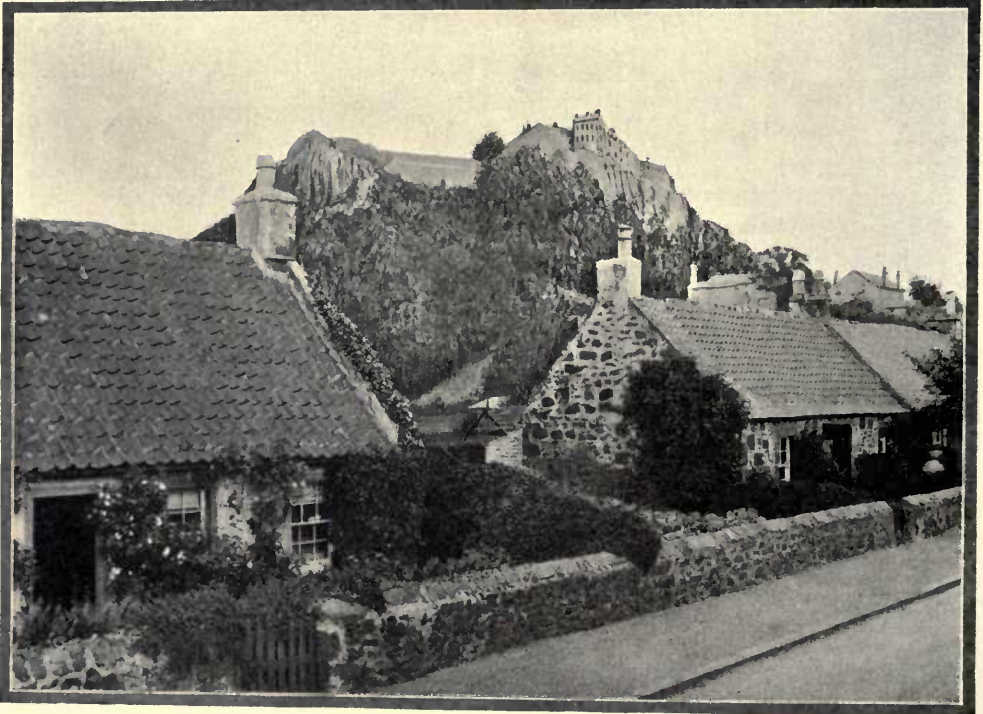


ANOTHER HOME OF SCOTTISH ROYALTY

For from the heights of Stirling Castle a statue of the Bruce looks down upon seven famous Scottish battlefields. It was at Stirling Bridge in 1297 that the Scotch under Sir William Wallace defeated the English invaders. The night before the battle Wallace camped near the hill called Abbey Craig, on which now stands the national memorial to him. On the morning of September 11, 1297, the English began to cross Stirling Bridge. Wallace held his army in

leash until about half the English forces had crossed; then he loosed the attack. The English were thrown into utter disorder, and those who remained on the south side of the Forth fled in panic after first setting fire to the bridge. Wallace pursued the fleeing English, and raided the north of England as far as Newcastle.

Returning to Scotland he was elected guardian of the Kingdom



STIRLING CASTLE

and in statesman-like fashion set himself to the task of securing order in the affairs of his country. But peace was not to be. Within a year the English king, with an overwhelming force, advanced northward, and after much maneuvering compelled Wallace to give battle at Falkirk, another of those seven battlefields which lie within sight of Stirling Castle. Defeated, Wallace fled, burning Stirling Castle and the town behind him. For several years his history is then obscure

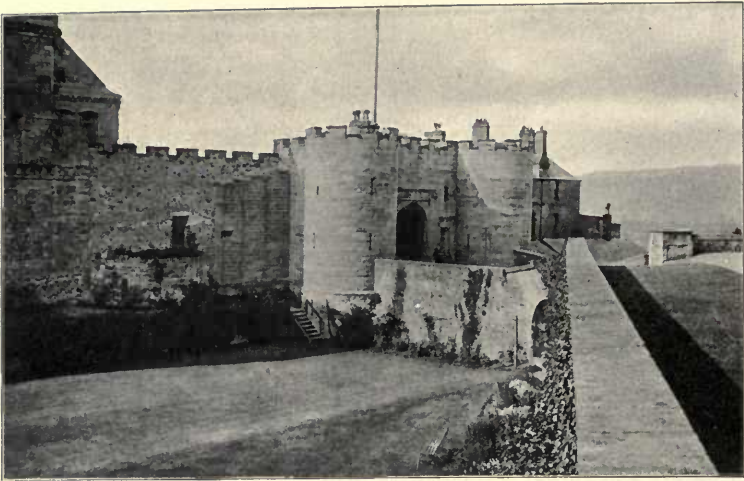


THE BRUCE

but in 1305 he was captured and carried in chains to London. He reached London on August 22, was tried at Westminster the next day, and before nightfall had been found guilty and executed with savage cruelty. Scotchmen will never forget how that bold son of the heather-cov-
ered country



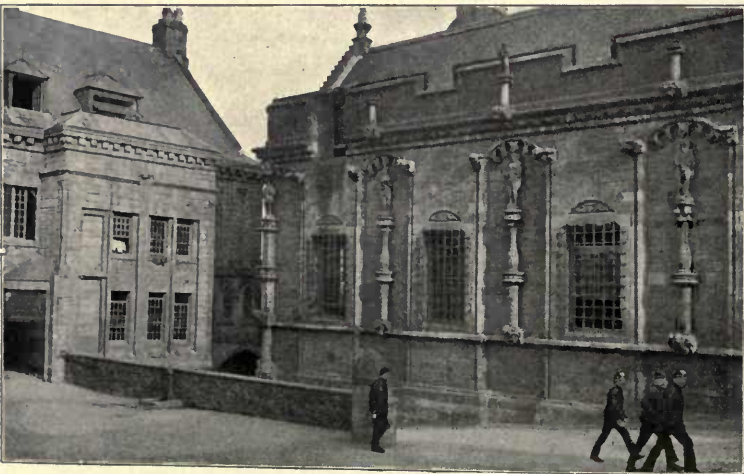
STIRLING BRIDGE



A GATE OF STIRLING CASTLE

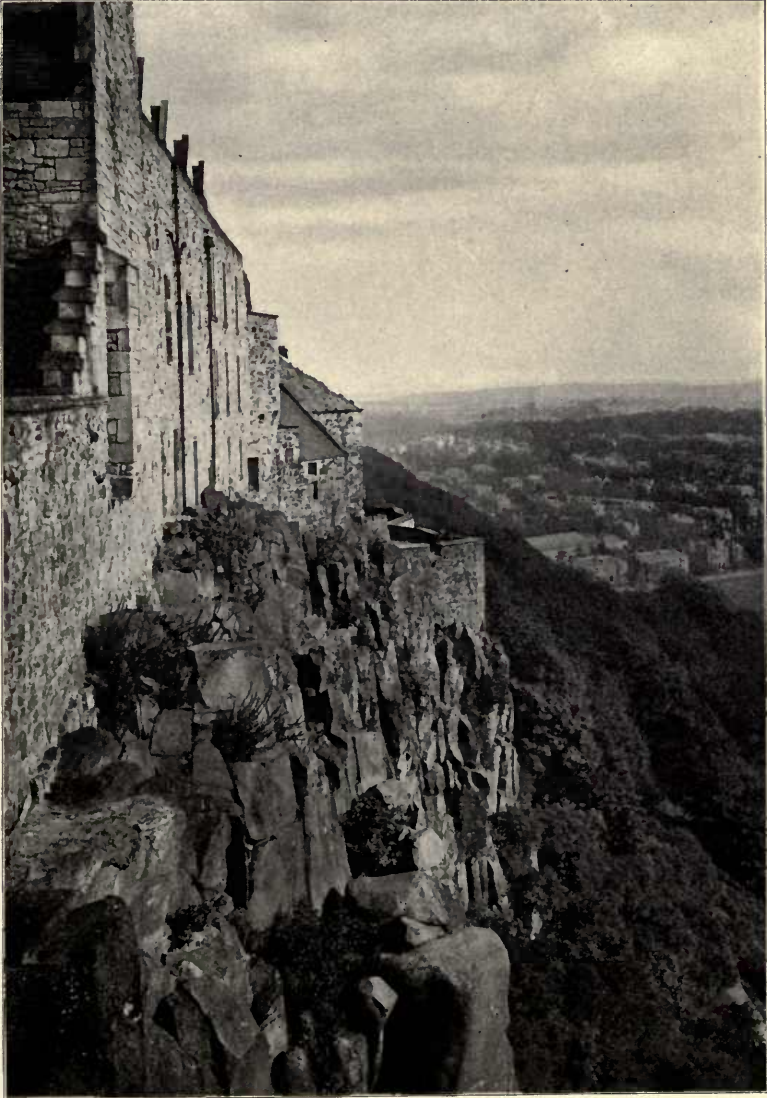
answered his accusers who sought to brand him as a traitor. Wallace replied that he could not be a traitor to the King of England, for he had never sworn fealty to him, and had never been his subject.

Wallace did not free Scotland, but his memory became an inspiration to the Scottish people. A decade after his death they achieved their independence under the leadership of Robert the Bruce, whose



WITHIN THE WALLS

heart, as we remember, lies buried at Melrose Abbey. On the field of Bannockburn, June 24, 1314, the Scots under Bruce defeated a great force of the English led by King Edward II, and thereby won Scottish independence, although it was not until 1327 that Edward III



FROM STIRLING'S CITADEL



WILLIAM WALLACE, FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT

by the Treaty of York, formally agreed that "Scotland, according to its ancient bounds in the days of Alexander III, should remain to Robert, King of Scots, and his heirs, free and divided from England, without any subjection, servitude, claim, or demand whatsoever."

Thus was Scotland's long fight for freedom won, and thus the dream of Wallace became a political reality. Burns confided to

his readers that "the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins which will boil along them till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest," and — resolved "to make a song on him" — Burns gave us those rousing lines addressed to "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled." Those lines form a monument to Wallace even more enduring than the noble tower of stone that rises on the hill of Abbey Craig. From the high battlements of that National Monument to Wallace the traveler may look out upon a splendid and historic panorama which includes Stirling Castle, Stirling Bridge and the scenes of several of those momentous battles which, although insignificant in point of numbers engaged, were supremely significant in shaping the history of Scotland.

While lingering amid these scenes, so rich in reminiscent interest, we chance upon a volume in which we find set down a choice collection of classic examples of Scotch humor — so delightfully amusing that I

cannot refrain from "cribbing" just a few of them for the delectation of those who may not have read or heard them. Immortal is the thrifty Scotsman's honest and sincere condemnation of our glorious Niagara as "naething but a perfect waste o' water!" Calvinistic is the pious declaration made in reproving a too optimistic preacher—



THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO WALLACE



GEORGE SQUARE, GLASGOW

"a kirk without a hell's no worth a dockin." Deep is the Scot's dislike of "paper ministers" who *read* their sermons, as witnesseth the following protest: "I have three objections to this sermon: first—it was read; second—it wasna weel read; third—it was no worth reading." Equally deep is the Scot's reverence for the abstruse: "But did you understand the sermon?" "Understand it!

I would not presume to understand it!"

Preachers must be prepared for blunt speeches from the pews. To one who had advised a drowsy hearer to take a pinch of snuff,

THE WATER
WAGON



A CORPORATION TRAM

was flung back the suggestion — “Wad it no be better to put the snuff into the sermon?”

Another dominie arriving at the church drenched to the skin and worried about catching cold was reassured by a parishioner — “Jest get up and begin and you’ll soon be dry enough.”

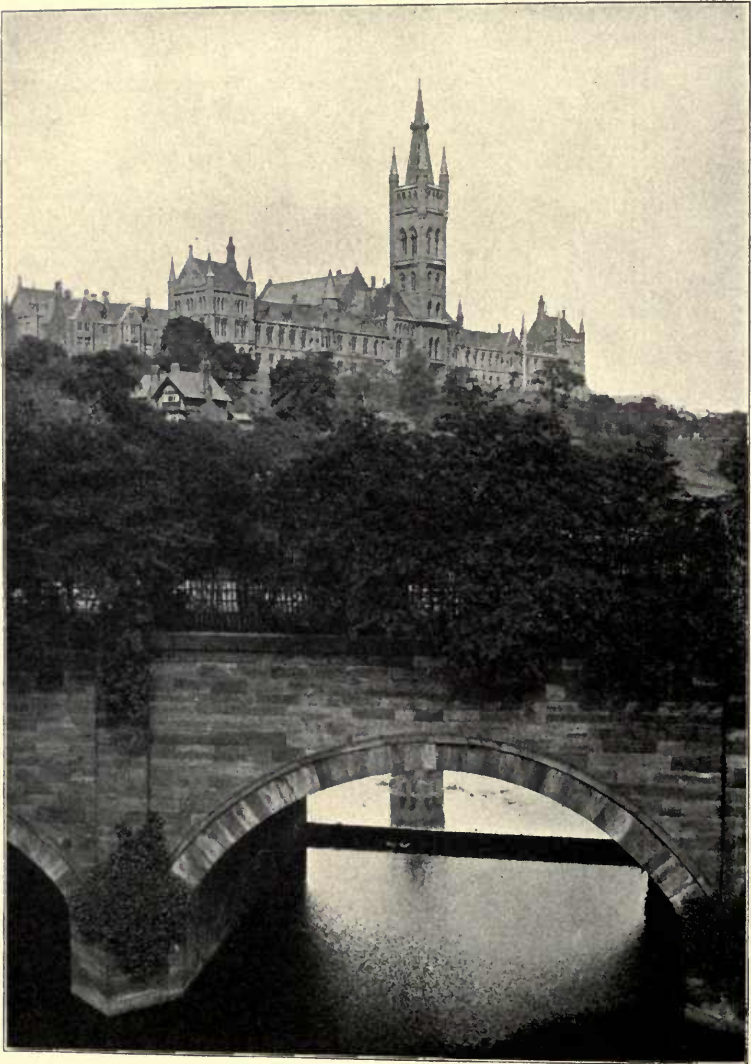
But despite these classic jests the Scot takes his religion very seriously. The municipal motto of one of Scotland’s greater cities is, “Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word.” Glas-



A SUBWAY STATION

gow has flourished and is to-day one of the world's most interesting and at the same time most unattractive cities.

It is curious that the two great cities of Scotland should be so unlike. Edinburgh, with its castellated towers, is one of the world's beautiful cities; Glasgow, with its chimneys at every street-end, one



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY



KELVINGROVE

of the least beautiful. Human nature is often perverse. A man will stop and stare ten minutes at a pretty woman, while ten worthier ladies pass unnoticed; so the traveler who lingers for two weeks contentedly in Edinburgh will try to "do" Glasgow between two trains. In aspect Glasgow is a modern city, although its history goes back at least to the twelfth century.

The success of the Glasgow corporation in operating the municipal street car system has furnished the text for many a reformer's sermon on municipal ownership of public utilities. Glasgow has also accomplished wonders in the rehousing of her poor.



WHERE LEARNING DWELLS

But if Glasgow fails to lure the traveler, Glasgow's river, the Clyde, is worthy of the traveler's grateful recognition as the cradle of so many of the splendid ships that have made modern ocean travel so pleasant and so speedy. The Clyde is literally a man-made river. The transformation of an inland city, on a shallow creek, into one of the world's greatest seaports and ship-building



GLASGOW BRIDGE

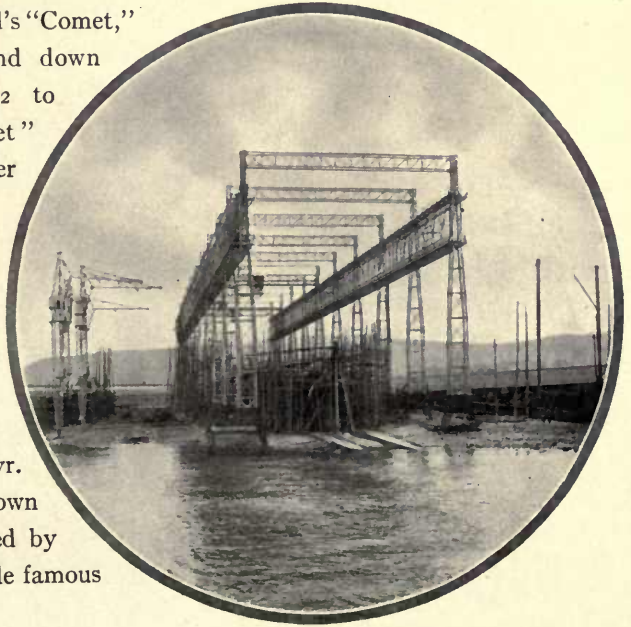
centers is one of the miracles of modern times. A hundred years ago the river was not three feet deep at Glasgow. Now sea-going ships, drawing twenty-six feet of water, go up and down the Clyde on a single tide. There are about nine miles of wharves, and more than a hundred acres of docks and slips communicating with the river. The first steamboat that ever made regular river trips in



ALONG THE CLYDE

Europe was Henry Bell's "Comet," which trailed up and down the Clyde from 1812 to 1820. The "Comet" was a three-horse-power boat.

From the practical and prosaic Clyde 'tis but a short journey to the banks of a river that turns our thoughts to poetry—the River Ayr. It cuts in twain the town of Ayr and is spanned by the "Twa Brigs," made famous

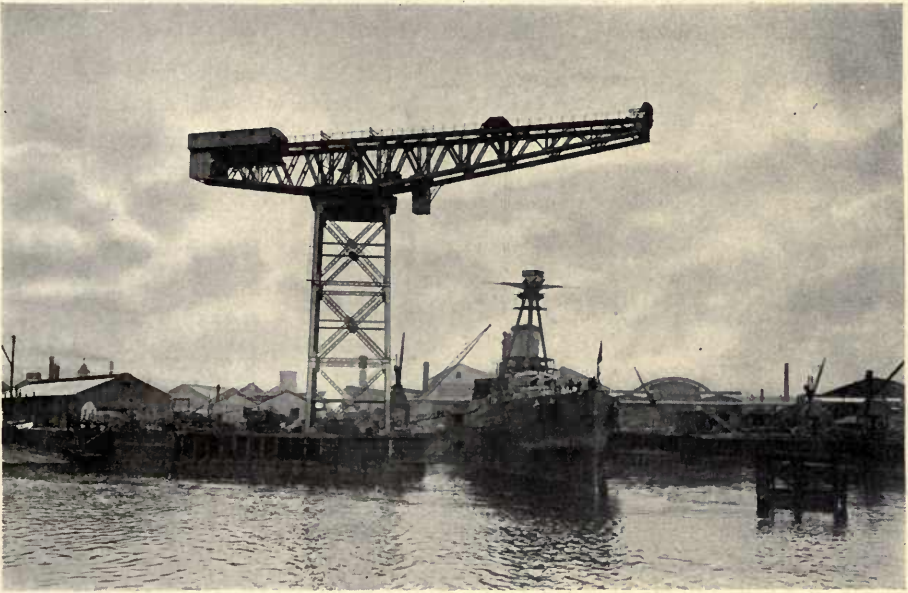


But if Glasgow fails to lure the traveler, Glasgow's river, the Clyde, is worthy of the traveler's grateful recognition as the cradle of so many of the splendid ships that have made modern ocean travel so pleasant and so speedy. The Clyde is literally a man-made river. The transformation of an inland city, on a shallow creek, into one of the world's greatest seaports and ship-building



GLASGOW BRIDGE

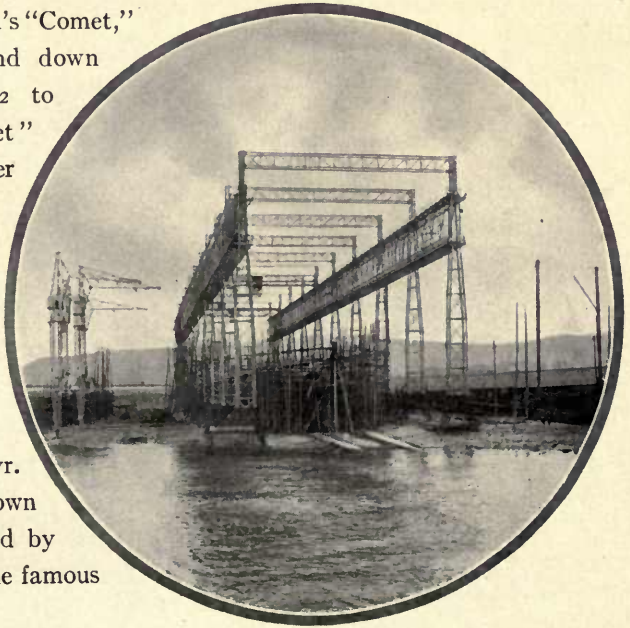
centers is one of the miracles of modern times. A hundred years ago the river was not three feet deep at Glasgow. Now sea-going ships, drawing twenty-six feet of water, go up and down the Clyde on a single tide. There are about nine miles of wharves, and more than a hundred acres of docks and slips communicating with the river. The first steamboat that ever made regular river trips in



ALONG THE CLYDE

Europe was Henry Bell's "Comet," which trailed up and down the Clyde from 1812 to 1820. The "Comet" was a three-horse-power boat.

From the practical and prosaic Clyde 'tis but a short journey to the banks of a river that turns our thoughts to poetry—the River Ayr. It cuts in twain the town of Ayr and is spanned by the "Twa Brigs," made famous



by the songs of Robert Burns. Hard by is the old tavern that likewise owes its fame to Scotland's best beloved poet. It is of course the

Tam O'Shanter Inn, where Bobbie

Burns, who was "no enemy to social life" oft found

the kind of company

he loved. Judg-

ing from the

merry sounds

that issue from

the open windows

as we pause before

them, there is even to-

day much of that same

cheery sort of company to be en-

joyed by any modern poet who

may care to join in a carouse. A statue of the most famous frequenter of the tavern now graces the public square.



ONE OF THE TWA BRIGS AT AYR



THE AULD BRIG

Pilgrims come to this heart of the Burns country even more numerous than to Stratford-on-Avon. We are told that as many as twelve thousand have come to pay their homage to the poet's memory within the six days that make up a Scotland week — for



IN AYR

no good Scot will ever travel on the very holy Sabbath.

Two miles beyond the town is the poor cottage where the plough-boy poet first saw light and where he lived during his toilsome early years. He was born there in 1759—son of an admirable father who in spite of



THE TOWN OF BURNS



BURNS' HOME IN DUMFRIES WHERE HE DIED

"Gie me a spark of Nature's fire!
 That's a' the learning I desire.
 Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
 At plow or cart,
 My muse — tho' hamely in attire —
 May touch the heart!"

And yet this man whose homely, glorious muse did touch the heart of his own generation, was permitted to live and die in poverty. Think of the rewards that come so promptly to the successful song-makers of to-day — makers of ephemeral nonsense. Then think what Scotland paid the maker of her immortal songs. His first book of poems published in 1786 brought him only twenty pounds — less



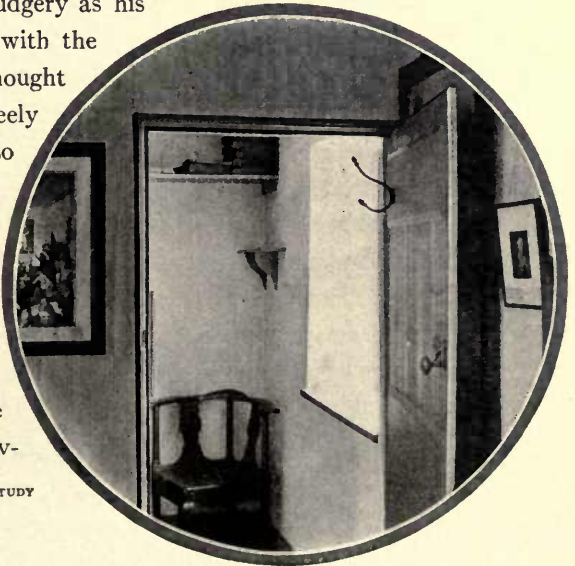
ON HIS DOORSTEP



WITHIN HIS HOME

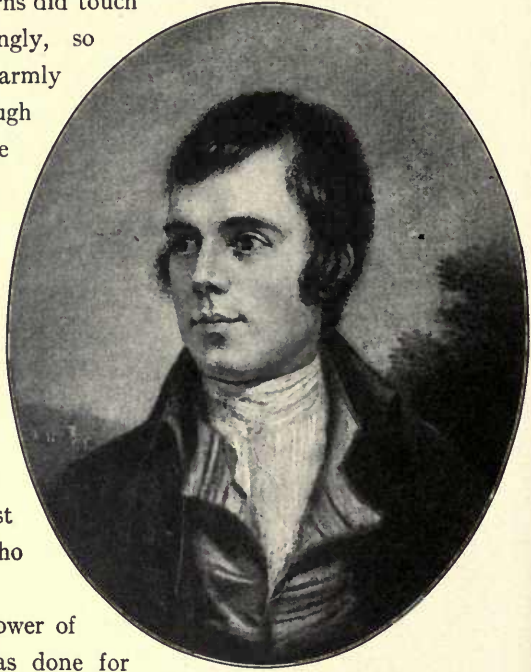
than a hundred dollars. All of his songs combined brought him not even enough to pay for common comforts — but they have made him rich in the love of thousands — a millionaire monopolist of Scottish hearts and all true hearts throughout the world. His last years were as full of gloom and drudgery as his early years had been — with the added bitterness of the thought that his genius, while freely recognized, had been so penuriously requited. He died in debt and in despair, threatened with eviction from the house in Dumfries which had been his home for the five years of final struggle against that nemesis of pov-

HIS STUDY



erty which pursued him from the cradle to the grave.

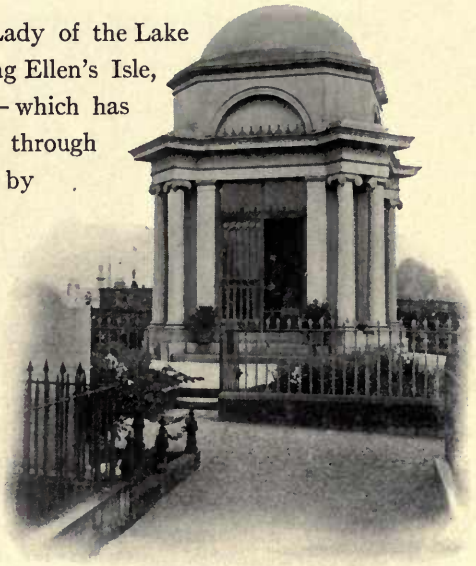
The penniless plough-boy sleeps now in a stately marble mausoleum — the interior adorned with a relief showing the Muse discovering the poet at the plow. That he was of the soil was to his vast advantage. It was because Burns did touch earth so frequently, so lovingly, so humanly that men respond so warmly to the music of his verse. Though he lived and died among the common people, he had mingled with the great and favored and famous men and women and with the “nice people” of his time — studying them, understanding them as they never succeeded in understanding him. But if to be loved is to be understood — then Robert Burns is perhaps the best understood of all the poets who have ever lived.



ROBERT BURNS

Paramount indeed is the power of poetry. Think what poetry has done for certain parts of Scotland—notably the district of the Scottish Lakes. Thousands of strangers make annual pilgrimages thither chiefly because Sir Walter Scott there laid the scene of his familiar poems, “Rob Roy” and “The Lady of the Lake.” As an advertising agent for his native land Scott deserves the gratitude of all the transportation companies of Scotland. Every verse he wrote about this lovely region brings hither hundreds of tourists every year. What reader of Scott’s poems does not long to visit Loch Katrine, upon which steamers packed with tourists ply on week days only, for in Scotland it is considered wrong to go “excursionizing” on a Sunday—the Sabbath being better kept here than in any other country?

What sympathizer with the Lady of the Lake has not dreamed of some day seeing Ellen's Isle, or strolling on the Silver Strand — which has been recently submerged in part through the raising of the level of the lake by the operations of the Glasgow water supply company? What admirer of the red-haired hero, Rob, who was called "Roy" because his hair was as red as his arm was long and strong, has not hoped some day to visit the scenes of his romantic exploits? What reader, thrilled by the story of that lawless Scottish cowboy, has not looked forward to the day when he should meet upon their native heath the long-horned, highland cattle



THE MAUSOLEUM



THE TOMB OF BURNS

descended from the herds stolen from proud nobles by the prouder bandits of Rob Roy's robber clan? What lover of Nature, in her calm and lovely aspects, has not dreamed of tramping through that much praised stretch of country called the Trossachs?

The name "Trossachs," a Gaelic word, means "bristled country," but to us it seemed that the Trossachs bristled only



IN THE TROSSACHS

with beauty. It is a name which seems to suggest an extensive area, but the Trossachs is really only a romantic, beautifully wooded glen, a scant two and a half miles long.

Then, too, we are surprised to find that the Highland Lakes really lie very low. Loch Lomond, the largest of them all, lies only twenty-



LOCH KATRINE

three feet above sea-level and was undoubtedly at one time an arm of the ocean. The little mountains round about this fresh-water fjord rise so boldly that we forget they are only hills at best. Ben Nevis, the highest peak in Scotland, in fact in all Great Britain, is only forty-four hundred and six feet in height. The peaks near Loch Lomond barely attain three thousand feet. But scenic grandeur is largely a



NEAR ELLEN'S ISLE

matter of effective points of view and scenic beauty, one of composition. Scotland's scenery is beautifully composed, while with a thrift and economy characteristic of the land and people, Scottish Nature has made the most of her materials. Poetry has added the glamour of Romance, and a willing world pays annual tourist tribute of golden admiration to the Trossachs and the Lakes.

But to us a comparatively unknown lake bearing the not too pretty

name of Loch Lubnaig seemed, as we skirted it at sunset, far more lovely than the world famous Loch Katrine. There was a charm also about the vistas of Loch Awe that greeted us from one fine vantage point that the more celebrated vistas of Loch Lomond did not have for us. Perhaps the charm lies in the fact that as we viewed these less familiar,

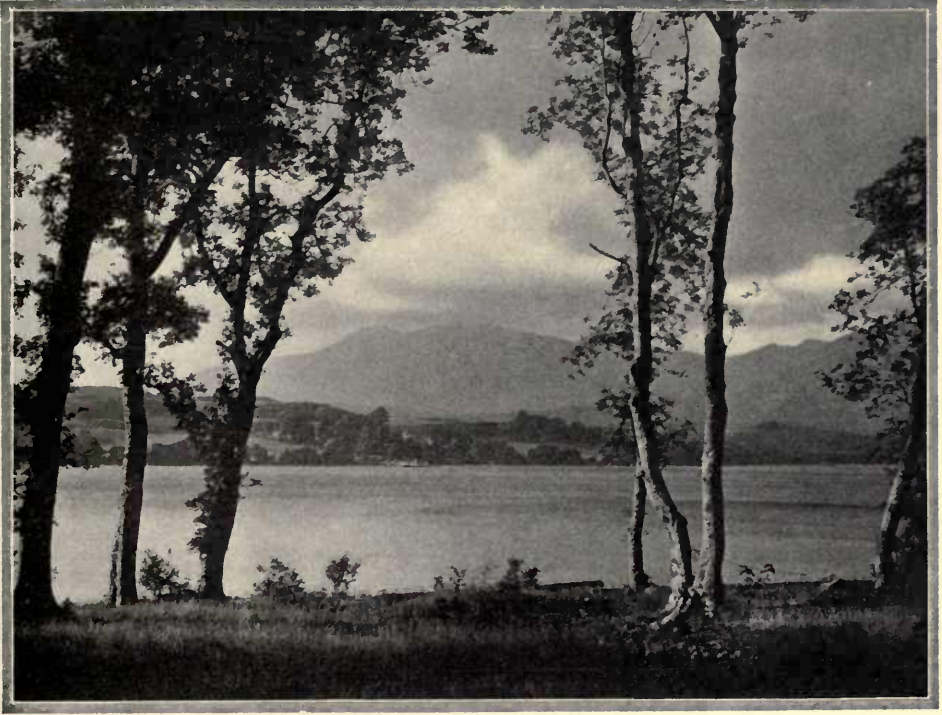


LOCH LUBNAIG

less praised scenes, we were alone; no crowds of tourists thronged the shore; there were no "sights" to see, no points or peaks or places tagged and labeled to excite or satisfy the curiosity of strangers. There Nature reigned; the poets had not focused public gaze on any one detail. There we were free to drop the guide book and to lay the book of poetry aside. We had need of no libretto to enjoy that "opera" — that work of Nature. We had found at last the Scotland of the poet's inspiration. We had slipped out from between the

covers of conventionality. We were free to use our own judgment, to sing our own songs, to write our own poetry.

We found it pleasant, too, as we rolled on from scene to scene to rest our eyes upon some nameless heather-covered hill where "the bonnie purple heather" glowed in all its colorful glory. Nor were the



THE PEACEFUL GLORY OF SCOTLAND

grimmer, ruder aspects of the landscape unpleasing in our eyes. We found a savage beauty, a wild grandeur, in the bare winding vales through which our white road led us. For an hour we would enjoy a sense of lone remoteness — then suddenly our car would bring us to the doorway of a charming inn with ivy-mantled walls, or doors and windows bright with flowers. There we would lodge in cleanliness and comfort, enjoying simple, wholesome fare, and on the morrow roll away with one more Scottish stopping-place pictured pleasantly in

memory. Or again our road would follow one of the man-made waterways, bordered by cozy cottages from the chimneys of which the smoke of peace and piety and contentment seemed ever to be rising.

We followed thus the various stretches of the Crinan Canal, one of the minor watery short-cuts by means of which Scotch craft



THE BONNIE PURPLE HEATHER

avoid the long rough voyage around the ofttime storm stressed peninsulas that jut far out into the troubled waters of this northern latitude.

One day our wanderings brought us to the



HIGHLAND CATTLE

town of Perth, which the guide book calls "a fair city for its size," whatever that may mean, and says that it is a "convenient halting place." Perth lies on the right bank of the river Tay, between two great meadows, called the North Inch and the South Inch. It was



THE STERNESS OF SCOTTISH SCENERY

on the North Inch, in 1396, that there took place the combat between the Clan Chattan and the Clan Quhele, so vividly described by Scott in "The Fair Maid of Perth." The house of Katherine Glover, who has been immortalized as the Fair Maid, still stands in Curfew Row. The inscription "Grace and Peace" over the doorway seems strangely inviting, but strangely in contrast to the storm and stress of Scott's tale. Full of action and strife, the story makes a fine setting for the character of the doughty armorer, Harry Gow, who finally won the maiden, and let us hope, lived happy ever after in the sunny stone dwelling that is still known as the Fair Maid's



AT CRIANLARICH

House — and as the sign at the door informs us, is “open to visitors.”

Perth is an ancient place though there is little left to tell of its antiquity. During the days of the Roman occupation of Britain the city was called Victoria, but later it became known as Aber-tha, meaning “at the mouth of the Tay.” From this was derived the later name of Bertha, which in our day has become Perth. After the conversion of the Picts and Scots to Christianity, the city was for a time called St. Johnstoun, in honor of John the Baptist, to whom the first church was dedi-

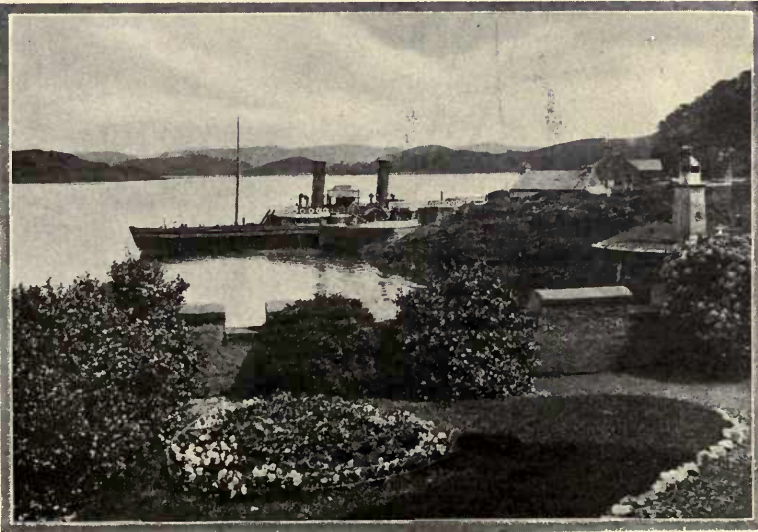




CANAL-SIDE HOMES

cated. Perth has been numbered among the several old-time capitals of Scotland, but the murder of King James I in the Blackfriars Monastery in 1437 resulted in removal of the court to Edinburgh.

No traveler should fail to climb to the high top of Kinnoull Hill,



AT THE MOUTH OF THE CRINAN CANAL

thence to enjoy the lovely view of the winding Tay. The city itself is lost to sight; no neighboring towns or villages obtrude upon the scene; the valley looks unpeopled, yet there are the carefully hedged fields, the curving roads and other reminders of man's watchful care.

Not far from Perth we saw the highest hedge in Scotland — if not in all the world. It was a hedge composed of a long rank of towering



THE RIVER TAY AT PERTH

trees, their foliage so clipped and shaped — at least on the side nearest the long straight road, as to give the effect of a box-hedge not less than sixty feet in height.

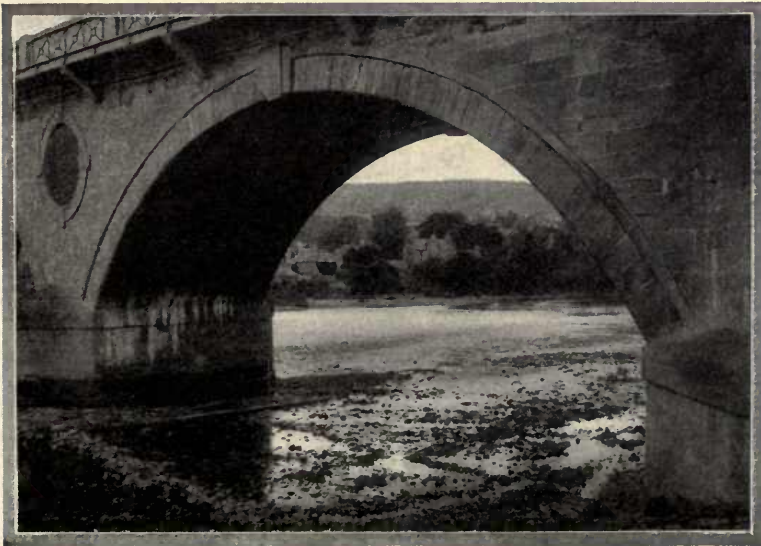
Some miles north of Perth, in the range of rocky hills called the Grampian Mountains, are two places of interest to every traveler. One of these was made famous by royalty, the other by a master of literature. Balmoral — the word in Gaelic means "majestic dwelling" — is the private residence of the British sovereign. A Scottish guide book describes it as "a handsome, well-to-do-looking mansion."

It was bought by the Prince Consort in 1852, and was bequeathed by him to Queen Victoria. Here the royal family spent ten happy summers with practically the privacy of ordinary citizens, and even after the Prince Consort's death in 1861 it remained the Queen's favorite summer home.

Balmoral is only a short distance from Braemar, the most popular resort in the Eastern Highlands and famous as the gathering place of the clans for the great annual Highland Games. The scenery here is not as grand as in other parts of the Highlands, but it is always



THE ROYAL GEORGE



ST. JOHN'S BRIDGE AT PERTH



THE HOUSE OF THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH

interesting, and the bracing air makes the visitor eager and able to enjoy every minute of his stay. The town itself is small, having only about a thousand inhabitants, but there is at least one house in it which no boy or grown man, for that matter, can pass without a thrill. For in one of these cottages Stevenson spent the summer of 1881 in writing "Treasure Island." Long John Silver, and Pew and Black Dog, his companions, are an immortal trio whose villainy is in sharp contrast to the charming peacefulness of this region in which their dark deeds were plotted by "R. L. S."

We have it on the authority of a friend who sojourned in this highland home of Robert Louis Stevenson in 1881, that "Louis has been writing all the time that I have been here, a novel of pirates and hidden treasure, in the highest degree exciting. He reads it to us every night, chapter by chapter." Stevenson himself has told us that "On a chill September morning by the cheek of a brisk fire, and the rain drumming on the window, I began 'The Sea Cook,' for that was



A FAIR MAID OF TO-DAY

the original title." He tells us also that he plotted the tale first with the inspiration of that famous chart on which the story turns; charts being to him "of all books the least wearisome to read and the richest in matter." The tale was begun, according to Stevenson's biographers, to please his school-boy stepson who had begged him to write "something interesting." How

well that little stepson served the little sons and stepsons and

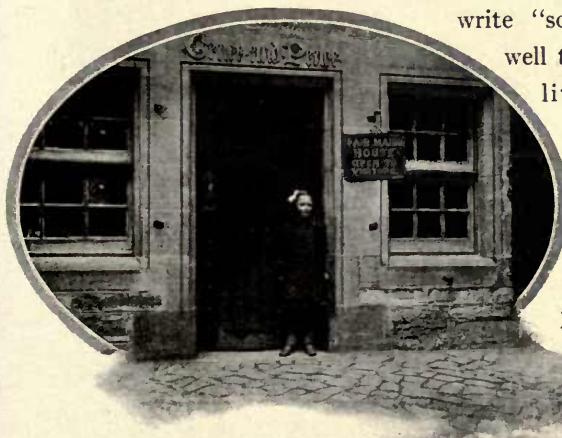
grandsons of succeeding generations!

The tale that pleased him has been found to be "something interesting" to every boy—from six years of age to sixty—who has

ever been so happy as

to lose himself between the covers of

"Treasure Island."

A DOORWAY
OF ROMANCE

Nineteen of its thrilling chapters were written in that little stone house at Braemar — sometimes at the rate of an entire chapter a day. Yet the writer was an invalid. How strong the will, how quick the wit of that frail boyish man, who, propped up in his bed, turned out these chapters of adventure among the far-off islands of his marvelous imagination. Barrie said of him — and this from a fellow-Scot



THE VALLEY OF THE TAY NEAR PERTH

and fellow-teller of tales, is praise indeed — “Some men of letters, not necessarily the greatest, have an indescribable charm to which we give our hearts. Of living authors, none perhaps bewitches the reader more than Mr. Stevenson, who plays upon words as if they were a musical instrument.” ’Tis said that in his “Sentimental Tommy” Barrie pictured R. L. S. as he appeared to him. To those of us who are idlers by nature — and I am an idler by nature, though compelled by circumstance to idle most industriously — Stevenson has endeared himself by writing “A Defense of Idlers.” He has also given us away

—explaining the motive of our industry and robbing us of all credit for the little good work we may seem to have done in these betraying words —“The ingenious human mind, face to face with something downright it *ought* to do, *does something else.*” We recall also his brave, pathetic lament—“Death admires me

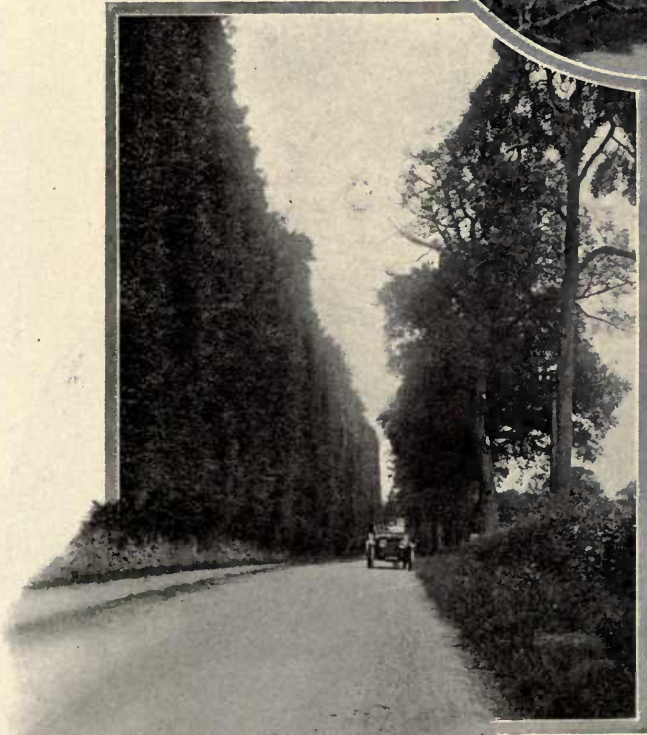


BALMORAL

even if publishers do not”; and his fine boast—“I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work.” In this do we not find the recipe for happiness?

His life had in it all the elements of sadness—but Robert Louis Stevenson was happy.

“Glad did I live
And gladly die
And I lay me
down with a will.”

THE HIGHEST
OF HEDGES

SCOTLAND

A WEE
KILTIE

Everywhere in Scotland the American visitor who is accustomed to the predominance of wooden buildings in urban communities at home, cannot fail to be impressed with the stony aspect of the towns and cities. Aberdeen is the stoniest looking city of them all; it is well called the "Granite City."

Aberdonians are justly proud of Union Street. It is

WHERE STEVENSON WROTE "TREASURE
ISLAND," AT BRAEMAR

literally a granite avenue. So utterly unrelieved is this mile-length of grey granite that it sometimes appears cold and uninviting, but when the sun bursts forth after a heavy rain Aberdeen becomes indeed "the silver city by the sea" as its stones glisten in the brilliant sunlight.

The most striking buildings are those of Marischal College, which since

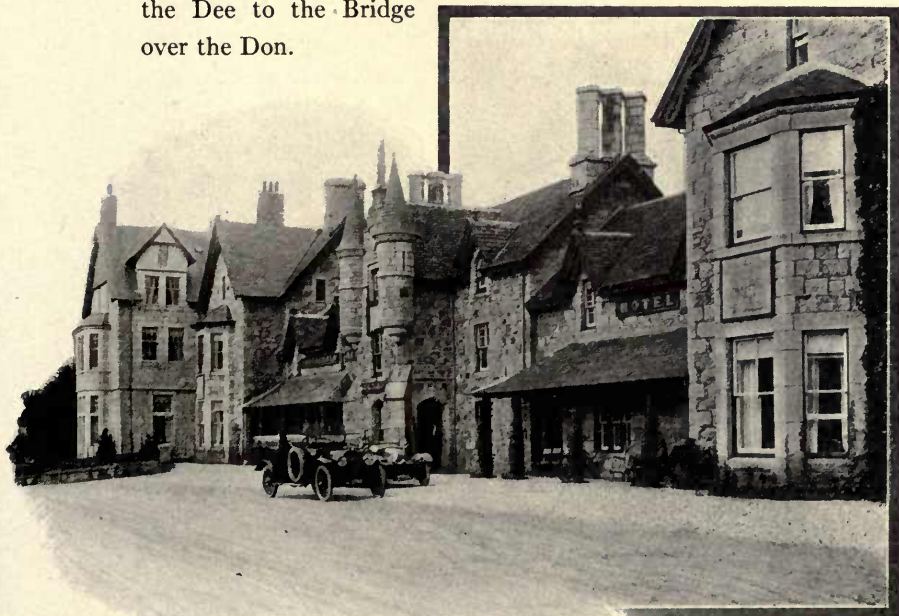


YOUNG SCOTS

1860, together with King's College a mile away, has formed the University of Aberdeen. The courses in law, medicine, and science are given at Marischal; arts and divinity at King's.

Additions to the buildings have been made at various times through the generosity of individuals, notably the severe but beautiful Mitchell Tower, completed in 1895, and the extensive and still fresh looking granite halls and courts opened by King Edward VII in 1906. Marischal College is now the largest granite structure in the world, and the Mitchell Tower, 250 feet, is the loftiest. The college was founded in 1593 by George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal, one of the most cultured Scotchmen of his day.

It was in an old grammar school of Aberdeen that the foundations of Lord Byron's education were laid. The poet was then just a little lame boy, living in modest lodgings and grinding hard at the tasks set him by stern Scottish school-masters. From 1794 to 1798 he limped the granite streets of Aberdeen from the bridge over the Dee to the Bridge over the Don.



THE HOTEL AT BRAEMAR



THE POST OFFICE

There are innumerable churches in this solemn city and on a Sunday it is edifying to observe the population moving seemingly *en masse* to these many places of worship. Church-going might almost be said to be one of the leading industries of Aberdeen. It is inspiring to see the kilted reg-



IN THE GRANITE STREETS OF ABERDEEN



UNION STREET IN ABERDEEN

iments marching churchward from their barracks to the thrilling music of the pipes. Piping the garrison to church is the only entertaining spectacle to be witnessed on a Sabbath in this intensely religious and seventh-day-observing city.

Naturally all theaters and other places of amusement are closed; all manner of work is of course prohibited. No one is supposed to do on Sunday the things that can be put off until a week-day morrow.

Many a pious passer-by looked askance at the camera which I had ventured to bring into the streets—and, when unable to resist the temptation I leveled it at the passing pipers, one solemn deacon-like personage halted, looked mesquarily in the eye and



DOMESTIC GRANITE

sternly said, "Are ye not ashamed to be making photographs on this, the Sabbath day?"

I fear I was not even ashamed of *not* being ashamed — but I accepted his reproof in the sincere spirit in which it was offered — and waited until he was safely in his pew before committing any further photographic impieties.

Of course no traveler leaves Aberdeen without having witnessed the amazing activities of the great fish market where vast quantities of sea-food — brought in daily — except Sunday — by the famous



MARISCHAL COLLEGE



PART OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN

steam trawler fleet — are disposed of to the highest bidder. Were it not for the frequent fish-train-specials that are rushed off to all parts of the kingdom, Aberdeen would be overwhelmed by that never-ceasing invasion of fresh fish from the teeming waters of the North Sea.



THE MITCHELL TOWER

Day after day, hundreds of tons of the wealth of the seas is sold and resold here. The enormous lots of various kinds of fish are sold at auction — the auctioneer and buyers moving along in a noisy, eager mass of calmly excited humanity from one silver-paved section of the pier to another section where deep-sea denizens of other tints are spread out like a myriad sacrifice to the appetite of the Empire. During the war the Aberdeen trawlers did heroic service as mine sweepers and patrols in the North Sea.

For me, however, another city, Inverness, possessed more charm



AN ABERDEEN FISH AUCTION

than any other Scottish town save only Edinburgh. It has a colorful, quaint charm that reminded me of Pisa and of Florence. There was a grateful, pleasing something about the place that made us think of those river-side art-cities of old Italy.



CHURCHWARDS

Yet Inverness is Scottish to the core. The castle on the heights, the spires of the churches, the clouds in the high sky, all these are eloquent of Scotland — of her history, her romance, her religion, her



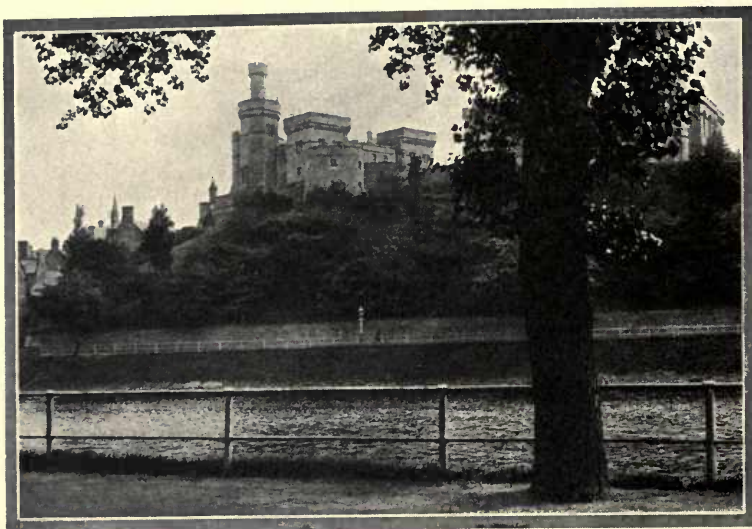
THE HEROIC TRAWLERS OF ABERDEEN

hardy people, and her rigorous climate, which has helped to make the people what they are.

The most commanding monument of Inverness is that of the Jacobite heroine, Flora Macdonald, who from the castle hill looks down upon the city.

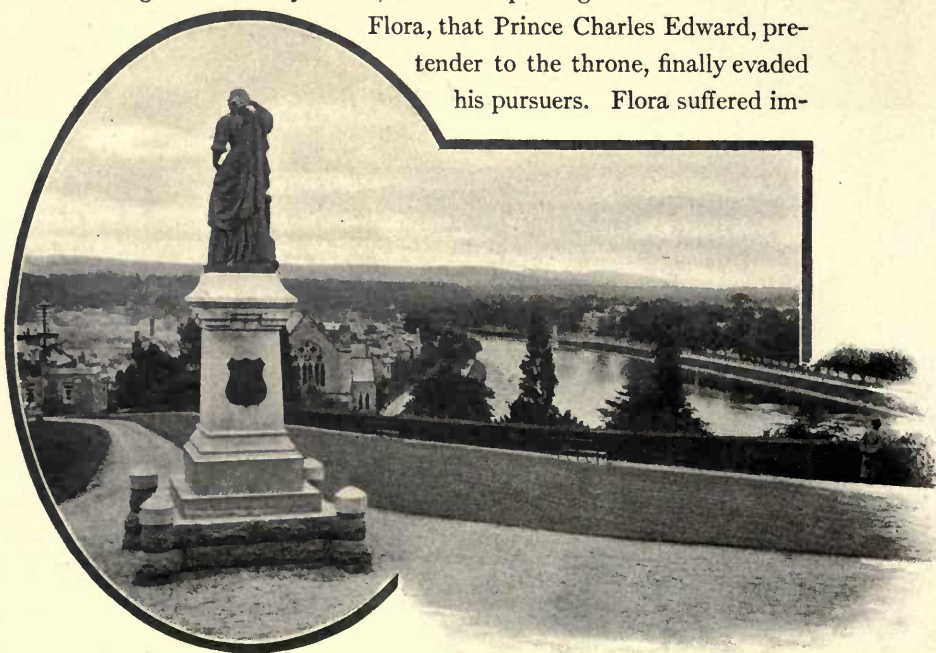


PIPING THE MEN TO CHURCH



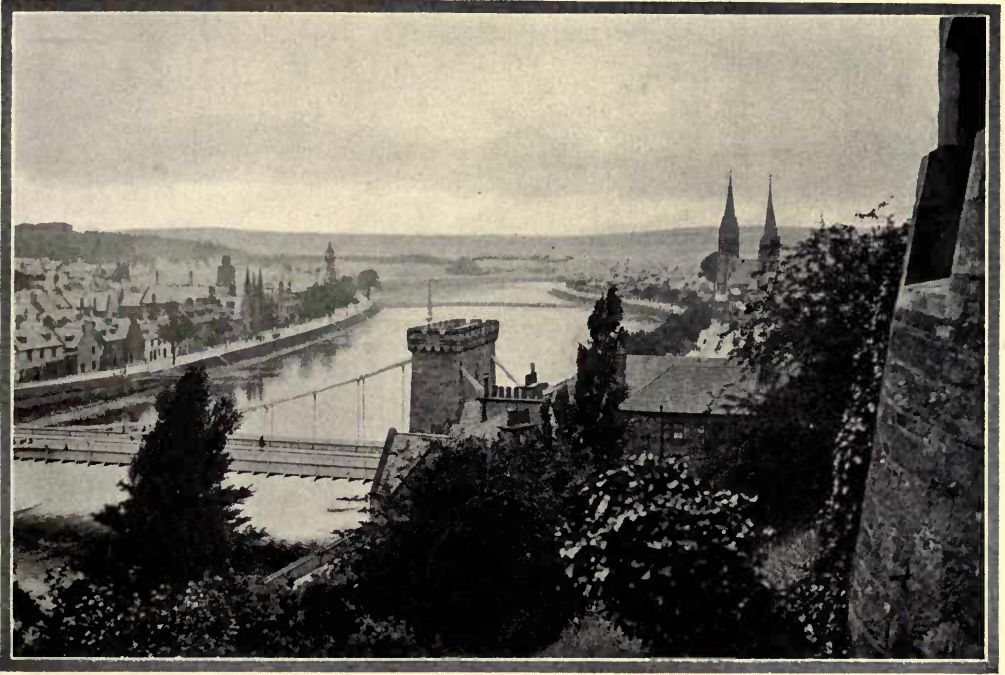
WHERE STOOD IN OLDEN DAYS THE CASTLE OF MACBETH

She was a daughter of the Macdonalds of the Hebrides. When Bonnie Prince Charlie fled thither after the battle of Culloden, she assumed the perilous task of assuring his safety and effecting his escape. It was disguised as Betty Burke, the Irish spinning maid of the heroic Flora, that Prince Charles Edward, pretender to the throne, finally evaded his pursuers. Flora suffered im-



FLORA MACDONALD

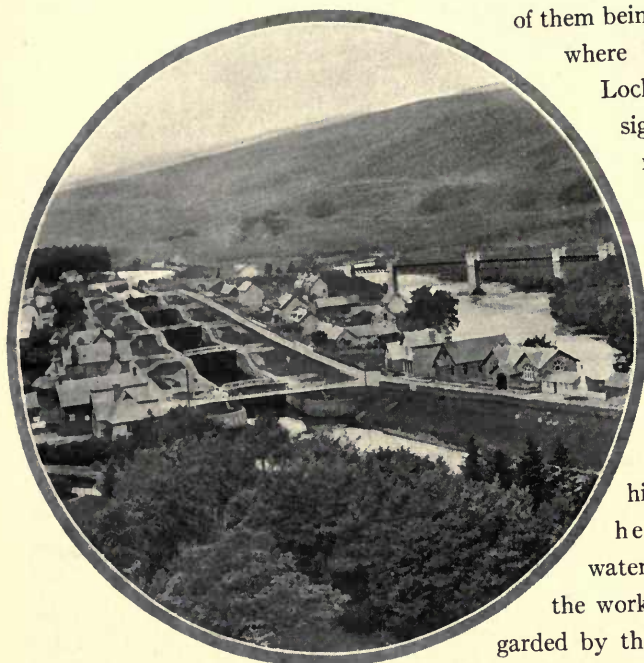
prisonment in the Tower of London, but was freed by the Act of Indemnity in 1747. Later she married a Macdonald and emigrated to America, but returned to die in Scotland, leaving many sturdy sons to perpetuate the grand old Macdonald name.



INVERNESS ON THE RIVER NESS

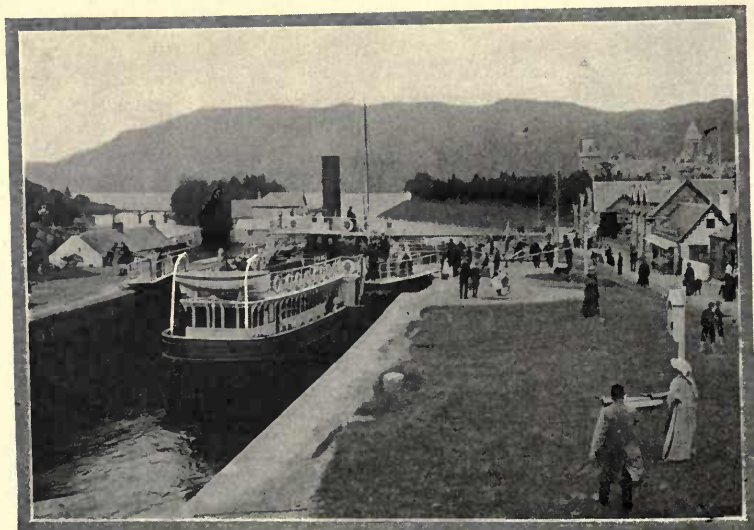
Inverness on the River Ness, is the northern terminal port of the Caledonian Canal, that artificial river — or better, that chain of canalized lakes — which runs through the Great Glen of Scotland from northeast to southwest, from the North Sea to the Atlantic Ocean. It is sixty miles in length, and saves a four-hundred-mile voyage around the stormy north end of Britain. It is two-thirds a natural waterway, only one-third an artificial channel. Three long, narrow lakes lying almost end to end, have been connected by twenty-two miles of man-made channels. Loch Oich, the middle lake of the three, is only 100 feet above the Atlantic sea-level. There are in all twenty-eight locks with an average lift of eight feet each. The finest series

SCOTLAND



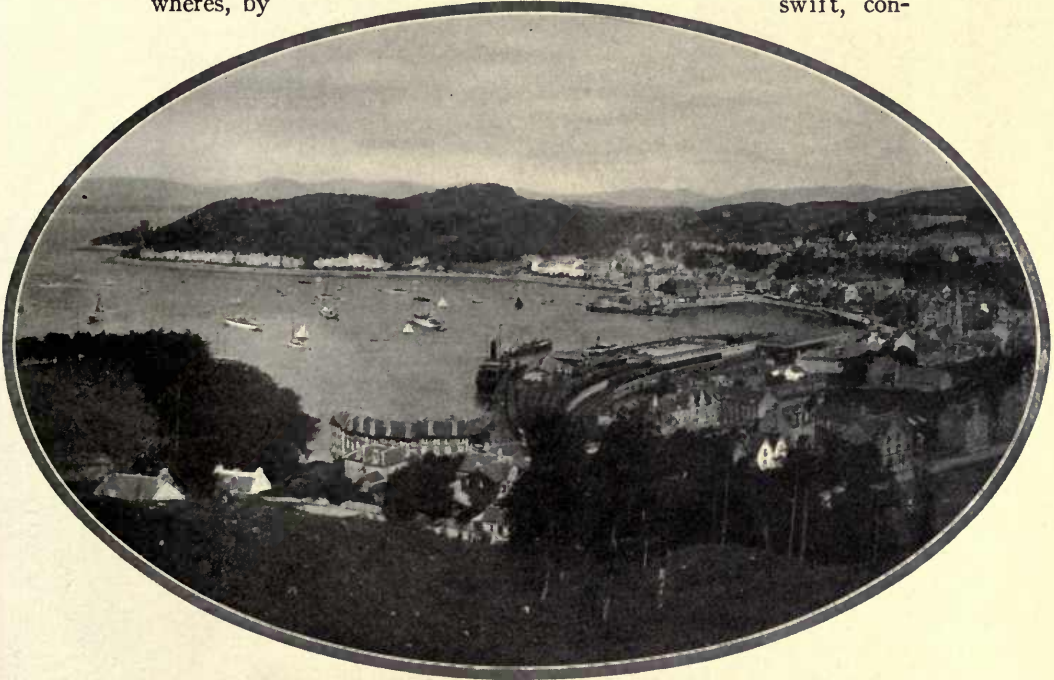
THE LOCKS OF FORT AUGUSTUS

of them being at Fort Augustus where the canal touches Loch Ness. The designer of the Caledonian Canal was Thomas Telford, who also planned the famous Göta Canal in Sweden. To this son of a Scottish shepherd, Scotland owes most of her finest highland highways and her most important waterway. So highly was the work of his lifetime regarded by the nation that at his death, in 1834, his body was given burial among the great in Westminster Abbey.



ON THE CALEDONIAN CANAL

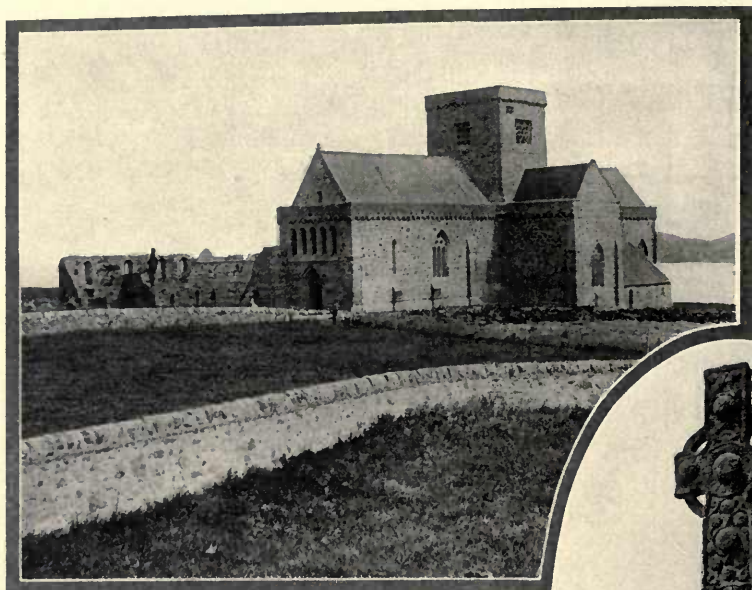
Our interesting cross-country trip by water brings us to the pretty town of Oban, a great touristic center which has been called the "Charing Cross of the Highlands," because it is a place of so many hurried goings and comings of eager folk who are bound elsewhere. Among the "otherwheres" to which we must not fail to go are the islands of Iona and of Staffa, reached like so many other interesting otherwheres, by swift, con-



OBAN "THE CHARING CROSS OF THE HIGHLANDS"

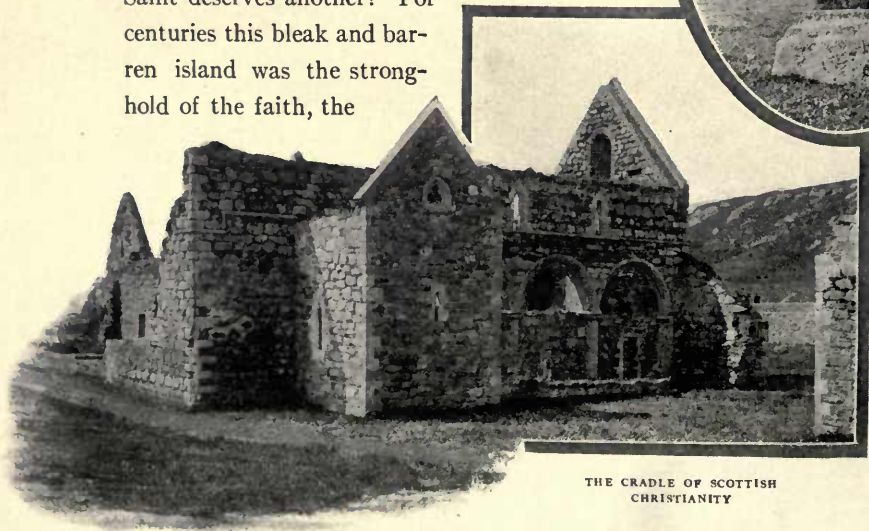
venient little tourist steamers that begin their daily run at Oban's busy piers.

The Sacred Island of Iona was the cradle of Scottish Christianity. The story of Iona is the story of Christianity in this far corner of the world. The restored Cathedral marks the scene of the early labors of St. Columba, who might be called the St. Patrick of the Scots. With equal justice St. Patrick might be called the St. Columba of the Irish. Strange to say, St. Patrick, who carried Christianity to Ire-



THE CATHEDRAL OF IONA

land, was a Scotsman and St. Columba, who began the Christianizing of Scotland at Iona in the year 563 A. D., was an Irishman. One good Saint deserves another! For centuries this bleak and barren island was the stronghold of the faith, the

A
RUNIC
CROSSTHE CRADLE OF SCOTTISH
CHRISTIANITY

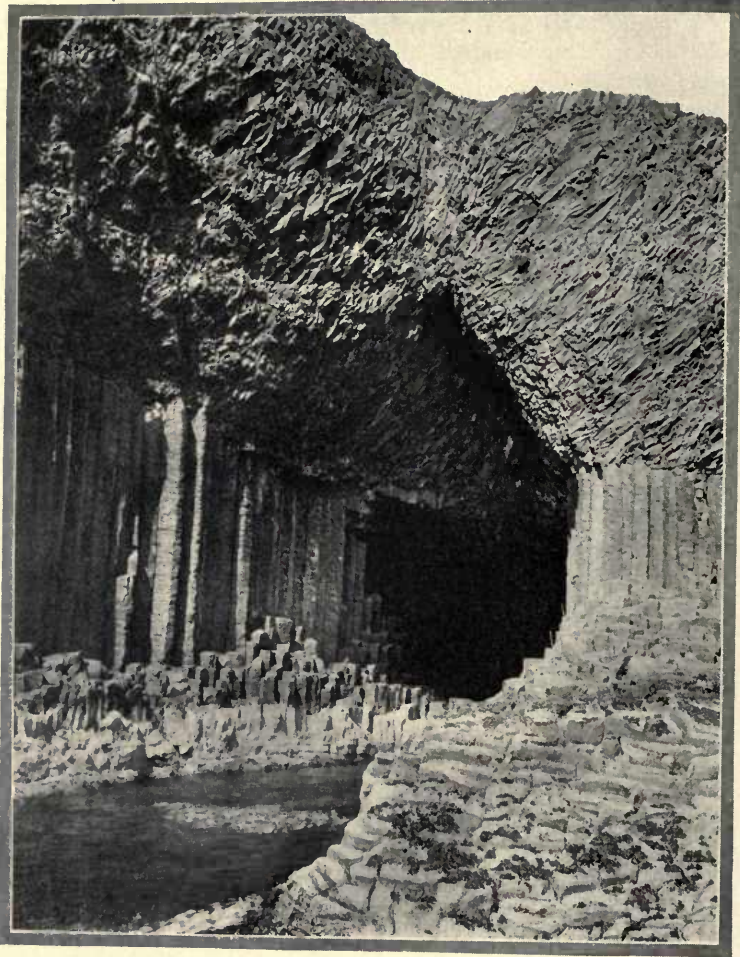
center of the new civilization of the Celtic world. Before the Reformation three hundred and sixty great Celtic crosses looked out from Iona's holy shores. Only two of them remain erect to-day. So holy was the place in the early centuries that the bodies of dead kings and chieftains were sent here for burial in the sacred soil. Even to-day there are to be seen the tombstones of four dozen Scottish Kings—including murderous Macbeth him-



THE BASALTIC PILLARS OF THE ISLAND OF STAFFA

self, four Irish monarchs, and eight mighty Scandinavian Viking chiefs.

Not far from Iona lies the amazing island of Staffa. The name is from the Scandinavian and signifies staff or pillar in allusion to the pillar- or column-like structure of the basaltic rocks. All this curious formation came forth as molten lava once upon a time, and in the sudden cooling of that lava, as it touched the sea,



FINGAL'S CAVE

the solidifying mass was cracked and riven accurately in geometric patterns, as we see it now.

But the great wonder of this wonder island is the amazing cavern known as Fingal's Cave. The Celtic name, Uamh Binn, means "Cave of Music," and the wondrous music is furnished by the rolling deep. Anthems of peace are softly sung by the calm surges of the summer sea; wild war-chants are bellowed by the raging waves of winter.



"THE ISLAND OF PILLARS"

Grimness, remoteness, bleakness, have no terrors for a true Scotsman. Scenes of bleak loneliness that depress the ordinary man

LIKE THE PAVEMENT OF
THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY





IN CROFTER-LAND

seem to give grim joy to the Scot. He loves to see Dame Nature in her frugal moods, and nowhere is she more magnificently, grimly frugal than in the Scottish island known as "the Misty Isle of Skye." Skye is not on the beaten track of travelers, and that is why we go to Skye. We go by motor through a series of lonely mainland valleys to a lonely mainland port from which we and the car may cross to Skye, passing a narrow strait by ferry.

Near the ferry (where we were held over for a long and sunny Sabbath by the strict Scotch ruling that no man may indulge in touring on the seventh day) we saw a never-to-be-forgotten church. Never in all my years of travel have I beheld a grimmer, more repellent looking place of worship. It seemed to manifest in its grey, hard angularity the spirit of John Knox himself. It seemed to preach that grace and beauty are instinct with sinfulness, that virtue must be grim, cold, and ugly, that the good and the true can have no converse with the beautiful on pain of ceasing to be good and true. And so we turned away and spent our quiet Sunday in pagan enjoyment of the lovely vistas that a kindly, unregenerate Nature had spread all

round about that wilfully repellent temple of a stern old faith. On the morrow we found ourselves at last upon the shores of Skye, the largest island of the Inner Hebrides. In Skye one is almost never out of sight of the surrounding sea. So deeply indented are the shores that no point in all of the large island is more than five miles from tide water. Thus inland hamlets lie, at one and the same time amid the inland mountains and beside some long and narrow loch whose salty waters ebb and flow, responsive to the dictates of the distant ocean.

In Skye we saw for the first time a crofter's cottage. A croft is defined as "a small enclosed field, or a piece of high and dry land, not big enough to be called a farm, or to support a family." A crofter is a man who works a croft, and pays a small rent for the privilege of remaining always poor; in other words, a crofter is a man who is up against a croft; and crofting is apparently a hopeless proposition.



THE GRIM OLD "KIRK"

The poverty of the Scotch crofters is proverbial. For generations they have dwelt in comfortless lairs with little hope of ever improving their condition. Royal Commissions have investigated the crofters and their complaints, and as a result of the Crofter's Act, things now look a little brighter for the hardy, patient people of the Isle of Skye. We saw a number of new, decent homes; we saw a few crofter cottages that had developed into real farm houses. But even in the humblest, poorest hovels we found the people clean, healthy, and intelligent. We marvel at the incongruity between



THE ISLE OF SKYE

the self-respecting manner and speech of the crofters and the wretchedness of their habitations. All had a certain, quiet, superior dignity that inspired our respect. There was no sign of beggary, nothing obsequious. Nor was there any sign of insolence or of



WITH A LOAD OF PEAT

envious hostility to the traveler who flaunted his prosperity by motor along these highways of the poor, on his way from one comfortable tourist hotel to another.

Skye seems to us the most "out-of-doors" country we have ever



CROFTERS' COTTAGES

SCOTLAND



HOME OF AN ENTERPRISING CROFTER OF TO-DAY



HOME OF THE CONTENTED CROFTER OF YESTERDAY

seen. It has the widest kind of out-of-doors. There is something splendidly primeval about the landscapes, with ancient looking cattle in the foreground and ancient looking mountains bounding every scene. As for the famous terriers, let me reassure all those who love Skye terriers that they are still to be found literally upon their native heath.

For those who love rock-climbing, the bleak bare mountains of



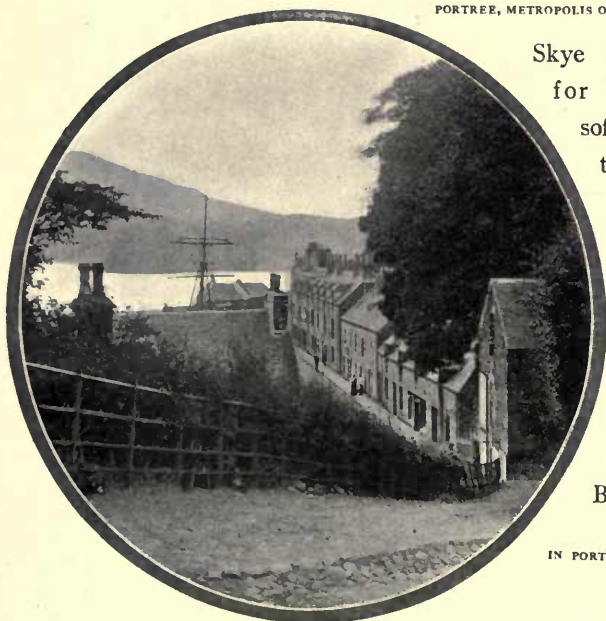
SKYE TERRIERS

Skye afford rare opportunities. We spent one rough day toiling over and through Glen Sligachan on foot and up the cruel rocky trail that leads through the chaotic highlands to several famous points of view. Footsore and weary we looked up at Scur-Na-Gillea's savage crests, and breathless and dizzy, we looked down into the valley where the lonely Lake of Coruisk sleeps its savage sleep. Because of the mists we saw but little — but enough to make us credit the statements of enthusiastic Alpinists that the wild Cuchullin Hills ("Cuchullin" is

the way they write the name, "Coolin" is the way they speak it) afford some of the riskiest and most thrilling rock-climbs in the world — to be attempted only by experienced mountaineers.



PORTREE, METROPOLIS OF SKYE



IN PORTREE

Skye is no summer resort for those who love the softnesses and luxuries of travel. But for the sturdy seeker after strenuous adventure, with wholesome fatigue giving savor to hard fare, the misty isle is one of the rare refuges from the banalities of travel. But to the thoughtful

traveler Scotland as a whole is one of the most worth while countries in the world. It has remained, in spite of ever-closer contact with nations less conservative, unalterably and absolutely



SCUIR-NA-GILLEAN

Scotch in speech and manner, customs and ideals. It is a land with a flavor all its own — a flavor as unlike that of other lands as the music of the Scottish pipe is unlike any other music made by man. And best of all the heroic spirit of Old Scotland that found expres-



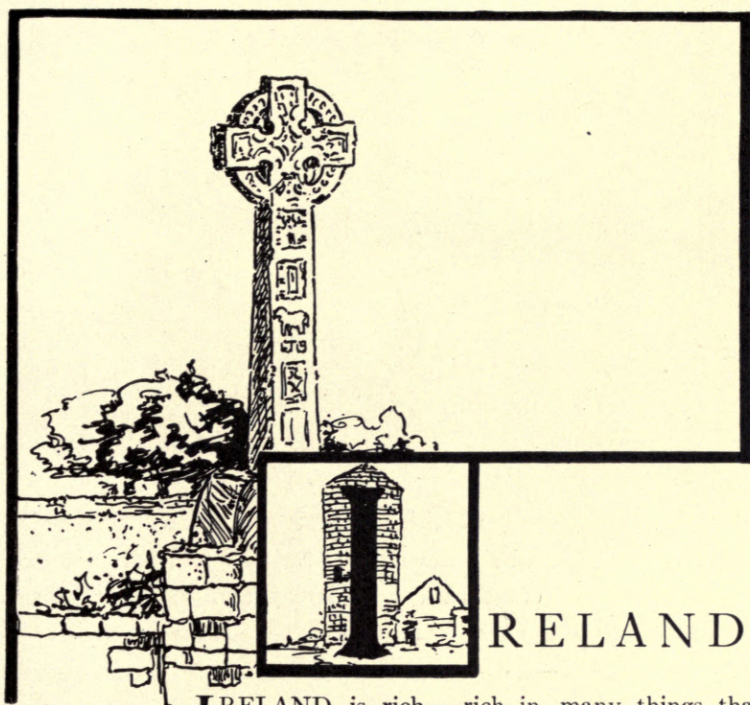
A SKYE SENTRY

sion in the lives of Wallace and of Bruce — has lost none of its victory-compelling power with the passing of the centuries. The battlefields of France and Flanders bear witness to the martial prowess of the modern sons of an old fighting race. It was a Scot who led the armies of Great Britain to the greatest of all victories in the greatest of all wars.





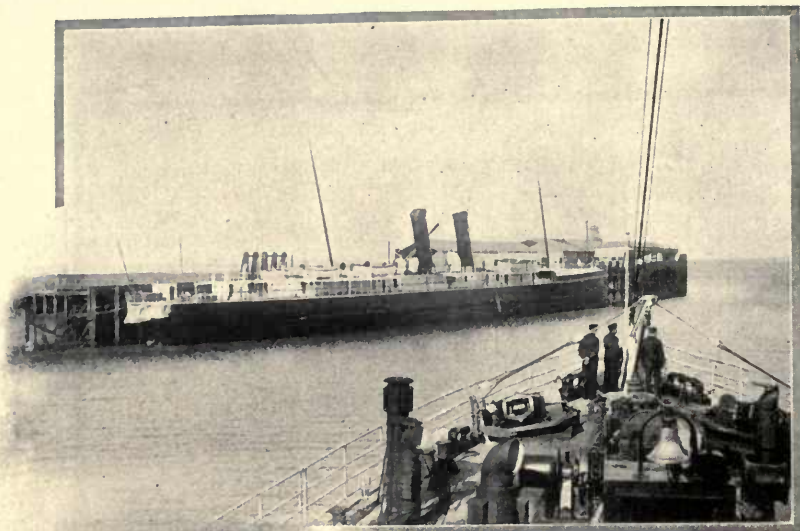
IRELAND



IRELAND

IRELAND is rich — rich in many things that richer nations lack. Ireland is rich in beauty, rich in pride of race, in devotion to religion, and in a fearless hopefulness that the worst misfortunes cannot kill.

To one who does not know the beautiful green island whence have come our many Irish fellow-citizens, their love and admiration for their native isle may appear strange. Why should they love a country where their fathers suffered? What affection do they owe to poor old Ireland, always pictured to us as a distressful country, as a land of poverty and woe? Yet go to Ireland — look upon her beauty, realize her wealth of possibilities, feel the cheering warmth of Irish welcome, treat your eyes to Irish smiles, your ears to Irish wit; let the simple sincerity of Irish life reveal to you the unsuspected depths



LEAVING HOLYHEAD

of Irish character and you will understand why Irishmen love Ireland, and you, too, will often turn with loving and regretful glances toward the beautiful, unhappy island that lies so near to England — and yet so far away—if distance is measured by mutual understanding.

In Ireland the traveler will find all the elements for a picture-story altogether picturesque and pleasing to the eye — as Ireland herself is pleasing to the eye of anyone who looks upon her with a just appreciation of her fortunes and misfortunes, her not-forgotten sufferings, her honest aspirations, and her unnumbered and enduring charms.

Getting to Ireland is in ordinary times a simple matter. Nine hours of



NEARING IRELAND

travel bring us from the British to the Irish Capital with celerity and comfort. A fast train carries us to Holyhead, a port near the northwestern corner of the little land that Welshmen call their own, and thence a rapid channel steamer carries us sixty-four miles due west to Kingstown, one of the ports of Dublin, only six miles from the North Wall in Dublin proper where other steamers dock.



KINGSTOWN

This watery path to Dublin can be at times as rough as the rockiest of rocky roads to that same city. The Irish Channel seems to enjoy giving all travelers who come from Britain a humorously vengeful shaking up. From Kingstown frequent Irish trains transport us to the Metropolis. The name of Dublin — from the ancient Gaelic “Duibh-linn” — means the “Black Pool,” but why this name was given to the place is not quite clear; possibly in allusion to the murky waters of the River Liffey on the banks of which the city rose. Speaking of the River Liffey the guide book — a “bully” Irish guide book — says that “this *watery* highway is a great *land-mark* that can

never be mistaken!" Any traveler who has been rash enough to lean over the parapet of the O'Connell Bridge and take "a sniff of the niffy Liffey" will agree that it can never be mistaken for a field of new mown hay. The same guide book tells us that Sackville



SACKVILLE STREET IN DUBLIN

Street, the leading thoroughfare of Dublin, is the finest street in the United Kingdom. It is, or rather was, a nobly impressive avenue before the destruction of its finest buildings, notably the General Post Office — commonly called the G. P. O. in the ill-advised outbreak of anti-British hostilities during the World War. At that time many splendid buildings were wrecked by conflagrations or by shell fire from the British gun-boats in the river.

The noble Nelson Pillar, however, was not overturned and it still dominates the splendidly wide stretch of this Broadway of the Irish Capital. Atop the pillar is a colossal figure of Horatio Nelson, hero of Trafalgar — the man who, when about to do battle with the Empire's enemies, hoisted the signal, "England expects every man will do his duty." These words have ever since inspired Britain's navy.

Another memorial of another hero stands in Sackville Street. At the south end, near the O'Connell Bridge, rises the monument to Daniel O'Connell, the Irish statesman who bears the inspiring title of "The Liberator." He was the great champion of the Catholic Irish in their struggle for emancipation from the harsh penal code which kept them in a sort of slavery. Irish Catholics in his day were treated almost as pariahs. Protestants ruled the land.

O'Connell was an Irish aristocrat, but a hater of the aristocratic British rulers of his country. He was an agitator — but one who recognized the folly and futility of anarchy and communism. He was a profoundly religious man, holding with intense fidelity to the faith of his fathers. He was one of the most conservative liberals or radicals of his time. He was a lawyer of unusual skill and resource, without a rival in the art of winning over juries and when he brought the cause of Catholic Ire-



O'CONNELL'S MONUMENT

land versus Protestant England before the bar of public opinion of the world, Ireland knew that her case was in most expert hands. The Catholic Association formed by O'Connell grew in numbers and in power until it represented a great national movement — orderly — discreetly within the law — and irresistible. The Catholic



THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE AND GRATTAN'S STATUE

claims were granted in 1829. Meantime O'Connell had become one of the leading figures in the British Parliament where he strove ever for the good of Ireland. But in supporting the campaign for the Repeal of the Union — in 1842 and 1843 — he ran counter to that all-powerful public opinion which had been with the cause of the Catholic claims in 1829. He was arrested, convicted — and set free.

The question of Repeal was lost in the horrors of the great famine



THE BANK OF IRELAND

in Ireland and, in 1847, while on his way to Rome, O'Connell "The Liberator" breathed his last. He sleeps now in Glasnevin Cemetery, his slumber guarded by a great round tower, a modern replica of the



TRINITY COLLEGE



TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY

ancient Celtic round towers that mark so many holy places in the land he loved and served so well. He had once said, "My heart to Rome, my body to Ireland, my soul to Heaven."

The life and efforts of Henry Grattan, another famous lover of this much-loved and much-wronged land of Erin, are commemorated by another monument that stands before the classic façade of the impressive old stone pile that was once upon a time the Parliament House of Ireland. Later it was occupied by the Bank of Ireland, but within its halls Irishmen may again make Irish laws for Ireland. Grattan as one of Ireland's greatest orators was the chief ornament of that assembly. He was a Protestant. At that time no Catholic could hold office in Ireland and all Irish legislative action was subject to the approval of the Privy Council of Great Britain. Without its consent no bill could be introduced in the Irish Parliament; once introduced it could not be amended. But the greater part of legislation for Ireland was done in England and absolutely without the concurrence of the Dublin Parliament.



THE FOUR COURTS

In 1782 "Grattan's Parliament," as it was called, issued its declaration of independence. His wisdom and his oratory triumphed and his Parliament was given powers hitherto denied it. In his own words —

"I found Ireland on her knees; I watched over her with paternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty — Ireland is now a nation!"



THE NEW MUSEUM AND LIBRARY

In token of Ireland's gratitude a grant of a hundred thousand pounds was voted him, but Grattan could not be forced to accept more than the half of it. He was one of the leading opponents of the union of the Dublin with the London Parliament but it was effected in 1801 despite his protests. From his seat he had launched the eloquent defi: "I will remain anchored here, with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall." But five years later he took his place on the Irish benches at West-



GAELIC WORDS

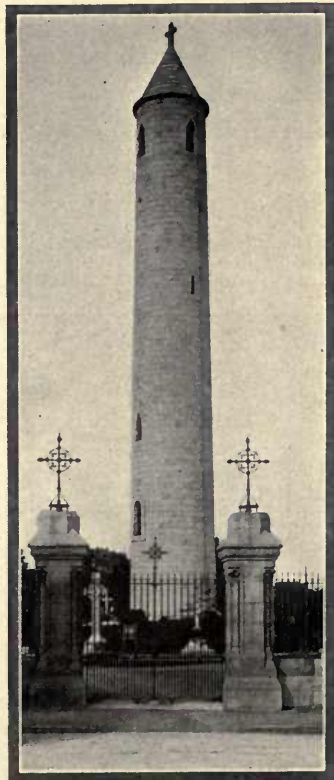
minster. It is related that the great leader Fox, seeing Grattan modestly occupying an inconspicuous back seat, led him forward saying, "This is no place for the Irish Demosthenes."

He continued to serve Ireland well in London. As Sydney Smith said, "No government ever dismayed him. The world could not bribe him. He thought only of Ireland; lived for no other object; dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his elegant wit, his manly courage, and all the splendor of his astonishing eloquence." Lecky insists that "he had through the whole of his life a strong conviction

that while Ireland could best be governed by Irish hands, democracy in Ireland would inevitably turn to plunder and anarchy!" Although consistently opposed to the union of the Irish with the British Parliament he said in his last speech in 1819: "The marriage having taken place it is now the duty, as it ought to be the inclination, of every individual to render it as fruitful, as profitable, and as advantageous as possible." He died in the following year and was buried in Westminster Abbey near the tombs of Pitt and Fox and other great ones of the great nation to which he had remained ever loyal — even though at the same time he was assuming the role of the most powerful defender of the rights and most fearless denunciator of the wrongs of Ireland.

His work was taken up and carried on, as we have seen, by Daniel O'Connell — and after him came James Stewart Parnell, whose grave is within the shadow of the O'Connell monument at Glasnevin. Since Parnell's time the champions of Ireland have been many but their work is not yet ended — the future alone can tell of their success or failure. Posterity alone can assign to them their rightful places among the hosts of able, eager sons of Erin who have labored, suffered, and died for her welfare and her freedom.

To the traveler Dublin offers an interesting contrast to London and Edinburgh, the sister capitals. Dublin, despite its noble buildings, does not seem to be a show town — it's just Dublin. There are no great new and luxurious hotels,



THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT

with all modern conveniences — and vulgarities — and extravagances. The best the city has to offer to the fastidious visitor is the historic Shelbourne Hotel which will seem to him more like an overgrown boarding house of the first class, than like a metropolitan caravansary. But the longer the stranger stays the better he will like the good old-fashioned Shelbourne.

In the course of our first visit we had seen the sights of Dublin — the two old Cathedrals, the superb pile called the Four Courts — the various buildings of Trinity College — and the fine modern group of buildings occupied by the Royal Dublin Society, the Library, the Museum of Irish Antiquities, and the National Art Gallery of Ireland, the latter containing a surprisingly well-chosen array of old masters and of modern canvases. The collection of Irish antiquities is the finest in the world, including as it does those famous specimens of metal work — the Cross of Cong, the Tara Brooches, and the Shrine of St. Patrick's Bell — and more precious than these works of art, the very bell itself, the crude old holy bell, used by St. Patrick himself fourteen hundred years ago.

Still another visit had brought us to Dublin for the great and famous annual Horse Show which for several decades has been numbered among the most important sporting events of the old world.

During Horse Show Week
late in August, Dublin,



THE SHELBOURNE HOTEL

becomes the Mecca of the fashionable world and the Shelbourne Hotel becomes the goal of every fashionable pilgrim. Rooms must be booked at least three months in advance; many people bespeak



STEPHEN'S GREEN



their rooms from year to year. We arrived a week before the fashionable influx began. It was interesting to watch the rapid but temporary transformation of the simple old hotel into a

DUBLIN DARLINGS



IN THE DISTANCE, THE NELSON PILLAR

Dublin double of the London Ritz, Savoy, and Carlton. French chefs took possession of the kitchen which became for the nonce a *cuisine*. Polyglot waiters—from the spas of the Continent—replaced the broguey Dublin boys who wait at table in ordinary seasons. Fine linen, rare porcelain, exquisite glassware, and rich old silver plate made their brief annual appearances upon the



THE THEATRE ROYAL

tables of the dim old dining room — and while the Horse Show visitors remain, the hotel is truly a hotel de luxe.

Ten thousand people gather at the Exhibition Grounds at Ball's Bridge on each of the four days of the Dublin Horse Show, which is essentially a "hunter" show. Irish hunters are the finest in the world. Buyers from all corners of the world gather to get the pick of the



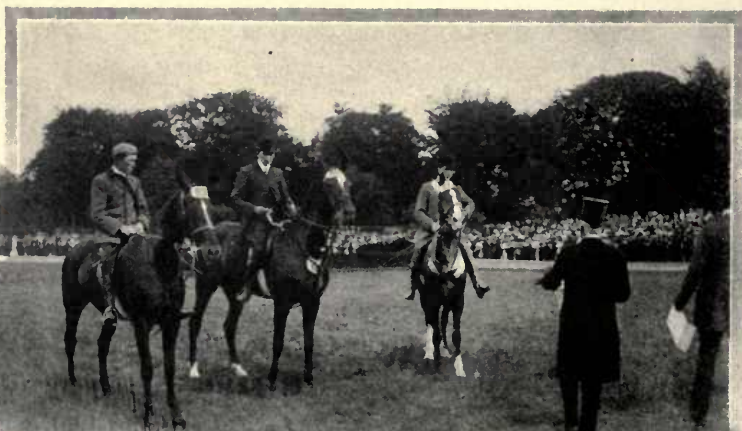
SUBURBAN ARCHITECTURE

prize-winners. The crowning feature of each day's program is the jumping competition. There are all kinds of jumps to test the skill of the riders and the strength, agility, endurance, and courage of the hunters. There are ordinary hurdles, fences, ditches, banks, and double banks over which the hunters seem to fly, and there are stone walls five feet high — walls of solid masonry with a few loose cobble stones heaped along the top. Over these obstacles the flying horses go, as lightly and as surely as sea-gulls skim the frothy wave. On the last day of the show, after the last hoof has flung defiance at the skies,



TAKING THE FIVE FOOT STONE WALL

Fashion forsakes Ball's Bridge and goes a'jaunting in a thousand jaunting cars to one of the many race courses that abound in the vicinity of Dublin. But as horse racing is to me one of the least



IRISH HUNTERS

alluring of all sports — except at Longchamps or Auteuil, where you can't see the horses for the frocks and frills — I went a'jaunting in other directions — out to the Hill of Howth, whence one can look at "Ireland's Eye" — which little island got its name from the old Danes who once ruled all this region. Their word for island was "oe" — and that's so near the modern Irish way of saying "eye" that the "Oe of Ireland" becomes quite naturally Ireland's Eye. Upon that island stood a very famous ancient chapel where was en-



AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

shrined a copy of the Four Gospels — executed in the seventh century. It was known as the "Garland of Howth" and is now preserved in the Library of Trinity College in Dublin.

For longer jaunts the hurried traveler will exchange the fascinating but unspeedy jaunting car for a swift, prosaic touring car. The road southward from Dublin is an inviting one, bordered as it is by the magnificent estates of the Irish aristocracy. One of those lordly



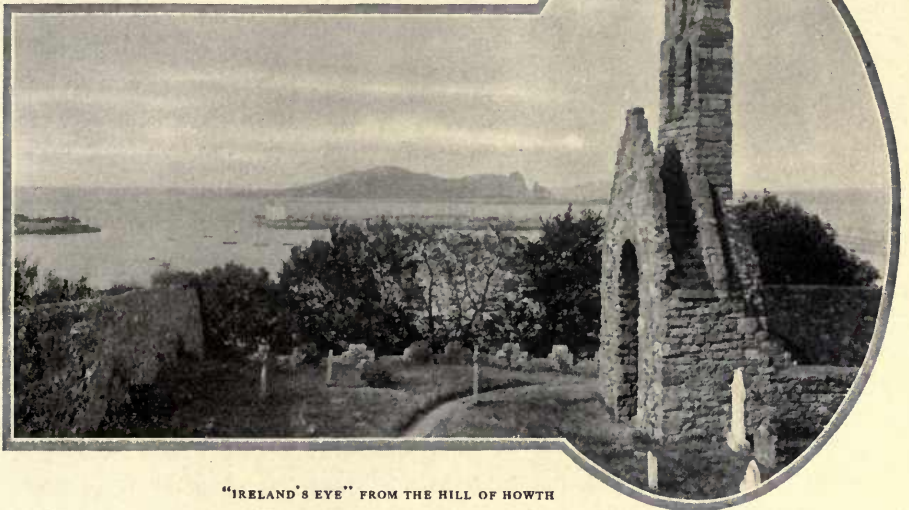
ON THE WAY TO HOWTH

mansions was once the wigwam of a great chief from the new world, the one-time cacique of the conquering Irish clan called Tammany — which, since his time, with brief interruptions, has continued to rule



BY JAUNTING CAR AND TRAM

the greatest city of the western hemisphere in its own peculiar way. Boss Croker here sat at



"IRELAND'S EYE" FROM THE HILL OF HOWTH

ease, far from Fourteenth Street and the troubled throne of Tam-



THIS IS IRELAND

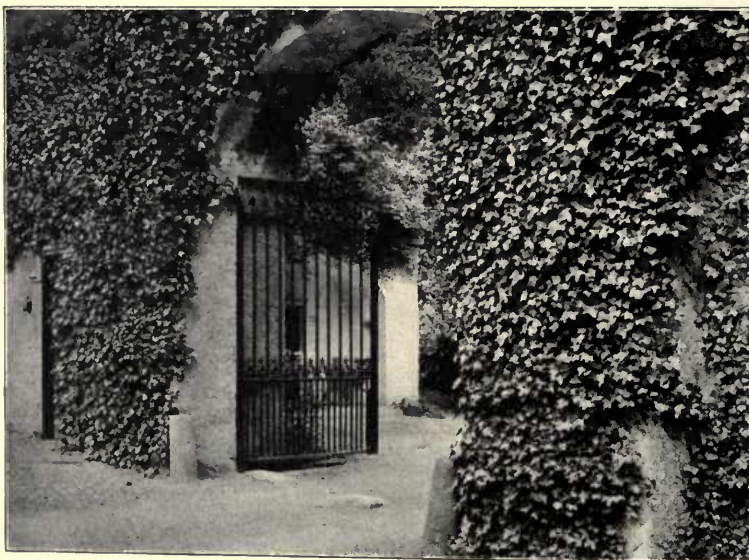


SOUTH OF DUBLIN

many — but his reign is not forgotten and the chiefs of the clan have perpetuated his methods of subjugating and governing the native American aristocracy and the polyglot proletariat of the metropolis of the United States.

Among the famous places in the environs of Dublin we must not fail to mention Donnybrook—celebrated for its old-time annual Fair about which so many stories have been told. The

first recorded Fair was held there in the reign of good King John, who was “graciously pleased” to grant a license for it in the year 1204. Doubtless, the medieval towns-folk and peasants who fre-



AN OPEN GATE

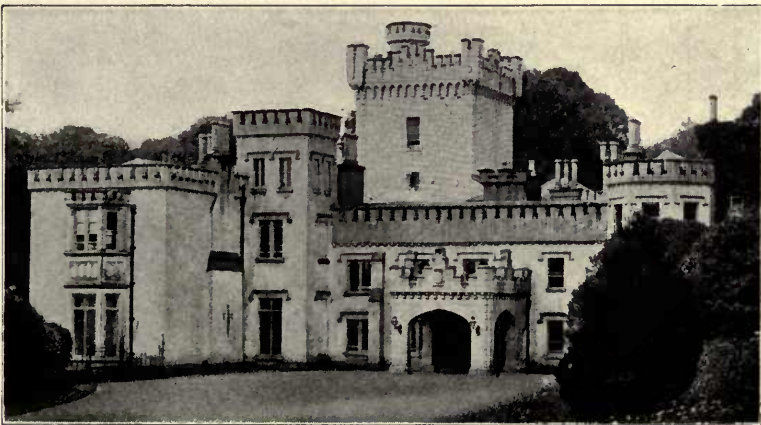
quented the earlier Fairs were on their good behavior; but with the passing of the years the doings there at Donnybrook waxed more and more disorderly until the name of "Donnybrook Fair" came to stand for all that was merry



A PRIVATE ESTATE

and maudlin, "peppy" and pugnacious, bibulous and bellicose. Even the fabled Kilkenny Cats began to look askance at Donnybrook, and finally in 1855, the scandals of the Fair having become internationally notorious, the authorities bought out the rights of the proprietors and suppressed the historic quarrelsome carouse.

Another name that conjures up strange doings of past days is Dalkey. In that little sea-port city was the scene of the peculiar and fantastic ceremonials of the so-called "Kingdom of Dalkey." There every year a Carnival King held festive Court. His title was no less



AN IRISH CASTLE

than this: "His Facetious Majesty, Stephen the First, King of Dalkey, Emperor of Muglins, Prince of the Holy Island of Magee, Elector of Lambay and Ireland's Eye, Defender of his own Faith and Respector of all others, Sovereign of the Illustrious Order of the Lobster and the Periwinkle." Twenty thousand persons attended the coronation of the last of those burlesque potentates whose "Kingdom" was abol-



AT BRAY

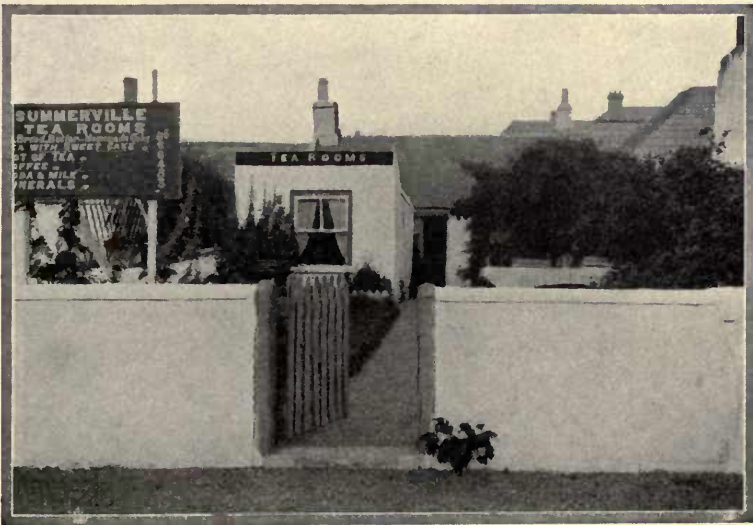
ished in 1797 — much to the regret of his myriads of subjects. All of which proves that the Irish of those days possessed a sufficient sense of humor to take matters that were really of no consequence with a seriousness and solemnity that was appalling.

It was while motoring down the coast from Dalkey that we collided with an Irish bull — at a garage. Rumors of a scarcity of gasoline had alarmed us and we eagerly inquired if the price of "petrol" had gone up. "No," said the garage-keeper, "the price of petrol is quite the same, Sir — but there isn't any!"



BRAY HEAD HOTEL

A run of thirteen miles southward from Dublin brings us to Bray, "the Irish Brighton" — the most easily accessible and most popular of the seaside resorts of the beautiful Wicklow Coast. We pause at Bray only long enough for a stroll along the esplanade,



"TAY" AT BRAY

a scramble up the bold promontory of Bray Head, and a cup of "tay" at one of the tiny tea rooms. Farther on in the heart of County Wicklow, there awaits us a place that ranks far higher among the beauty spots of Ireland. It is the very famous, very sacred, and very beautiful valley called
 Glen- dalough



THE VALE OF GLENDALOUGH

— the Glen of the Two Lakes. This green, green glen with its two lovely lakes, its comfortable inn, its seven ancient Celtic churches, and its grim old Irish Tower, has been a very holy place for more than thirteen hundred years. In the sixth century Glendalough was a city of churches and nunneries and monasteries, founded by the great Saint Kevin, who was a very holy man of royal

Irish blood. Myth and legend have ever since been busy with his name and fame. He dwelt for five long years in a tomb-like pigeon-hole in the rocky cliff that rises from the waters of the upper of the two sacred lakes.

As Tom Moore tells us —

“By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbled o’er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep.”

His tiny cavern is still called “Saint Kevin’s Bed.” It is related that even in this almost inaccessible retreat he was not safe from the



ONE OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES



THE ROUND TOWER

pursuit of the notorious lady of this lake — the exquisite vampire of that far-off day, the beautiful Kathleen, who adored him — but not in the manner in which saints should be adored. Her eyes, according to the chroniclers of the period, were “of a most unholy blue.” Evidently there were blonde vampires in those days. But the saint



THE UPPER LAKE OF GLENDALOUGH

was of the ilk of Anthony. Our guide informs us that the good Saint Kevin was “so holy” that when the terribly sweet Kathleen intruded upon his devotions he tossed her into the lake where she was “drowned dead” — but this seems to us an ungodly way to treat a lady.

To-day Saint Kevin’s Bed is a place of pilgrimage for spinsters — young and otherwise. A rough and risky stairway has been fashioned in the almost vertical face of the cliff and by means of it, damsels desirous of reaching the refuge of the holy man may climb nearly to their destination — but really to reach it, they must have the help of the two sturdy and skillful guides who have had years of practice

in lifting fair pilgrims around a jutting angle of the cliff and sliding them feet foremost into old Saint Kevin's ancient "upper berth." The guides assure all comers that any wish made while lying snugly there in Kevin's Bed will without fail be soon fulfilled to the letter.

They insist that every colleen who has ever made a wish for a handsome husband there, has invariably

SLIPPING INTO ST.
KEVIN'S BED

returned the following season to thank the Saint — and exhibit the husband. Hence the rushing business done every summer by those strong-armed guides of Glendalough.



However, most Irish girls are sure of getting husbands without bothering Saint Kevin or any other saint; they have a way with them.

Another lovely scenic treasure in this lovely land is found in the



THE VALE OF OVOCA

Vale of Ovoca, through which flow the mingled waters of the Avonmore and the Avonbeg. These rivers, at the meeting of their waters, lose their identities and names and become the Ovoca River, taking the name of the world-famous vale through which they roll on toward the sea. The Vale of Avoca, as Tom



TOM MOORE'S TREE



IN THE VALE

Moore called it when he sat beneath the tree that is still known as Tom Moore's Tree, and wrote the verses that have made this valley famous — will always be for

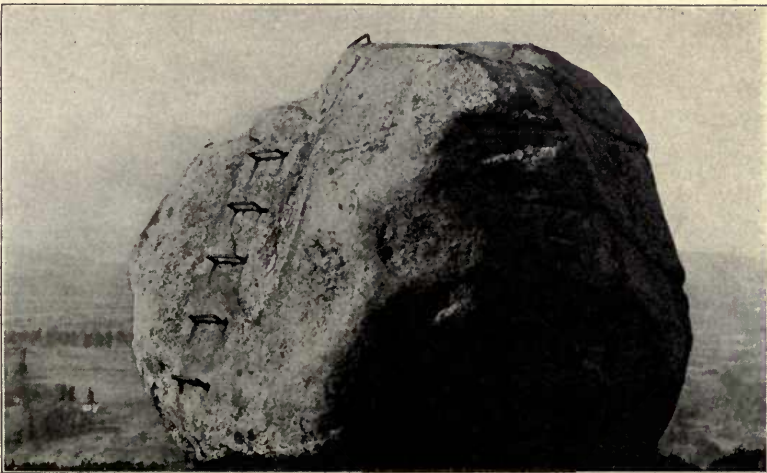
us and for all the world, the Vale of Avoca — despite the efforts of the map-makers and geographers and guide

books to tell us that the name should be

spelled with an "O" and not with an "A." But all agree with Moore when he sings —

"There is not in the wide
world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the
bright waters meet."

High above the vale on the ridge of Cronebane lies the huge



THE MOTTHA STONE



AN IRISH LANDSCAPE

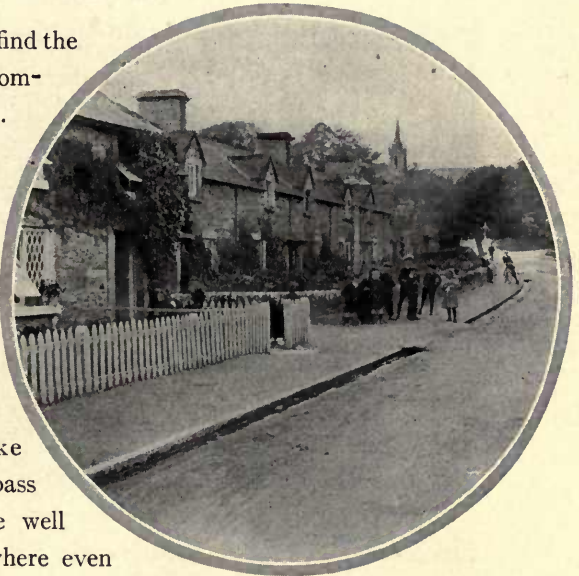
Mottha Stone, left there, so say geologists, by the great glacier that once covered with its icy mass the lovely region through which we are traveling to-day under the warm and beaming summer sun.

It is always interesting to find oneself unexpectedly confronted by a familiar name. This happens to us as we motor into an Irish village and read, above the door of the humble and peaceful looking post office, the familiar and belligerent name "SHILLELAGH." We had never realized that there could be a *place* of that name. We had always thought of a shillelah as a stick in the hands of an irate Hibernian. Thus the educational possibilities of travel are impressed upon us. Travel and learn! Shillelagh is the name of a village in the County Wicklow and of a neighboring wood from which come the world-famous sticks or knotted staves that have broken so many heads in the century-long quarrels of a quick-tempered people. The real shillelah of Shillelagh is of oak or blackthorn and grows to stout and formidable maturity in a little forest of that name.

After all that we have heard about "the hovels of the Irish peas-

antry" we are amazed to find the land so rich in neat and comfortable looking homes. We see many a charming little "hovel" that we should be glad to own. We see a hundred spick and span white cottages to every mile, as trim and gleaming as care and fresh coats of whitewash can make and keep them. We pass through towns that are well paved, well kept, and where even the houses in the poorer streets are wearing decent coats of white that's nearly white.

We as Americans cannot but contrast the trim and cared-for aspect of these towns of "poor old Ireland" with the untidy, neglected, even



IN THE VILLAGE OF SHILLELAGH



SHILLELAGH POST OFFICE



AN IRISH MAIN STREET

tumble-down appearance of the really rich and prosperous towns in many of our wealthiest states. The traveler sees more conspicuous evidences of neglect, of unpainted houses, of rubbish-filled back yards,



COLLEENS—YOUNG AND OLD

TRUTH AND
QUALITY

of ruinous out-houses, and of general untidiness in crossing the proverbially plutocratic states of Ohio and Indiana than are to be observed in all the length and breadth of "poverty-stricken Ireland." We Americans have the richest country under Heaven — and we allow many of the places in it to look like — the Other Place!

Among the famous scenes in Ireland

none is more widely known by name

than Tara's Hill, which lies some twenty miles from Dublin. We have all heard how once "the Harp in Tara's Halls" and the singers of the ancient Celtic Kings told of the glory of the land of which this Hill of Tara was for twenty-five hundred years the capital and sanctuary. It was the seat of one hundred and forty-two successive Kings of Ireland and the site of the most holy temples. So holy was the hill that no man, even though he were a king, might dwell thereon if he possessed the slightest physical imperfection. Standing on that sacred site to-day it is impressive to recall the

A TIDY
TOWN



AN IRISH
COTTAGE

words of Dr. Healy who reminds us that
 "There was a royal residence on the Hill of Tara before Rome was founded, before Athena's earliest shrine crowned the acropolis of Athens, about the time perhaps that

sacred Ilium first saw the hostile standards of the Kings of Hellas."

The site of those holy Halls of Tara is marked now only by mounds and ditches on the top of a hill, so broad and low as to appear almost like the surface of a plain. A statue of St. Patrick crowns the ridge, reminding us that Ireland's great Saint stood there in his own person in the year 433 and preached to the assembled multitude.

In modern times a greater multitude of Catholic Irish folk assembled here to listen to the mighty champion of their faith, Daniel O'Connell. Two hundred and fifty thousand people were gathered here that memorable day in 1843.

The statue of Ireland's patron saint is crude and modern — for it is the work of a local stone cutter, not that of an old master in the art of sculpture. Near it rises a thing of stone that is indeed antique — if we may



GLEAMING
GATE POSTS

credit all that legend says of it. It looks like a battered stone post, imbedded in the sod, weathered and rounded by the centuries. It is called the "Lia Fail" — the "Stone of Destiny." It was once the pillow of the Patriarch Jacob. It came to Ireland with the Ark. It served as coronation seat for all the Irish Kings. It is



A WHITE HOME IN A GREEN LAND

now in two places! It stands here on Tara's Hill — and yet according to a host of historic witnesses it was carried to Scone in Scotland, where Kings were crowned upon it — thence it was taken by Edward the Confessor to England, where since his time it has formed part of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, where we ourselves have also seen it with our own eyes as clearly as we see it now — under the Irish sky on Tara's holy hill.

But for a place so famous there is little to repay the traveler here except the statue and the stone. We know not what they were like, those vanished Halls of Tara, of which no picture has come down to us; but in another part of Ireland the traveler may find structures



ON THE HILL OF TARA

that doubtless were coeval with them — ancient forts, older than the memory of man — mysterious monuments of a heroic age about which we know practically nothing.

Staigue Fort in County Kerry was built not less than two thousand years ago. The stones were laid without a trace of mortar; a single door gives access and there are stairways leading from the inner court up to the platforms where the defenders stood behind a parapet of which a portion even now remains.

Equally interesting, though far less celebrated than either Tara or Staigue Fort is the tumulus of Newgrange, about twenty miles from Tara's Hill. Yet even Newgrange is, at first sight, disappointing—a low hill tufted with a clump of trees. Nevertheless it is one of the most important prehistoric monuments in Ireland, a creation resembling the tombs discovered by Dr. Schliemann on the site of the prehistoric city of Mycenae in old Greece. The hill of Newgrange



ST. PATRICK AND THE STONE OF DESTINY

is not a natural hill, it is a pile of masonry now completely hidden by the overgrowing vegetation, leaving nothing to indicate that man had formed it, except the circle of huge stones that stand at regular intervals around its base. There are now only twelve, but there were



STAIGUE FORT

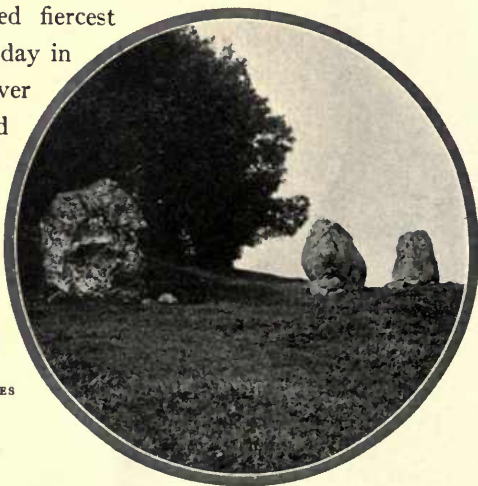
at one time thirty of those encircling boulders. The low doorway is marked by a gigantic oval stone, on which appear strange carved designs, recalling the spirals on the golden disks that Schliemann found in the tomb of Agamemnon. A long narrow corridor, just high enough for a dwarf and wide enough for a thin man, invites us to enter — on hands and knees; invites, or rather forbids, for our Irish driver crosses himself and murmurs, “Not for wurrulds.” We, too, have our misgivings — but we crawl in, and creep forward sixty-two feet in utter blackness, until at last the passage broadens into a circular chamber in which we can stand erect. This was undoubtedly



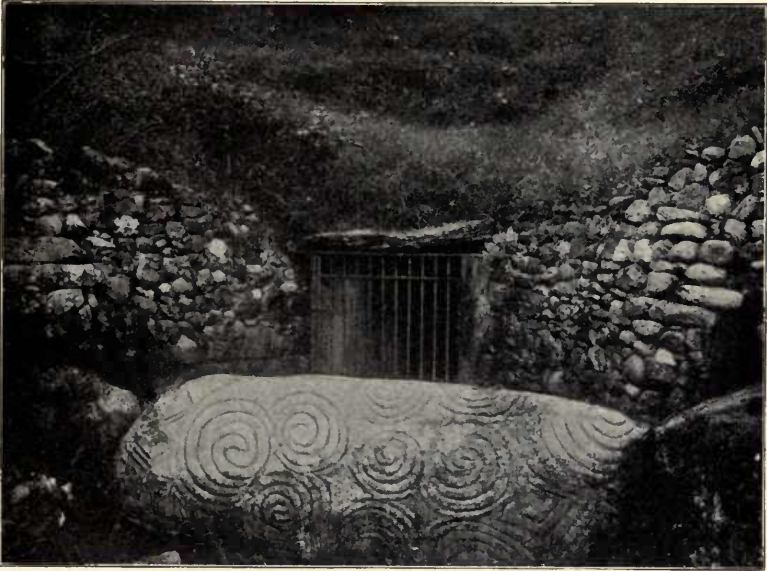
NEWGRANGE

the burial chamber of some now unremembered Irish king, whose bones and treasure were long since stolen by the Norsemen or the Danes. Above our heads a dome nineteen feet high, formed by great stones, each overhanging by a trifle the one below, in the manner of the prehistoric arches found in the cyclopean citadel of Tiryns in Greece. We stumble over several huge stone basins; we note on three sides, alcoves or recesses; and we observe on nearly all the larger stones, strange figures and designs, cut by crude instruments held in crude prehistoric hands.

Not very far from Newgrange there was fought in 1690 the most momentous battle in the history of Ireland. It was the Battle of the Boyne — the spot where it raged fiercest marked by an obelisk mirrored to-day in the placid waters of the lovely River Boyne. Two hundred years and more have passed since William of Orange here met and defeated the Irish forces of his own father-in-law, James the Second, from whom he had already taken the throne of England, less than two



THE ENCIRCLING STONES



PREHISTORIC SYMBOLS

years before. The defeated James fled to Dublin and the army that had marched with him out from the gates of Drogheda was dis-

persed by a superior force. The old walled town of Drogheda which boasts one of the finest fortified gates in all Ireland, surrendered to King William on the following day.

Near Drogheda are found the finest Celtic crosses in the land. They stand in the old



IN THE TOMB CHAMBER

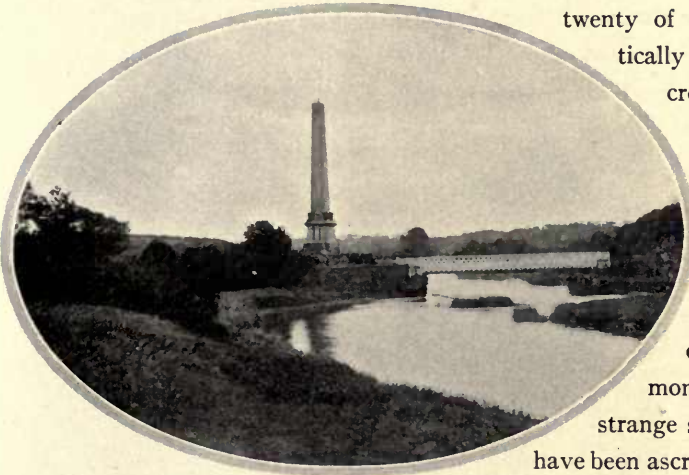
cemetery of Monasterboice. They are two in number, of dull grey stone; one is fifteen feet in height, the other twenty-seven feet, but less elaborately carved. From top to bottom nearly every inch of surface has been shaped by the chisel of the artist, bringing into low relief designs and figures of amazing quaintness, some of them



THE GATE OF DROGHEDA

even ludicrous in the eyes of the sophisticated modern critic, and yet all imbued with the naive religious feeling of ten hundred years ago, for these crosses are at least a thousand years of age.

They are nearly as old as the Round Tower that holds its broken head one hundred and ten feet above this burial ground. The Round Tower of Ireland is a unique, characteristic architectural form. Nothing precisely like it has been found in any other country. There are in Ireland no fewer than eighty of these ancient Round Towers,



BATTLEFIELD OF THE BOYNE

twenty of which are practically intact, and still crowned with their conical caps of stone.

Many fantastic theories have been advanced to account for these monuments of such a strange simplicity. They

have been ascribed to the Persi-

ans, the Phoenicians, the Druids and the Danes; but to-day authorities agree that they were simply the belfries of the old Irish monasteries, the ruins of which are almost invariably found close at hand. The belfries served also as citadels



DROGHEDA

in case of sudden onslaught by the Norse or Danish pirates of those wild old days when Viking fleets were always hovering along the Irish shore.

We note that the few windows are like loop-holes and that the door is always six or nine feet from the ground. The perfect preservation of these towers seems not so remarkable when we consider their structure and their form; they are of each block adjusted crack nor cranny;

stone, with astonishing precision, leaving no they are round, opposing no angles



CARVED
A THOUSAND
YEARS AGO



THE CEMETERY OF
MONASTERBOICE

to the elements; their tops are shaped like a half-closed umbrella, shedding the snow and rain; and thus secure in their strength and their simplicity they have outlived by many hundred years the ornate churches to which their bells once called the Celtic Christians.

In the ancient Irish annals the name Cloigtheach — or “House of a Bell”—is given to these towers, and this in itself should be sufficient to convince us that they correspond to the Campaniles of Italy or the Belfrois of France or the Belfries of England.



THE FAMOUS CROSS OF MUIREDACH

We know, however, or should know, that the names Belfroi or Belfry do not refer to bells. Strictly speaking a belfry was a fortified tower, or a tall and slender citadel — in which, of course, great bells were hung for the sounding of alarms; but the presence of those bells was in no way responsible for the name given to the tower—although common usage now accepts a belfry as a tower in which bells are hung. It is worthy of remark that the Cloigtheach of Ireland are found only along the coast or along the courses of rivers or on the shores of lakes — always overlooking the waters known to have been visited by the marauding flotillas of the desperate Danes. The most nearly perfect tower of them all rises on a deserted island

of the lovely sheet of water known as Lough Erne — a lake that cuts in two the County of Fermanagh, a lake that is in reality a strangely broadened river that reaches the sea at Ballyshannon. The island bears the name of Devenish — or as the ancient Celts yclept it, Daimh-inis — “The Island of Oxen.” We found a herd of cows in



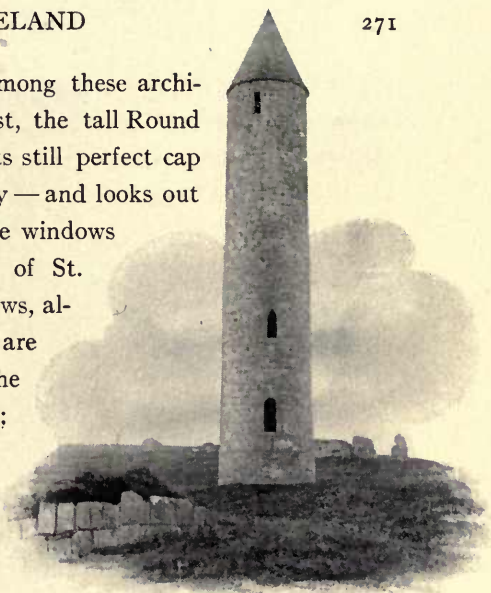
THE HOLY RUINS OF DEVENISH ISLAND

occupation — drowsing or browsing lazily within the sacred precincts of what was once one of the holiest and most artistic ecclesiastic establishments of the mid-fifteenth century.

Good St. Molaise is said to have ruled the region with the scepter of his pious authority. His “House” or “Kitchen” as it is variously styled still stands — a stony ruin on the site. Near it looms what is left of his “Great Church” or Daimhling and his “Bed” in which a portion of a stone sarcophagus is to be seen to-day. The shattered bulk of what was once an Abbey crowns a neighboring height. But

most conspicuous and notable among these architectural records of a religious past, the tall Round Tower of the holy island lifts its still perfect cap of accurately adjusted masonry — and looks out through its many loop-hole-like windows upon the now abandoned scene of St.

Molaise's labors. Those windows, although all high and narrow, are variously shaped. One on the second floor is nearly triangular; one on the third floor, on the other side, quadrangular; the next above is square headed; from the fifth or topmost story four windows open to the four points of the compass — for a lookout tower on an island must have eyes in all direc-



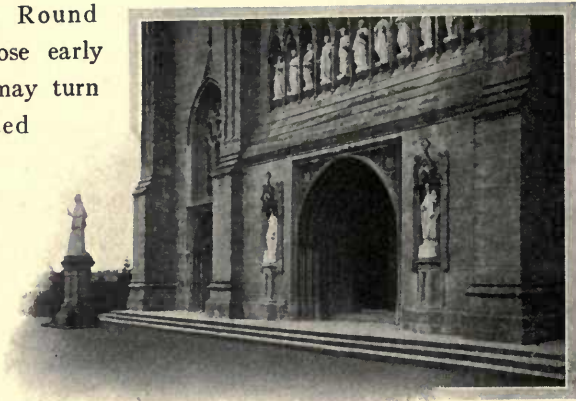
MOST NEARLY PERFECT OF
ALL IRISH TOWERS



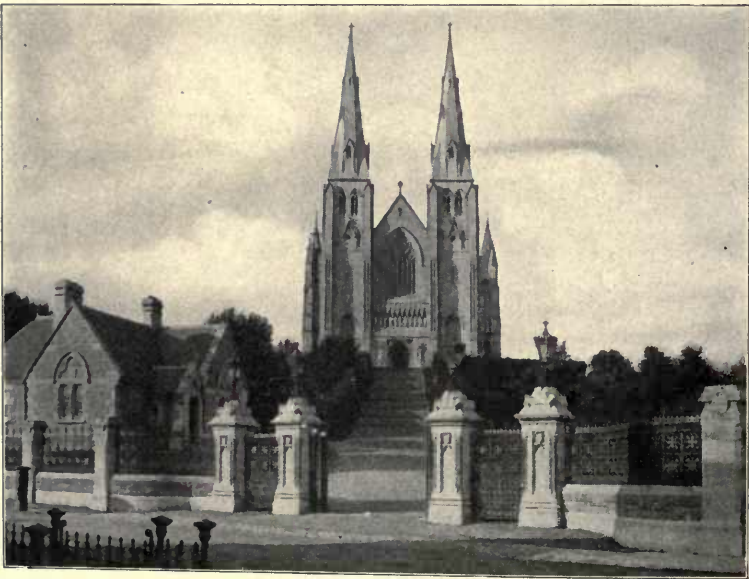
THE ROUND TOWER OF DEVENISH

tions. Nowhere in Ireland did we feel nearer to the strenuous old Viking raiders — or to the equally strenuous militant monks of medieval Ireland than as we stood here on this abandoned Isle of Oxen in Lough Erne—and gazed up at that grim stone cylinder that has stood a witness to so many untold alarms and struggles between the Scandinavian Pagans of the North and the Celtic Catholics of Erin.

From the Round Towers of those early centuries we may turn to the pointed spires of the new Cathedral in the old religious capital of Armagh. The first Cathedral Church of



Armagh was founded by St. Patrick in the year 444 A. D. This new cathedral was begun in 1840 and consecrated in the summer of 1904, thus it was sixty-four years in building. The interior is now the richest and most elaborate in Ireland. The pulpit and choir-screen are masterpieces in chiseled marble, the walls are covered with mosaics and the windows glazed with glorious stained glass.



THE NEW CATHEDRAL OF ARMAGH

But as it is in striking contrasts that the traveler finds one of the keenest pleasures of his journey, we turn now from the comparatively rich, industrious, and productive regions near the East Coast to the poor and boggy regions of the undeveloped West of Ireland.

That the contrast may be as striking as possible we seek one of



THE NAVE OF THE NEWEST GREAT SANCTUARY OF IRELAND

the most remote and proverbially, poorest regions. We come to Achill Island — a bare, boggy and, in its way, beautiful island which is separated from the mainland only by a narrow strait.

Peat cutting is apparently the only profitable occupation possible in Achill. The peat costs the people nothing but the labor of slicing it from the mass of the bog, stacking it up to dry and finally hauling it home to the hearth in some poor hovel. Every tenant has the right to cut peat somewhere on the master's lands. Large areas of Achill Island have been completely altered in aspect by these cutting

operations. Peat is a sort of soggy coal, a fuel formed of the rotting vegetation of the dreary bog-land over which we drive for many miles — the road itself is a causeway of macadam laid upon the springy bog. We can feel the highway sag and shiver as our light jaunting car passes over it, and as we walk up hill behind the car we see the tires press into that elastic roadbed as into a rough pavement



A HIGHWAY IN THE EAST

of soft rubber. This part of Ireland is indeed "a trembling sod," where some peat beds have been found to be fifty feet in depth.

The turf when dried burns readily and emits that pungent odor that clings to everything in rural Ireland. The odor of peat smoke is most agreeable to the accustomed nostril and one whiff of it will conjure up a picture of an Irish peasant's cot with the inevitable pile of peat against the wall and the good wife before the door turn-



A HIGHWAY IN THE WEST

ing the old-time Irish wheel, spinning crude yarn from the new wool prepared by the old mother with her busy carding boards. We visit all the various villages of Achill Island, driving from one to another along the open winding roads, exchanging many a greeting with the country folk who rarely fail to give that optimistic Irish greeting,



PEAT

"It's a foine day." Even though it be blowing great guns or raining cats and dogs, it's always a "foine day" with the Irish. Along the way we met a countryman who looked like the real thing. Of course he said "It's a foine day." "It is, it is," we answered in our newly acquired reiterative brogue — I defy any one to travel along Irish roads and talk with the people and *not* acquire a temporary



THE PEAT BOGS OF ACHILL

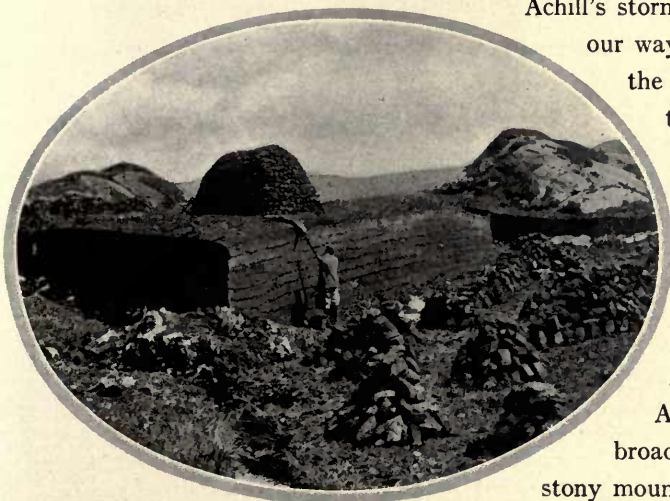
brogue; you feel peculiar and pedantic and unpleasantly superior if you continue to speak in your usual way.

"Shure and it is a foine day, it is, it is," he replied. And then he began to question us. "And what may be your country?" This made us feel that our brogue was not thick enough to disguise us. "*America* is it?" he murmured, "*America?*" — and then, with a kindly, patronizing smile, "*And how is it a-gettin' on?*" His tone

made us feel that America was about as big as Achill Island — and about twice as poor.

On 'one of those wild "foine days" that are characteristic of Achill's stormy clime we made

our way on horseback to the far seaward tip of the island, along the trails beyond the region of real roads. We looked down upon mysterious little beaches, sheltered from the Atlantic gales by the broad arms of Achill's stony mountains. We climbed



CUTTING PEAT

to dizzy ridges that overhung the raging sea and peered down through the flying mist at scenes, the like of

ON THE ISLE
OF ACHILL



THE PEAT PILE AND THE SPINNING WHEEL

which no camera could register; we watched day after day the angry clouds that clung and circled like a dark menace round the summit of Slievemore, that heather-covered hill that lifts its head two thousand two hundred feet above the hamlet of Dugort, where

we lodged and to which we returned each night after our days of most delightful wandering

across or round about this Achill Island, which seemed to grow each day more interesting and more wildly beautiful. We lodged in comfort at a little inn called the "Sea View Hotel."

We noted that in every vil-



CHURCHWARD

lage near the sea the one and only inn was always called the "Sea View Hotel." If there were a second inn, it was sure to be "The Mountain View Hotel." At Dugort there were *three* inns. We dropped in one day at the third inn simply to find out what its name might be. The name was — and why not, for it looked *both* ways? — "The Sea and Mountain View Hotel."

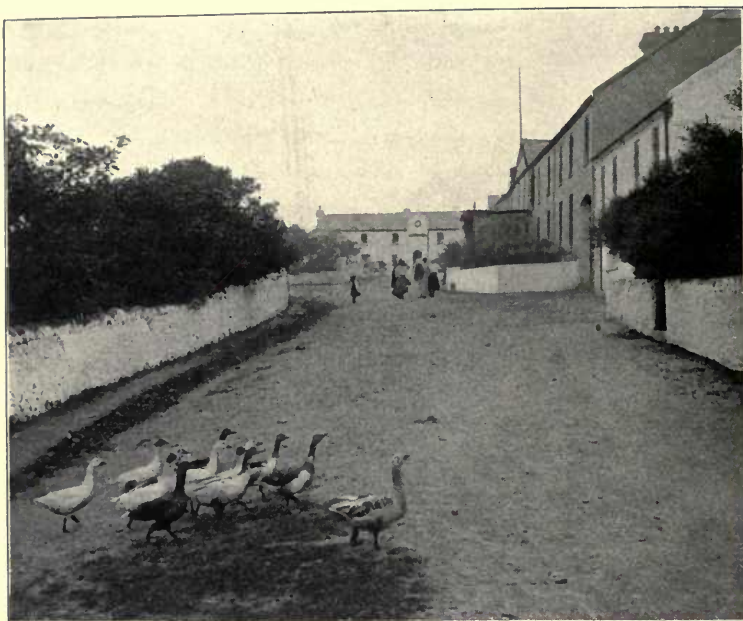
There were only two other guests there in our Sea View Hotel, and every day there came and went two or three strangers, tour-



SEA VIEW HOTEL

ists off the beaten track, who never would stay long enough to let the charm of Achill get on them the solid hold it had on us "old settlers."

With Jack McNally, our good landlord's son, we made long tours each day in Jack's new jaunting car. He took us to the distant villages and introduced us to all his friends — his friends comprising practically the entire population. At his request we photographed



IN DUGORT

them in family groups and promised to send them copies of the pictures for them to send to their relatives over in America. For all had relatives either in Cleveland or Chicago. One matron, Mrs.



'GRINDING MEAL



THE PATRICK MALLOYS OF KEEL

Pat Malloy of Keel, was very anxious that a picture of her kiddies in our car should be seen by their emigrated uncle, who lived in Chicago. A ticket—a free pass “good for two best seats”—was dispatched to his address. When these scenes were first projected at the Auditorium, “Uncle Dennis” was among those

present, seeing for the first time his brother’s sturdy Achill babies. Our jarvey, Jack, was also on good terms with the Constabulary, and the squad of Irish constables at Keel turned out in Sunday-



THE KEEL CONSTABULARY

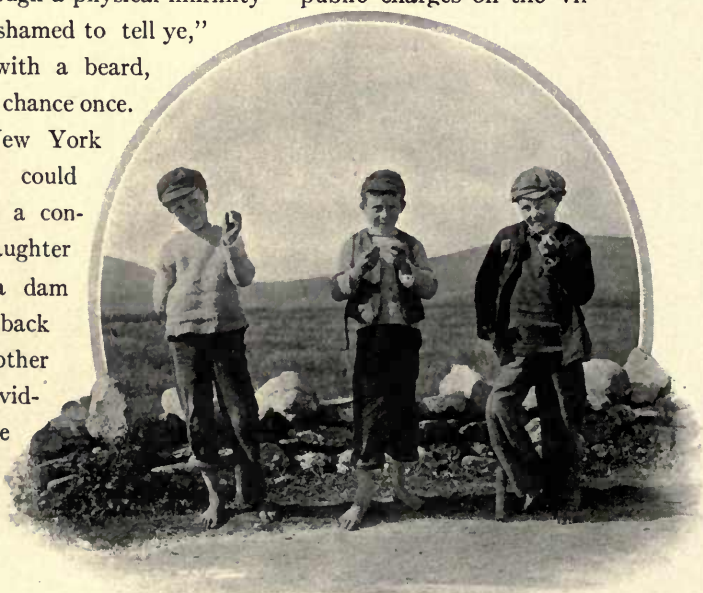


AN ACHILL SCHOOL

go-to-meeting uniforms to face the fire of our cameras. Farther on in the village of Dooagh we met two dear old irresponsibles — two broken-spirited old men, who had become — one through a mental, the other through a physical infirmity — public charges on the village. "I'm ashamed to tell ye,"

said the one with a beard, "that I had a chance once.

I was in New York once and I could have married a contractor's daughter — and like a dam fool I come back here." The other sad faced individual was a little out of his head. He



LIKEABLE LADS



A FISHERMAN'S HOME

said nothing, he merely lifted up his voice to join his fellow in misfortune in a sad old Irish song, the refrain of which was "There's bound to be a row — there's bound to be a row."

Other old men we saw of sturdier frame and mind — able to work and working lustily; one, a farmer, assured us that he had relatives in Cleveland and Chicago, and cherished many a regret that he had never followed them. And in that village of Dooagh we found the oldest man

TWO OLD BOYS
OF DOOAGH



NEATNESS AND POVERTY

in Achill, ninety-four years of age, hale and hearty and only too eager to show us that he could dance an Irish jig as well, if not a



OF STURDY STOCK

trifle better than his seventy-seven-year-old partner. And so they called the village fiddler forth, cleared the main street, and the two oldest inhabitants proceeded to trip a merry measure.

The poorest of the villages is on the south side of the island, and there we did find abject misery. The effects of the sad years of the old famine days were



ONE WHO STAYED AT HOME

still visible. Dooega was what many an Irish village was at one time permitted to become — a reproach to civilization, a shameful proof of blundering misrule. There we were bothered by beggars; nearly every soul in town demanding alms, and all seemed in sore need of every miserable penny that we gave. Yet native Irish wit had not been dulled by years of half-star-

vation, for when I gave a big bright penny to a baby in its mother's arms, the woman said, with fine assumption of aristocratic scorn,



"MOVED TO CLEVELAND, OHIO"



COLLEENS

"Choild, luk at the *penny* the foine gintleman is after givin' ye" — the contemptuous emphasis she put upon the "*penny*" almost shaming a shilling out of me.

In another village we saw a face that seemed to be the mirror of all the woes of Ireland

— the features drawn with suffering, the eyes run dry of tears, which in some way had got into the woman's voice — for as she sang she made us see a lifetime all of tears — a girlhood of the



CHILDREN OF THE OLD SOD



THE HOPE OF THE VILLAGE

bitterest poverty, a wifehood of starvation and a motherhood of agony; at the woman's breast beneath the shawl there was an ailing child. What could we do but give her money; not in charity, but in apologetic cowardice, because we had full stomachs, and

because we knew that if we and

our boasted "intelligent class" did our full, honest duty to ourselves

and to the world,

this sort of misery, born and

bred of ignorance and of in-

justice, would

never rise to

shame us as it does.

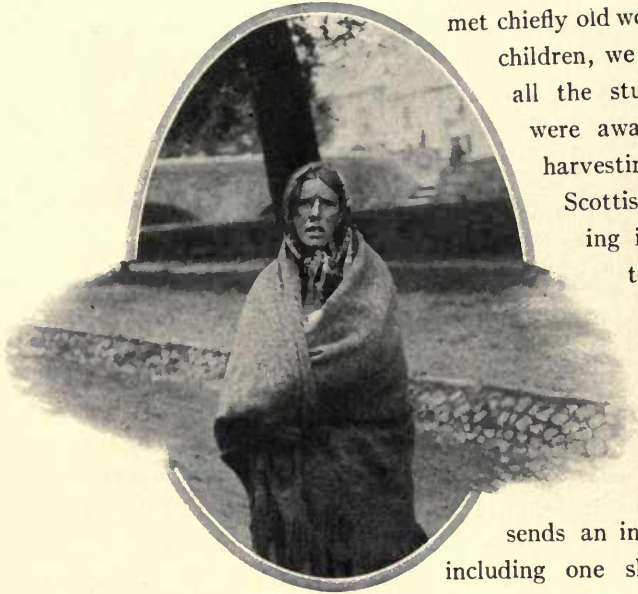
When we remarked

upon the fact that we



EXCLUSIVENESS

IRELAND

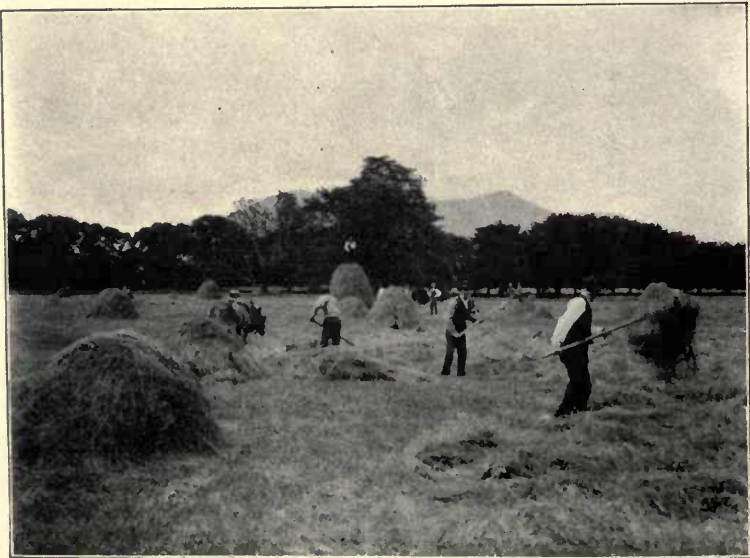


SINGING OF IRELAND'S WOES

year in harvest season.

met chiefly old women and young children, we were told that all the sturdy young folk were away in Scotland, harvesting the crops of Scottish farmers, doing in Scotland better work than the Scotch laborers can do.

Achill Island, with a population of four thousand, sends an industrious army, including one ship-load of six hundred girls, to Scotland every year. They and their brothers bring



IRISH INDUSTRY

back the hard earned money that keeps the children and the old folks in food and fuel during the long hard winter. Nevertheless the population is decreasing, and every year sees more and more

of the old cottages deserted.

They tell us that the former occupant of one abandoned cottage is now a prosperous shoemaker in



MARKET DAY

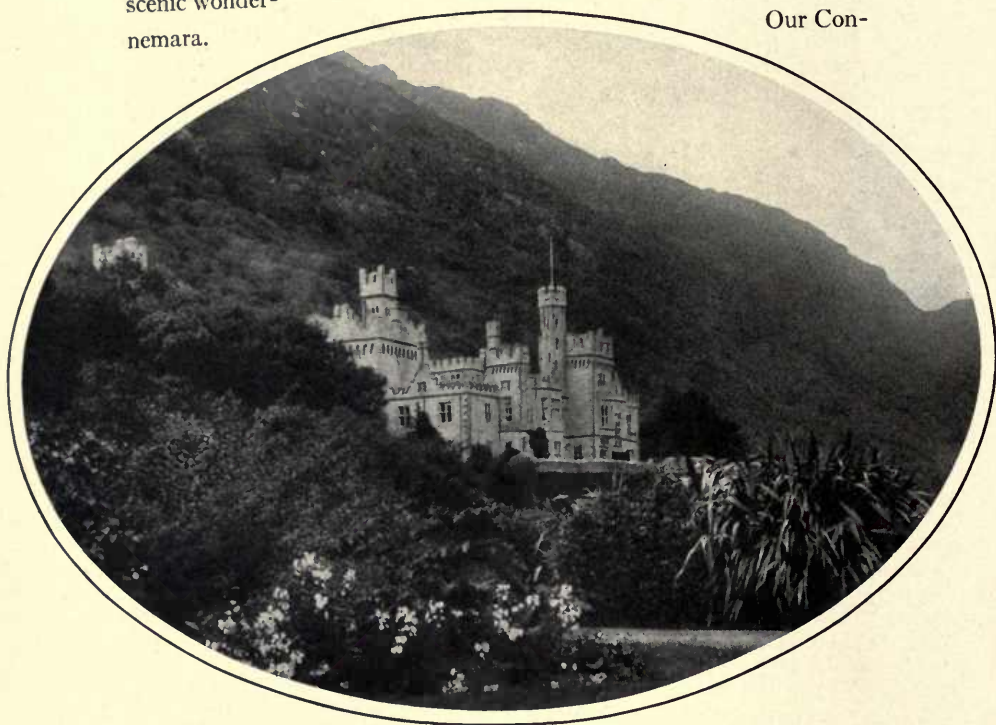
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A., sending back money to his relatives in Achill. Nor is this sort of thing confined to Achill — it is true all over Ireland. In 1850 there were eight million Irishmen in Ireland, to-day there are about four million left, the rest are making shoes in Cleveland, or bossing the traffic in New York, to say nothing of the more important matters



THE HILLSIDE
HERMIT

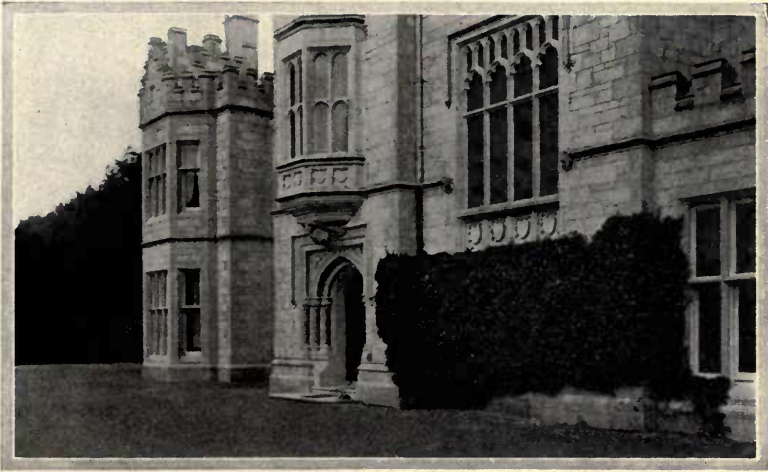
bossed by the Irish in all the greater cities of "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

From Achill we make our way southward and westward into the scenic wonder-land of Connemara. Our Con-



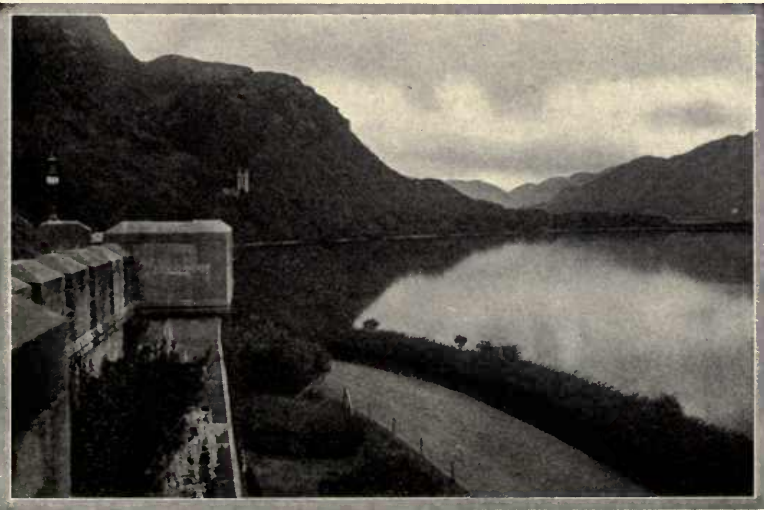
KYLEMORE CASTLE

nemara tour merits a travelogue all for itself, for the interior of Connemara is an Irish Switzerland, and the coast region of Connemara is an Irish Norway. We found in Connemara perfect roads, impressive mountains, alpine lakes, trout streams, and waterfalls — and, most important from the tourist's point of view, a chain of excellent hotels. We saw what savage Nature had done to help us realize our dreams of scenic grandeur, and in the midst of this wild country we came upon a place where gentle Art had set a fairy castle in a frame of beauty, as if to prove that dreams of

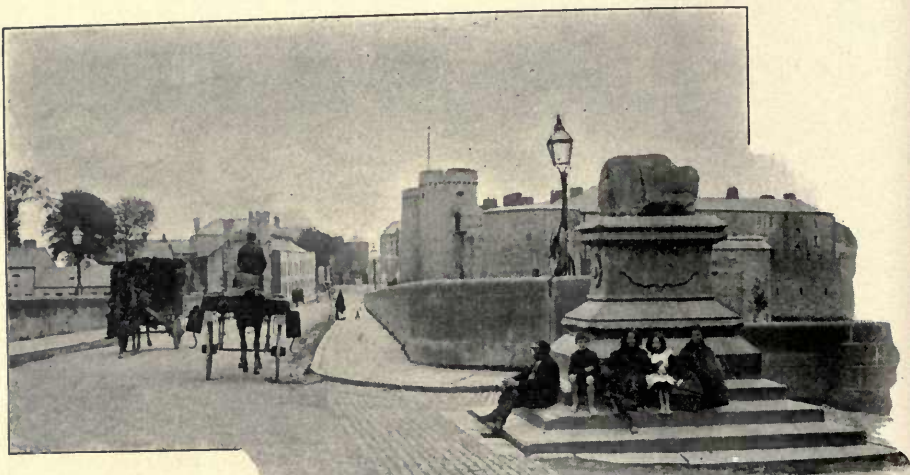


PURCHASED BY THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER

a real paradise on earth sometimes come true. That paradise is Kylemore Castle, now the Irish country-seat of the Duke of Manchester—one of the most exquisite examples of castle architecture in the world, ideally situated on the slope of a grim green Connemara mountain, overlooking the lovely little lake that mirrors the surrounding heights.



THE LAKE



THE TREATY STONE

Of course we did not fail to visit Limerick on the Shannon River. Limerick merits more time and more pictures than we can give to it, and so in fact does every town that we have



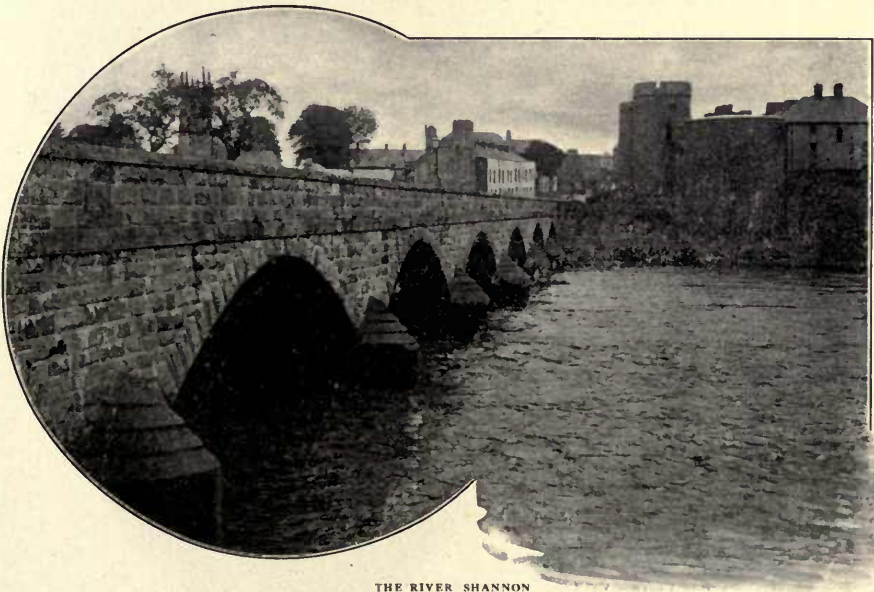
LIMERICK



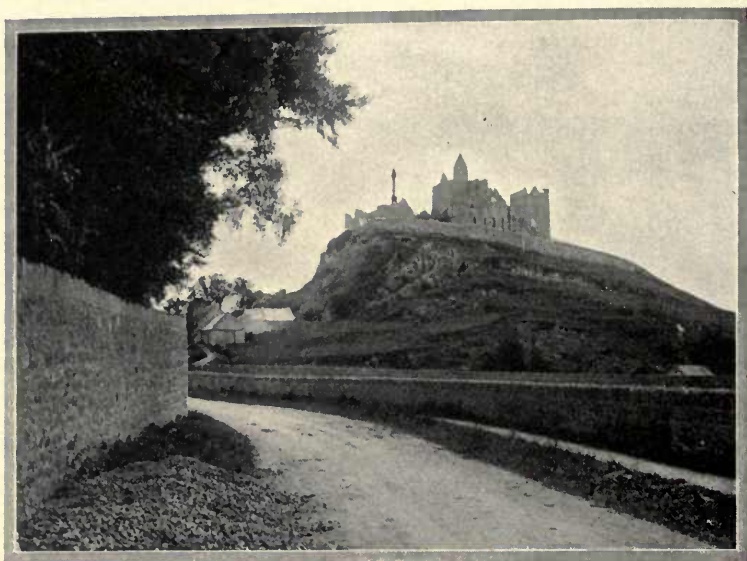
IN LIMERICK TOWN

touched; but there are so many sights to see in Ireland that we may not always tarry where we would.

Among the holy sites in Ireland none is dearer to the pious patriot than the great Rock of Cashel in County Tipperary. A holy place it has been for a thousand years and more, in spite of the tradition



THE RIVER SHANNON



THE ROCK OF CASHEL

concerning the infernal origin of the rock itself. Ask any old-time Tipperary man how it came there, and he will tell you how long years ago the devil took a big bite out of the crest of a neighboring range of mountains, and how finding the mouthful very dry and tough he spat it out upon the floor of Ireland's fairest valley.

In proof of this they show you this isolated Rock of Cashel, and a great gap in the skyline of a mountain several miles away. The buildings on the rock are in many ways remarkable. There is a beautiful cathedral, beautifully ruined, a castle admirably fallen to decay and a



IN THE VALE OF TIPPERARY

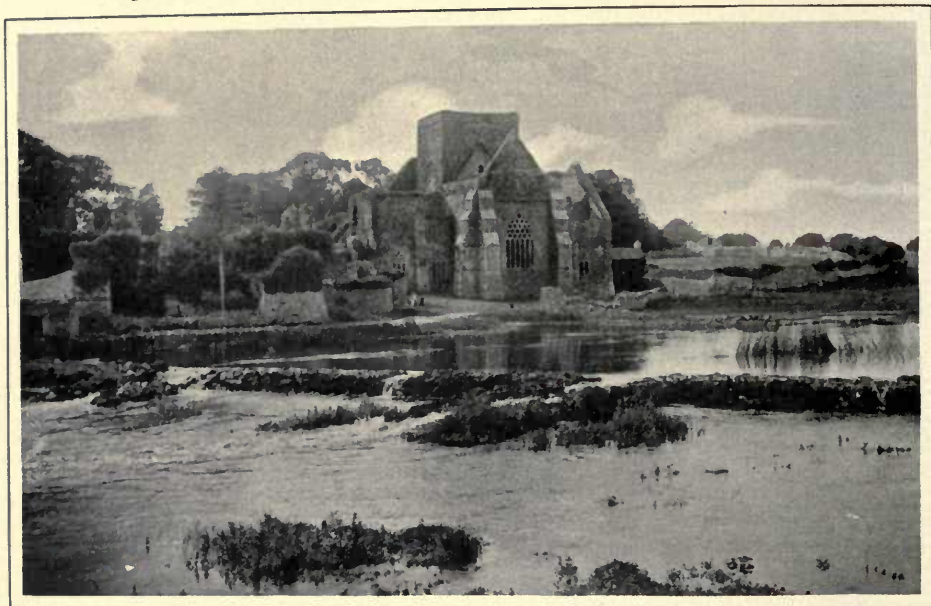
little Norman church, known as King Cormac's Chapel. There is, of course, an Irish tower, round as a rod and wonderfully well preserved, and there are Irish crosses, one so old and worn that it is nearly formless; and there is also a modern copy of an ancient cross that shows us what those splendid monuments were like before the tooth of time



NOT A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

had gnawed into their quaintly cut designs. And round about there is a view unrivaled in its verdant richness, for from this height we look out on the Golden Vale of Tipperary, as sweet a vale as green grass ever grew in. In this rich valley lies the celebrated "Golden Vein" of Irish soil — the richest and most fertile in all Ireland. Across this vale we drive northward a few miles to Holy Cross where stands the finest ruined abbey in all Ireland. 'Tis hard to say who was the greater artist, the architect who builded Holy Cross, or Father Time who has so artistically pulled it down and flung about its crumbling walls and tower a mantle of royal Irish green. Its abbots used

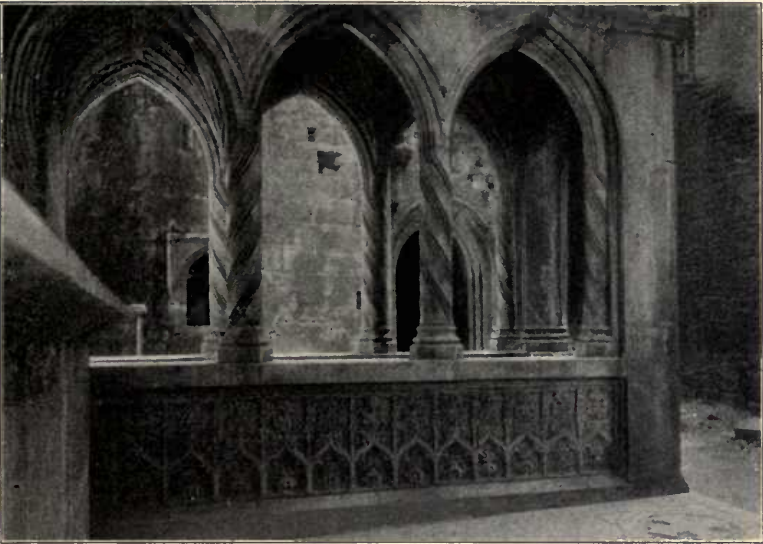
to sit as peers in Irish Parliament, its wealth was boundless and its sanctity of world-wide fame, for here at Holy Cross there was preserved a piece of the True Holy Cross presented by Pope Pascal the Second, 800 years ago. That precious bit of wood has long since disappeared, but the minutely groined roof of the little chapel, where



THE ABBEY OF HOLY CROSS

the relic was preserved and revered for centuries, still remains to delight those who appreciate an exquisite example of old-time ecclesiastic art.

But for the terse telling of our tale we linger too long here. We must press on, we have a train to catch — and such a train! — the queerest, most absurd, most utterly outlandish train that we have ever seen. Its name, too, is appropriately outlandish; it is the “Ballybunnion Mono-Rail Express.” It runs from a station on the ordinary line to Ballybunnion, about ten miles away on the Atlantic Coast. It runs upon a single elevated rail, a mono-rail, astride of which a double locomotive, or rather one shaped like a pair of bloomers,



CHAPEL OF THE TRUE CROSS

hauls a train of cars that likewise ride the mono-rail on wheels which are concealed in the long slot with which the Ballybunnion Limited is slit from stem to stern. To enable passengers to cross over to the



THE BRIDGE OF LISDOONVARNA



AN IRISH EXPRESS

compartments on the other side, there is one car that is nothing but a sort of stile like those by means of which one gets over fences in the country. The track itself is like a metal fence, ten miles in length. The line is spanned by bridges with a double draw that can be let down by the peasants when they wish to drive their carts or cows across.

The speed of this peculiar railway, although not surpassing seven miles an hour, nevertheless exceeds that of the only competing



AT A STATION

conveyances in the form of tiny two-wheeled carts drawn by donkeys, driven by dignified old dames.

We ask the meaning of the prefix "Bally," which occurs so often in the names of towns and places. They tell us that "Bally" means simply a piece of building land, to distinguish any bit of solid ground

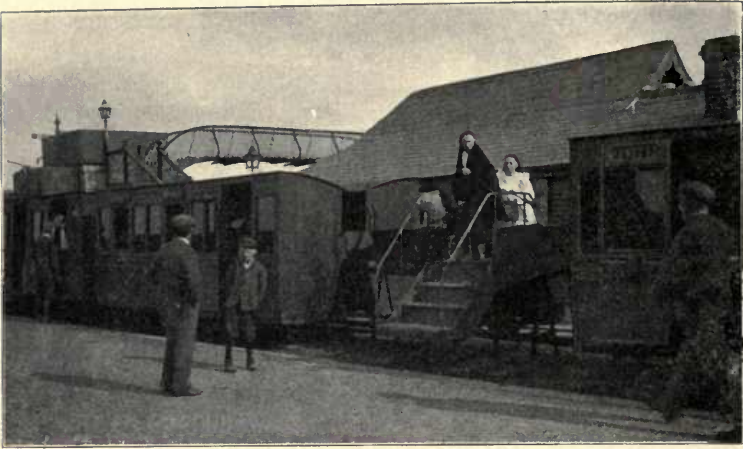


THE BALLYBUNNION LIMITED



A BRIDGE OVER THE MONO-RAIL LINE

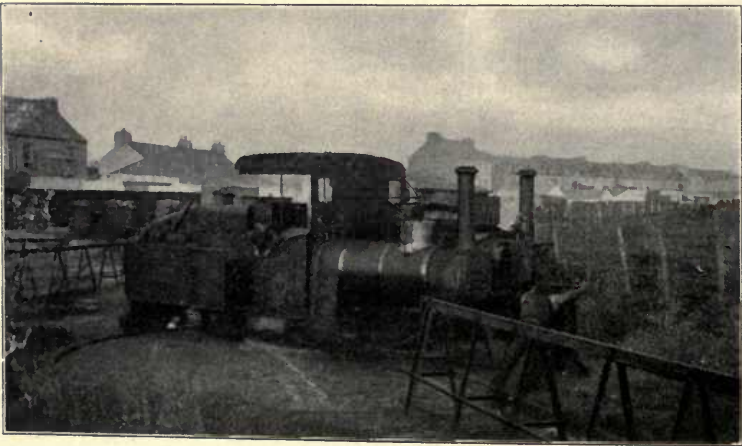
from the surrounding bog. We find on looking at the index of our guide book the following "Bally" places: Ballybay, Ballybeg, Ballybofey, Ballybogan, Ballydehob, Ballygalley, Ballygawley, Bally-



THE DOUBLE CARS AND THE STILE

hack, Ballyhaise, Ballyhaunis, Ballyholme, Ballyhooley, Ballymoney, Ballymoon, Ballymurry, Ballyragget, Ballyrone, Ballyvoy, and so on for three columns, including that most fascinating of all the Bally combinations, Ballycorus!

Another day we find ourselves upon the very Occidental edge of Ireland, peering down upon the deep Atlantic from the summit of the colossal wall formed by the Cliffs of Moher. Precipices rise a sheer six hundred feet from water-line to sky-line, harboring millions



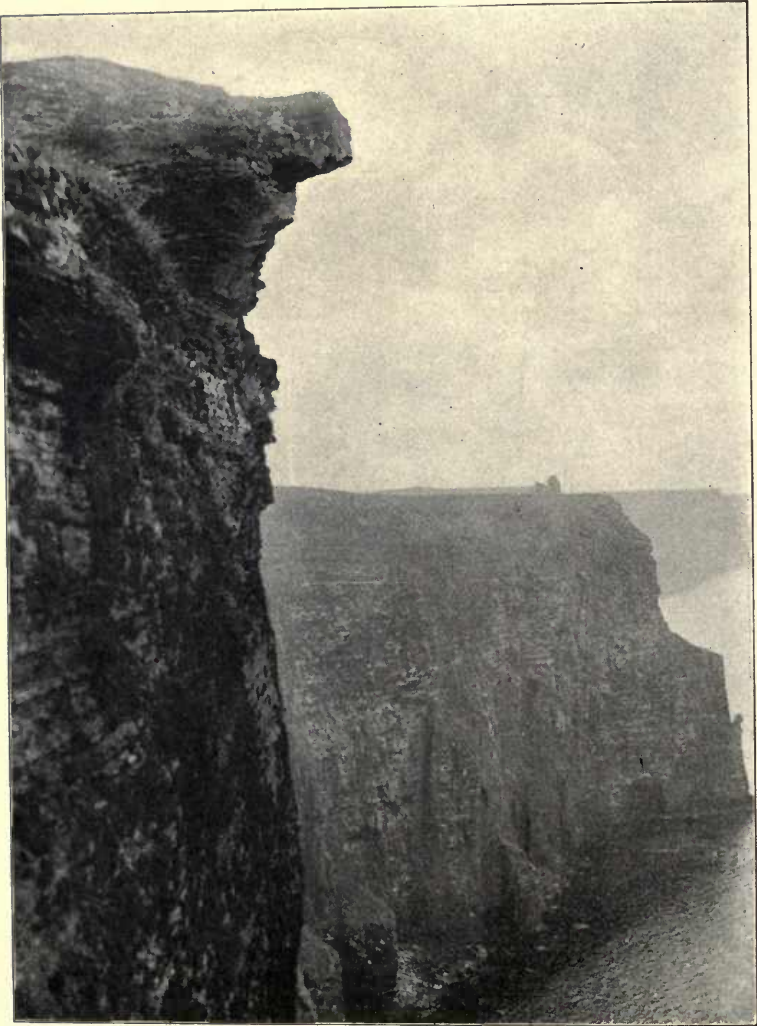
THE TURNTABLE

of sea birds, whose rasping cries drown the dull surging of the waves and lend a most uncanny awfulness to these dead walls. There on the summit of the cliff we see what seems an old baronial castle and we wonder what rich and happy noble dwells on this noble height and looks out every day upon this noble view. With envious steps we make our way along the brink



toward that superbly perched chateau, hoping perchance to find the lord and lady of the manor on the terrace surveying this glorious estate of earth

and sea and sky. But we found upon the threshold not just the sort of group that we had pictured! A small herd of cows was placidly ruminating there. Sadly we turned away from the old O'Brian Tower, now become the "Castle of the Cows," for we were sad to think that men would let these beauty-blind and unappreci-



THE CLIFFS OF MOHER



THE WIDE ATLANTIC

ative brutes usurp for their dull, uninspired uses, so glorious a site — one fit for the castle of an artist or a king.

Cliff after cliff receding in the gathering haze lead our eyes and thoughts southward toward a still more fit abode for those who



THE CASTLE OF THE COWS

worship beauty as expressed in scenic form — toward that region of ideal natural loveliness whither our steps instinctively have long been trending and to which they soon will bring us, for it is time for us to look upon Killarney — “Heaven’s Reflex, Beauty’s Home.”

Every lover of the beautiful longs to find himself upon the road that leads to Killarney, and we rejoice at sight of the guide post which informs us that we are within three and a half miles of that famous



NAMES WE KNOW

place. The name, in the old Gaelic tongue, Cill-Arneadh, means “the Church of the Sloes,” and the sloes of course are the famous blackthorn bushes that grow and flower nearly everywhere in Ireland. So toward Killarney town we hasten on, turning aside soon from the dusty public road to follow the perfect private pathways that lead across the rich demesne of the Earl of Kenmare, who owns one of the loveliest of the huge estates that

border upon and practically encircle the famous lakes that we have come to see. We learn to our surprise that the shores of Killarney are practically all private property, and that tourists are compelled to pay an admission fee before they can enter the grounds of these magnificent estates and look upon the lakes from the most advantageous points of view. As we enter the park of the Earl of Kenmare a very pretty girl comes forth from a very pretty house and



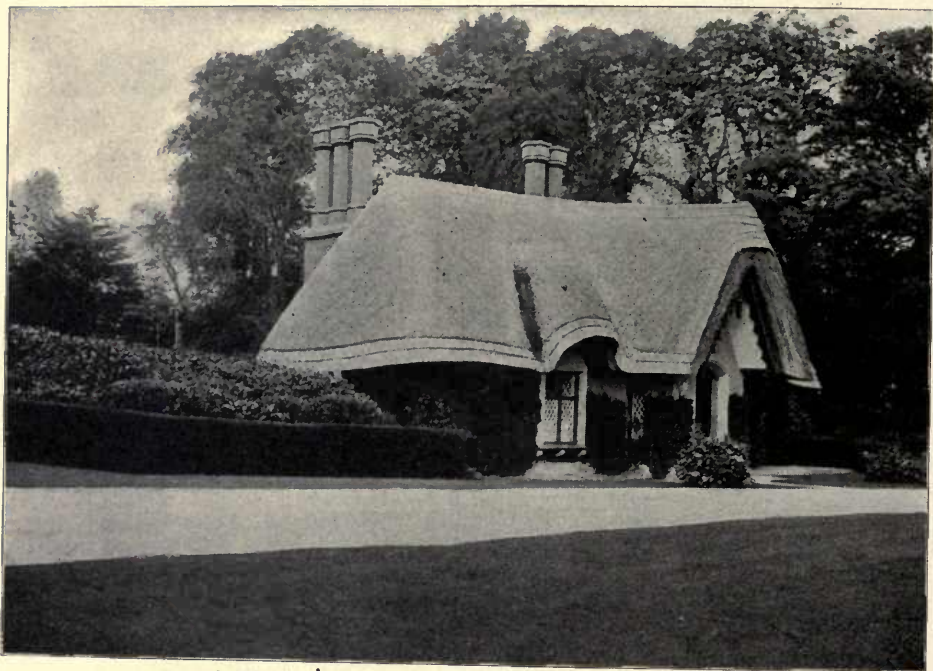
HEAVEN'S REFLEX

very prettily demands two pretty little sixpences. We part with them willingly — with her regretfully. The little lodge within which she promptly disappears is one of the neatest, sweetest little dwellings we have ever seen. It is supposed to be merely a peasant cottage, but, were all cottages like this, “love in a cottage” would



GOING TO KILLARNEY

take on a long new lease of life. Thus ere we have been five minutes within the gates of this ideal estate we have had a royal shillings-worth of beauty, and after we have passed through the well-groomed region near the modern castle of the Earl, which we are not permitted to approach, we enter a wilder and even more beautiful region where we drive on as through a forest. The



LODGEKEEPER'S COTTAGE AT THE GATES OF THE EARL OF KENMARE

roadway is over-arched by noble trees, tall, pale, and ghostly trees, suggesting a company of arboreal greybeards assembled as in some great ancestral council to discuss the future of their race, to make laws for the welfare of the younger trees, whose task it will be to keep Ireland young and green; for without trees a land grows quickly old, loses its beauty, and its charm—born of youthful freshness—shows its wrinkles, withers, wearies, and becomes a wilderness.

But no such fate will come to Ireland in our time. She seems a

land blessed with perennial youth, and everlasting youth means everlasting beauty. Even the scarred old ruins of Ross Castle are rejuvenated at the verdant touch of Irish nature. The blood of spring, and the hot blood of young summer, seems to fill the stony veins of Ireland's ancient masonry, causing her castles to put forth leaves, to burst into a verdurous life, to blossom like an emerald-petalled rose. Ross Castle that looks out upon Killarney, is not dead, it lives and

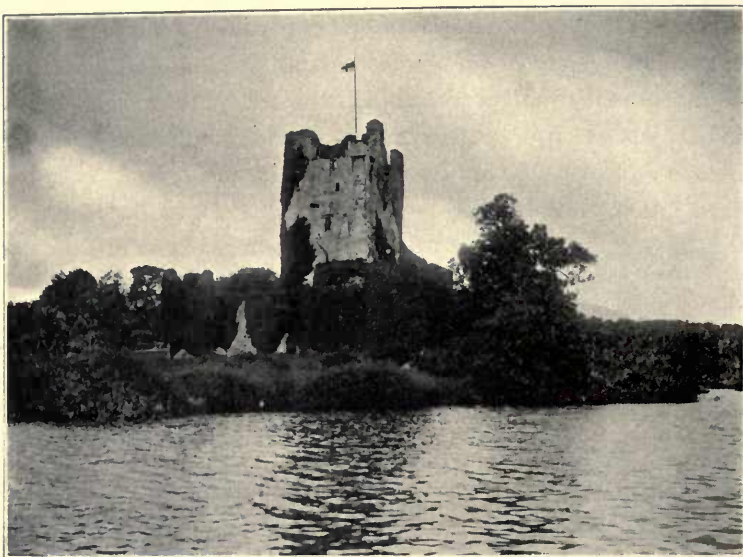


GRAND OLD TREES

blossoms every year, like Ireland's hopes and Ireland's aspirations.

We enter presently another pretty lake-side park — one that for the time being is our own, for it belongs to the Lake Hotel — and the hotel of course belongs to us, so long as we continue to pay our weekly bills. On arrival we encounter our first thoroughbred Irish "bull." Not finding an expected letter, I ask the Irish porter when the next mail will be in. "It's in, sir!" says the porter.

Much of the charm of a lake vista depends on an effective foreground, and in this respect the vista of Lough Leane, from the



ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY

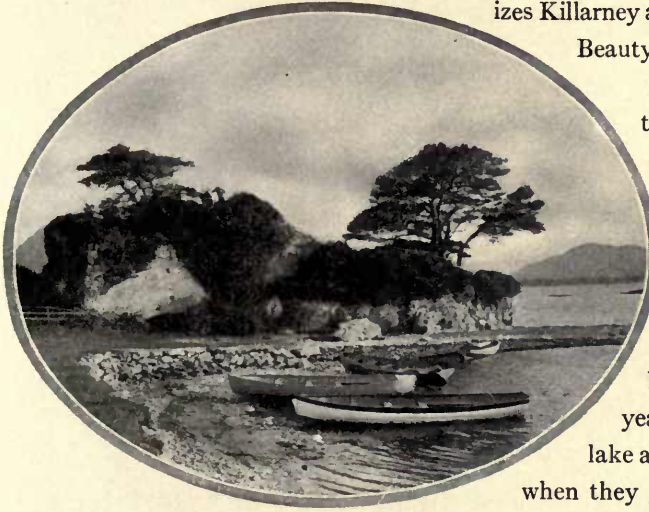
threshold of the Lake Hotel is undeniably supreme. In the foreground lies a tiny island, upon it a low remnant of ruined castle and two trees that are as artistic in outline as the picturesque trees of old Japan. A narrow causeway leads out to that island, Killarney's waters beat



THE LAKE HOTEL

against it softly, Killarney's mountains, crowned with purple heather, rise beyond it, Killarney's sky domes it with glory — and we echo once again the words of that sweet song in which the poet characterizes Killarney as "Heaven's Reflex,

Beauty's Home."



ALMOST JAPANESE IN COMPOSITION

Now that we see the beauty of this region we know why Killarney, of all the lovely sites in Ireland, is the best beloved — why tourists come by thousands every year to gaze upon this lake and carry with them

when they go away a precious memory of alluring scenic charm

that will give them joy so long as they shall live.



LOUGH LEANE

In contrast to the soft loveliness of the Killarney shores is the almost Norwegian grandeur and grimness of the Gap of Dunloe. In it lies a lifeless lake, the very lake in which St. Patrick drowned the



BEAUTY'S HOME

last of all the snakes. The Gap of Dunloe is a place of singular barrenness, bounded by granite walls of Purple Mountain on one side, and on the other by the highest range of peaks in Ireland, bearing a most unpoetic name, "McGillicuddy's Reeks." The extreme altitude attained is only a trifle over thirty-four hundred feet. Our path winds up out of this gloomy gap of grey, crosses a wind-swept pass and then winds down into a pretty paradise of green where we come again under the magic spell of the beauty of Killarney. But this beauty of grassy slope and silvery lake, pellucid sky and the soft inviting outlines of all things, is a sort of beauty that lends itself but ill to photographic reproduction. Killarney's beauty must be felt, and to feel it one must come down from the heights and touch one

by one, with the finger of actual experience, Killarney's manifold perfections, each one of which is capable of giving us a thrill of purest pleasure. One of these thrills of pleasure comes to us as we look for the first time upon the "Meeting of the Waters," where the overflow of the island-dotted upper lake comes swirling under the old Weir Bridge and down a narrow channel banked with verdure and brim-



THE UPPER LAKES OF KILLARNEY

ming with the exuberance of the rainstorm that has come and gone as quickly as if the gust of water had been instead a gust of wind. On that brimming tide the tourist-laden boats come gliding from the upper lake, and guided by the boatman in the bow they slip beneath the old Weir Bridge, plunge through the short safe rapids and then are borne along, as through a forest, to the Meeting of the Waters, where the thrilled and happy strangers step ashore.

Killarney is not a region for the traveler to hurry through; it is a place for leisurely sojourn, for a long idle holiday, composed of days filled with no sterner duty than the call to see the sunset, or to contemplate the moonlight on the lake. If only we had time for all we want to do, we could afford to do industriously that most delightful of all things, nothing — nothing but wander as we list through some



THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE

such earthly paradise as that through which we must now pass hurriedly in driving from Killarney to Glengariff.

Of Glengariff it must suffice to say that it is one of the most exquisite spots in Ireland. To tell in worthy words of the beauty spots of Ireland one needs must have a tongue of silver and a poet's soul — or at least one should have reverently performed that eloquence-inspiring ceremony — the kissing of the Blarney Stone. It is perhaps too late for me to call that famous stone to my assistance,



THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

but even so, no tour in Ireland can be called complete if it does not include a visit to the ruined tower that bears the name of Blarney Castle and is reached so easily by jaunting car from Cork.



BETWEEN THE PURPLE MOUNTAIN AND M'GILLICUDDY'S REEKS



SELLING MOUNTAIN DEW

projecting parapet. It is marked by two bands of rusty metal, two rods which the would-be osculators used to grip with both hands to steady themselves as they were lowered by the heels over the top stone of the

The actual location of the Blarney Stone had always been to us a mystery. No photographs have ever given us a correct impression as to the exact position of that gift-of-gab-giving slab of stone. The only way to see it clearly is to stand near the base of the tower and look up. The Blarney Stone forms the bottom edge of the projecting



IN THE GAP OF DUNLOE



GLENGARIFF

parapet. This very risky practice has been discontinued. The kissers of to-day must be content to be let down through the opening between the parapet and the main wall, their faces outward, so that



AN IRISH BEAUTY SPOT

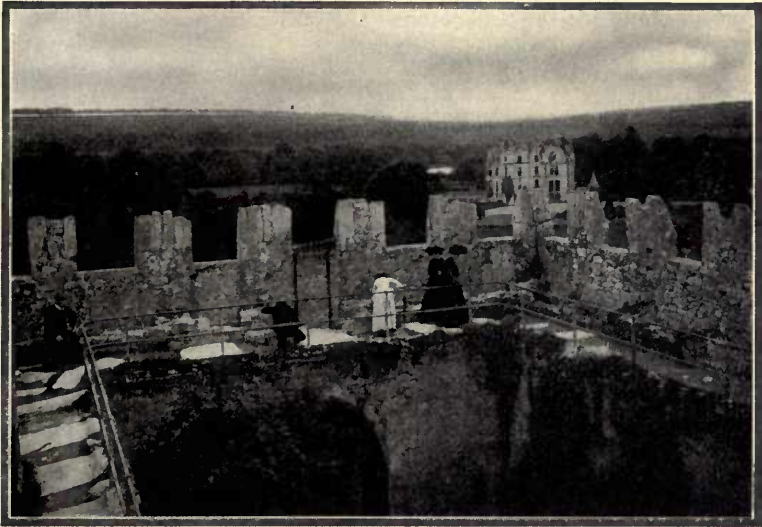
the lips touch only the inner angle of the stone. Yet even this is very dangerous; one careless osculator let go and was let go of, but in some miraculous way he lit lightly among the heavy branches of the trees which broke his fearful fall, and reached the ground with his bones unbroken — and his kiss unknissed.

From the ramparts of old Blarney Castle we look down on modern



BLARNEY CASTLE

Blarney Castle and off at the green hills of County Cork. Meantime our fellow-tourists one by one lie flat upon their backs on the pavement, take hold of two metal rods, on the inner side of the parapet, and then with their heels and legs held firmly by their friends, they let their hands glide down the rods until their lips are on a level with the surface of the stone that has been exquisitely polished by the pressure of the many lips that have sought here the gift of eloquence. 'Tis strange indeed that men will go to all this risk and



ATOP THE TOWER

trouble merely to press their lips to unresponsive stone. And yet we know that when it comes to kissing, there is no risk, however great, that man (especially an Irish-man) will not most willingly incur.

Once as a would-be kisser was seen to hesitate, an Irishman inquired, "Are you afraid?" "I am." "Well no man that's afeared ought to go a'kissing. All kissing should be done sudden; when you hesitate it's serious! Make way for the young lady, she's not afraid!"

No man knows from what day or incident dates the curious tradition



LOOKING UP AT THE BLARNEY STONE

that attributes to the "real stone" the power of "endowing whoever kisses it with the sweet persuasive, wheedling eloquence so perceptible in the language of the Cork people and which is generally termed 'Blarney.' This is the true meaning of the word, and not, as some writers have supposed, a faculty of deviating from veracity with an unblushing countenance whenever it may be convenient." The poets



READY TO KISS THE BLARNEY STONE

are not quite so sure that the "deluderin talk" of the inspired osculators is absolutely free from guile; these well-known lines suggest otherwise:

"There is a stone there that whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses to grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber
Or become Member of Parliament.
A clever spouter he'll sure turn out, or
An out and outer to be let alone!
Don't hope to hinder him or to bewilder him
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone."

Queen Elizabeth has been credited with the earliest use of the word Blarney in its now recognized sense. She had summoned to



court the famous Cormac, builder of Blarney Castle and scion of the princely race of the McCarthys, Lords of Muskerry, Barons of Blarney and Earls of Clancarty, that she might force him to relinquish certain privileges. He promised with fair words to come — and came not. With more fair words he continued to fail to come to London — or to the point; whereupon the Virgin Queen declared: "This is all Blarney — what he says he never means."

From Blarney Castle we drive back to the neighboring city of Cork, the metropolis of the South. We are agreeably impressed by the

noble buildings, the artistic churches, the broad and well-paved streets, the excellent hotel, and, finer than all else, the lovely views of Cork from the surrounding heights.

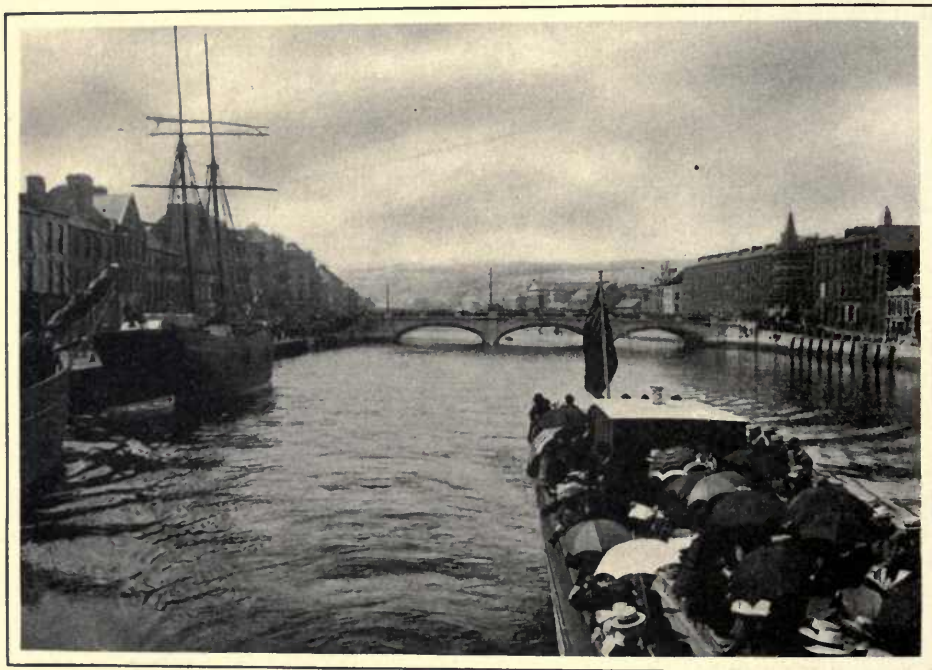
The Irish name Corrach or Corcagh means "swamp" and



KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE

we read with interest this word picture of the place and its people as they were in 1577:

"On the land side they are encumbered with evil neighbors—the Irish out-laws, that they are fain to watch their gates hourlie, to keep them shut at service time, and at meals, from sun to sun, nor suffer anie stranger to enter the citie with his weapon, but the same to leave at a lodge appointed. They walk out at seasons for recreation with power of men furnished. They trust not the country adjoining, but match in wedlocke among themselves onlie, so that the whole citie is well nigh linked one to the other in affinitie."



THE RIVER LEE IN CORK

And it is in Cork that we hear those bells of which Father Prout has sung —

"With deep affection and recollection
 I often think on those Shandon bells,
 Whose sound so wild would in the days of childhood
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
 On this I ponder where'er I wander
 And thus grow fonder Sweet Cork of thee
 With thy bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

With their music in our ears it is with a shock that we come upon this prosaic entry in the old Council Book of the Corporation of Cork — under the date of May 18, 1749—

That 100 guineas be paid Mr. Fran. Carleton and Mr. Riggs Falkener towards a ring of bells to be put up in the Steple of St. Ann's Church, in the Parish of S. Mary Shandon, in Corke, to be paid in three months from the date hereof.

Even more beautiful than that of Cork is the situation of Queenstown, the neighboring port.

But it is not to enjoy the glorious vistas of this harbor, that post-war travelers come to Queenstown; rather is it to look with tear-dimmed, outraged eyes at the graves of the men and women and children, "foully murdered by Germany" as the tombstones tell us — murdered in cold blood — sent to a sudden terrible death in the deep by the pirate craft that



QUEENSTOWN



GRAVES OF THE LUSITANIA VICTIMS

flew the flags of von Tirpitz and William the Second — and the Last. The cowardly torpedo which destroyed the *Lusitania* also destroyed the empire of the Hohenzollerns.

From Queenstown and the sunny South of Ireland we make our way to Belfast and the grim rocky north coast of the Emerald Isle. Belfast, the great industrial city of the North, boasts a population



ROYAL AVENUE, BELFAST

as large if not larger than that of Dublin — if we add to the urban population of each city, that of the suburbs and environs. In commercial importance Belfast is the first of Irish cities. The city of “the loom, the linen and the liner” has given to the world the finest of flax products and the fastest floating palaces of the trans-Atlantic fleets. It has not the antiquity of Dublin. It is a strictly modern city. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was a mere town. To-day it is a city of four hundred thousand. The mag-

nificent new City Hall, occupying the site of the old Linen Hall, in Donegall Square, was completed only in 1906. Before the entrance is a statue of Queen Victoria and surrounding it on three sides is a garden that adds much to its dignity. Seen from the Royal Avenue, its great copper dome towering above the city streets and the massive



THE CITY HALL



ALONG THE DOCKS



YORK STREET LINEN MILLS

bulk of the building effectually blocking the end of Donegall Place,
the City Hall strikes the



THE CITY HALL FROM ROYAL AVENUE

dominant note in the architectural aspect of Belfast and presents the picture most clearly remembered by the traveler. But to the traveler, unless he chances to be a practically minded business man, Belfast is to Dublin what Glasgow in Scotland is to Edinburgh—the rival city that offers comparatively little to detain him.

It is interesting to recall that the name "Belfast," derived from the old Gaelic words "Beal na farsad," means "Mouth of the Ford."

Beyond Belfast begins a wonderland of scenic charm that lures



THE ALBERT MEMORIAL

the lover of the glory of the out-of-doors northward along the Antrim Coast. We "did" this wonderland not by motor, but by jaunting car — as it should be done. For three days we jaunted slowly along a road that ran between the Irish mountains and the waters of the channel beyond which may be seen from time to time the shores of Scotland.

Marvellous things amaze and charm the traveler at every turn.



THE ANTRIM COAST

He peers through windows worn in the chalky walls or tall pointed arches cut in the red sandstone cliffs and framing vistas of a gentle summer sea. A mere list of all the things worth looking at along the way would more than fill our pages, therefore we may not even specify the many promontories, bays and beaches, mountains, glens, and valleys, castles, villages, and towers that diversify our days. Nor may we dwell upon the dreary stretches of almost Siberian monotony

that by their very contrast add even more diversity to the catalogue of most enjoyable experiences. Even the boggy wilderness is for a time enjoyable and we know that every mile of bog-land that we cover

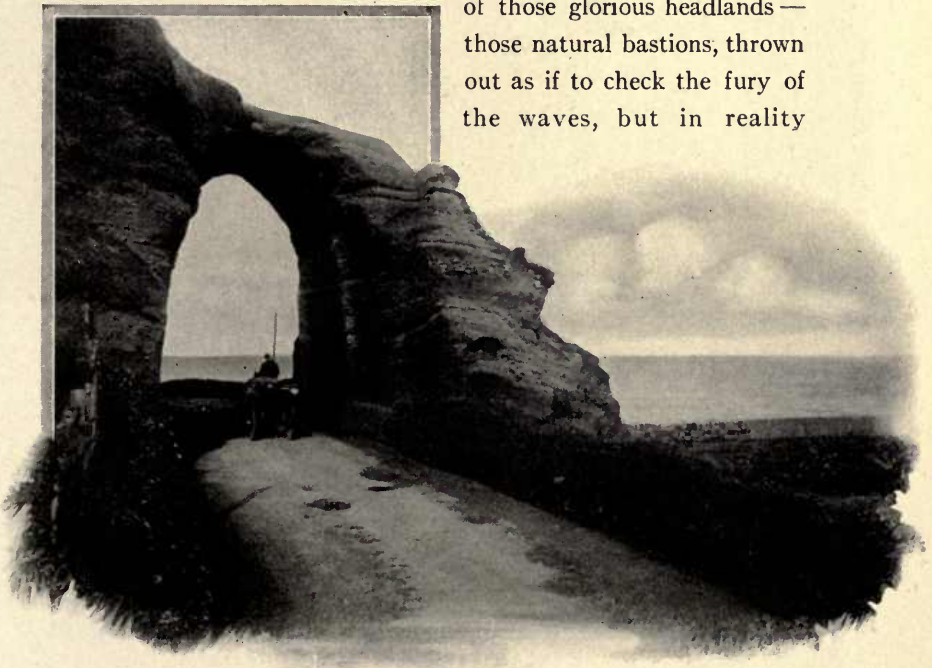


A WINDOW LOOKING SEAWARD

brings us nearer to the interesting sights that lie beyond—nearer to the glorious seacoast from which our road has turned aside to cut across the broad neck of some peninsula.

To get the best of scenic Ireland the traveler should cling as closely as he can to the magnificent seacoast. Thus he will see in turn, each

of those glorious headlands—those natural bastions, thrown out as if to check the fury of the waves, but in reality



THE ROAD FLOWS ON

created by the waves. The many superb headlands are merely what is left of low softly rounded hills of which the greater part has been eaten away by the insatiable ocean. Literally, the sea is gradually consuming Ireland, eagerly eating up this most delicious morsel of the crust of earth. We can see where the teeth of the sea have bitten out gigantic mouthfuls of the coast, leaving the tougher and more resisting corners to be slowly nibbled at from time to time.

Of these resisting sections of the shore the most marvellous and



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

the most impressive is the Giant's Causeway on the northern coast. Our first impression is that the Causeway has been overpraised, for the approach promises very little, and when in answer to our question "where *is* the Causeway?" some one replies: "That's it, right there! the low flat rocky point extending seaward from that little house!" we are tempted to turn back and to proclaim the Giant's Causeway a gigantic fraud. Thackeray himself exclaimed when he first beheld it: "Good God, have I come a hundred and fifty miles to see *that*!!"

But when from the top of the tall cliff we look directly down upon it we begin to appreciate it and to understand why this strange tongue of land is called a causeway. It appears like a portion of a path or road extending seaward — a path of which the greater part is now submerged, the other end of which comes to the surface off the coast of Scotland eighty miles away, at Fingal's Cave upon the Island of Staffa! It is paved with a peculiar pavement — a mosaic of basaltic blocks, and had we time to count those that are visible they would



ON THE NORTH COAST

be found to number forty thousand, plus those in various museums.

The pavement as we look down from the cliff appears smooth and level; it is neither. So uneven is the surface that should one stumble while scrambling over it one might tumble many feet. This pavement is like a floor of crude thick tiles — each one being the uppermost of a series of superimposed drums forming a tall column. These deep-set columns have been found similar in form and composition, each one composed of those neatly superimposed blocks, each block

with a concave top or bottom that fits with absolute perfection over or into the convexity or the concavity of the next block above it or below it. When concave tops are exposed to view they are found holding water—little round pools of either rain or spray. The rounded convex tops, on the contrary, are dry and slippery and afford a treacherous foot-hold for



ON THE CAUSEWAY

the thousands of sightseers who come every summer to see and marvel at this freak of the volcanic forces. The Giant's Causeway was created by a volcanic lava flow—a stream of molten lava pouring seaward, cooling, solidifying and then cracking, from top to bottom, in a million cracks, with such an absurd nicety, that though each column is separate and distinct from every other, yet there is not a hair's breadth of space between it and the columns that surround it.

All are packed together with an adjustment that is perfectly miraculous. Most of them are either five or six sided. One pretty figure, called the "Lady's Fan," is formed by five pentagons grouped around a hexagon and so tightly fitted to the taller surrounding columns that the pool thus formed holds water. The guides will tell you that



BASALTIC PILLARS

in all the forty thousand columns there are only three that have nine sides, one that is triangular and one that is an octagon; the latter is regarded as the keystone of the Causeway. All these were created by the fantasy of Nature as she cooled and cracked the wave of lava, that ages since, came rolling forth from the hot earth to meet the rolling waves of the cold sea. A bleak forbidding savage



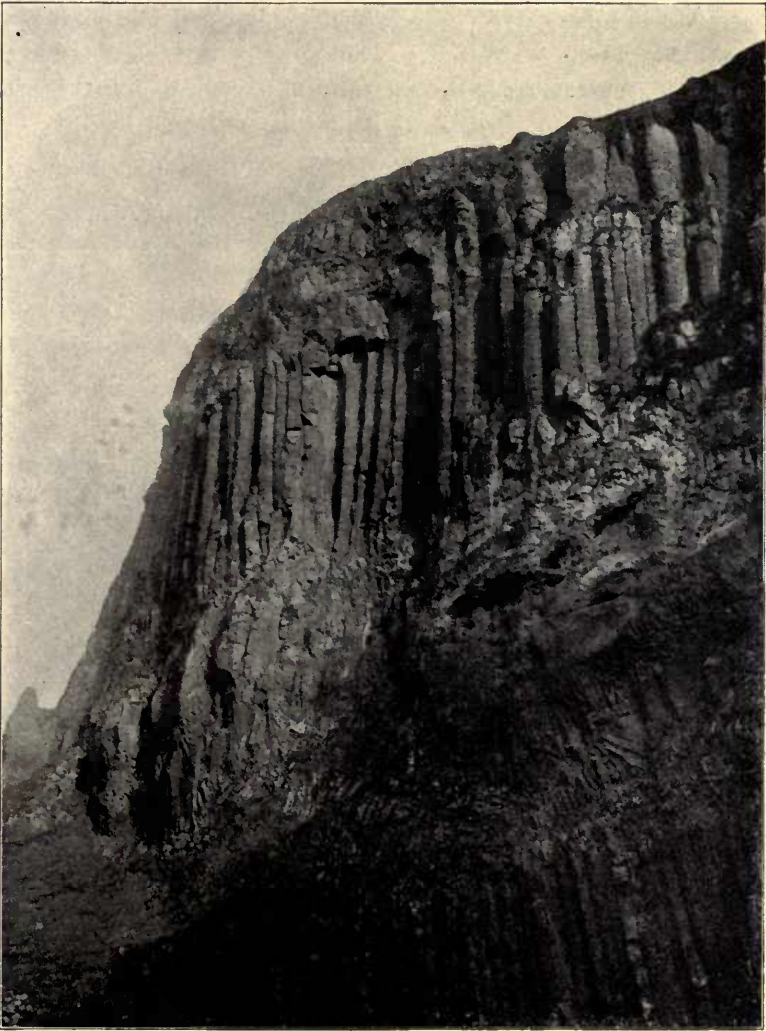
THE "LADY'S FAN"

scene, this Causeway, backed by its grim volcanic cliffs and fronted by the surge of angry seas. It looks a barren land where there is naught for hunger except dust and ashes — naught for thirst except the bitter brine into which the Causeway disappears.

Between the Causeway and the rising sun there stands a screen of gorgeously tinted and fantastically carved stone, like a gigantic Chinese curio of jade and amber and cornelian. It is a promontory known as Pleaskin Head—it is composed of layers of basaltic rock, each separated from the next above by layers of volcanic ash or red ochre deposited on top of each successive lava flow—looking now like rich red currant jelly in a slice of layer cake. Outlined against the sky we see the famous “chimneys,” which, being mistaken for the



THE NORTH ATLANTIC



PLEASKIN HEAD

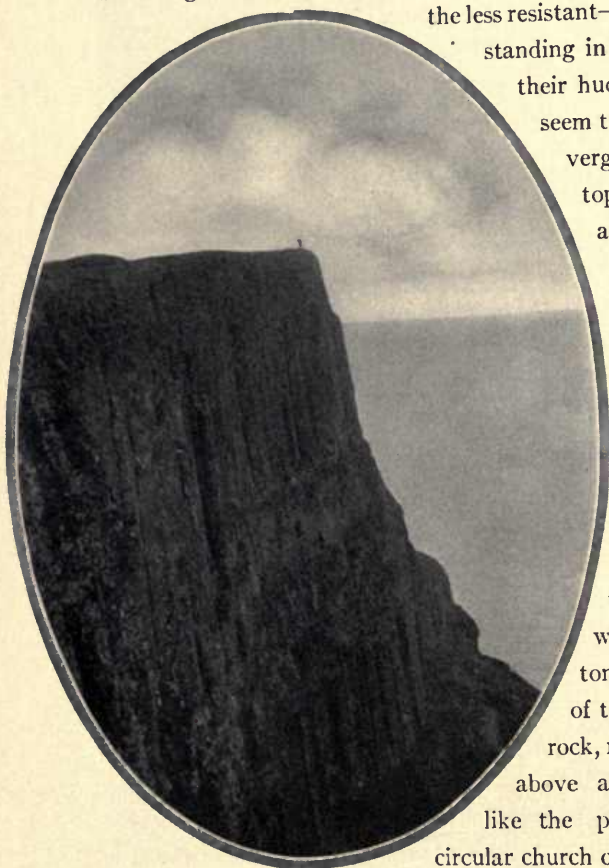
turrets of Dunluce Castle, were fired upon by a ship of the Spanish Armada that cruised along this coast in 1588. We may climb and study at close range what the old Spanish cannon balls would have knocked down, had the Spanish aim been better. A closer study of the formation of the cliff shows us how the pavement of the

Causeway has been laid. Here nearly four hundred feet above sea-level are found the same basaltic columns, only here they are stripped far down revealing the curious drum formation. The weather has been long at work upon these exposed groups of pillars, wearing away

the less resistant—leaving the stronger standing in dizzy isolation from their huddling fellows which seem to draw back from the

verge lest they should topple into the great amphitheater hollowed by the sea in the scarred face of Pleaskin Head.

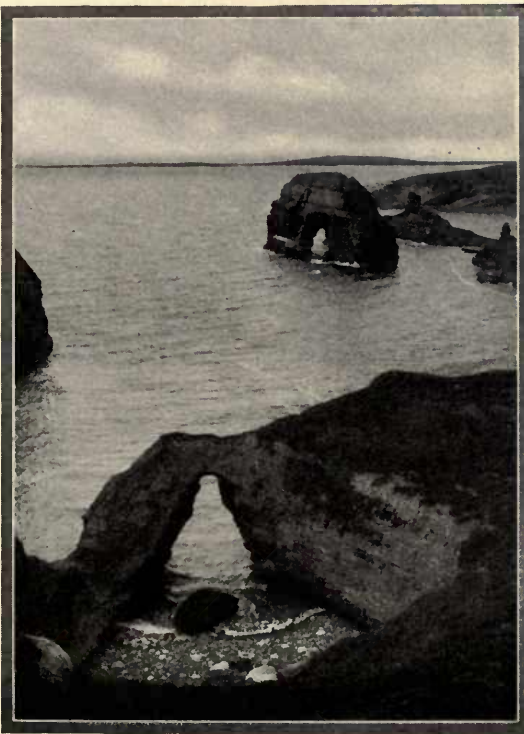
This amphitheater is like a fragment of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, brought hither from our southwestern wonderland. Below we see the massy dull-toned rock—then layers of that reddish ash, more rock, more ochre dust, and above all a range of pillars like the pipes of some semi-circular church organ.



THE END OF IRELAND

It is a glorious experience to walk along the path that winds around this tinted gap and then winds eastward, on and on, through other scenes of an infernal loveliness. Along the topmost ramparts of this northern wall of Ireland we proceed until we stand at last upon what seems the very roof of Ireland, with nothing between us and the Pole, except a desolate ex-

panse of ocean, nothing between us and the illusion of the Aurora Borealis except that greatest of all illusions—space, boundless space. And yet these solid cliffs are not more real than our illusions. Geologically speaking they are here to-day and gone to-morrow. A thousand years is nothing to geology, and ere a thousand years have passed, this cliff that boldly fronts the north wind with its sheer and noble mass, will have crumbled, grain by grain, as Pleaskin Head itself long since began to crumble, and in time the winds and waves that beat unceasingly against this Boreal bulwark of old Erin will have done their work, will have demolished all these rocky castles and razed them flat to the common level of the land, and all their craggy glories will have vanished like the visions of a dream. Ireland has been called a land of dreams. The Irish race



THE WORK OF THE WAVES

has been called a race of dreamers. For centuries the people of this dreamland island have dared to dream of Liberty. They have at last, after a struggle that has been bequeathed from generation to generation, made their dream of liberty come true. Out of the long nightmare of injustice, persecution, discontent, revolt and insurrection has come the promise of the

fulfillment of Ireland's aspirations. Irishmen are in control of Ireland's destiny. A friendly world — well-wishing and overflowing with good-will — looks on, confident that the liberty that has been won will bring to Ireland peace and prosperity, compensation for her ancient wrongs and the full enjoyment of her modern rights as a free member of one of the greatest and most democratic empires that the world has ever known.



Index to This Volume

- Abbottsford**, 127.
Aberdeen, 200-205.
 Fish Market, 204, 205.
 Marishal College, 201, 204.
 Mitchell Tower, 201, 205.
 Trawlers, 205.
 Union Street, 200.
Abject Misery, 284.
Achill Island, 273-290.
Addison, Joseph, 54.
Ambleside, 105.
America, 276, 280, 285, 289.
Amy Robsart, 49.
Antrim Coast, 326, 327.
Armagh, 272.
Arnold, Matthew, 104.
Arthur, King, 43, 62.
Ascot Sunday, 56, 57.
Auld Reekie, 159.
Ayr, 177-181.
 Burns' Birthplace, 180.
 Burns' Mausoleum, 184.
 Burns' Statue, 179.
Backs, The, 81.
Ball's Bridge, 241, 242.
"Bally," 299.
Ballybunnion Mono Railway,
 The, 296-300.
Ballycorus, 300.
Balmoral, 194.
Banbury Cross, 75.
Bannockburn, Battle of, 124, 169.
Bath, 33.
Beau Brummel, 35.
Beau Nash, 35.
Belfast, 322-325.
Belfries of England, 269.
Bellrois of France, 259.
Ben Nevis, 187.
Bideford Bay, 13.
Blarney Castle, 313, 317.
Blarney Stone, The, 312, 314-319.
Bothwell, 152.
Boulter's Lock, 56.
Bournemouth, 19.
Boyne, Battle of the, 264, 267.
Braemar, 195.
Bray, 248, 249.
British Champions, 5.
British Conservatism, 105-107.
Bruce, Robert, 124, 125, 268.
Bruce, Statue of Robert, 165.
Bunyan, John, 67.
Burns, Robert, 165, 178-184.
Burton, 101.
Byron, Lord, 80, 201.
Caledonian Canal, 209, 210.
Cambridge, 47, 79-81.
College, Trinity, 80.
Campaniles of Italy, 269.
Carnegie, Andrew, 155.
Cashel, Rock of, 293-295.
Castle Combe, 32.
Celtic Crosses, 265-268, 269-336.
Chapel Hope School, 120-122.
Charlie, Bonnie Prince, 149-208.
Cheddar, 46.
Cheese, 47.
Cheviots, 118, 121.
Clip Candlestick, A, 96.
Clovelly, 12-15.
Coach and Ford, 109.
Coniston, 104.
Connemora, 290, 291.
Cork, 319-321.
Cormoran, The Giant, 9.
Cornwall, 6, 8, 9.
Country, An Out-of-Doors, 219.
Country, A Worth While, 223.
Country, The Kind Green, 110, 111.
Country, The Real Wide Open, 115.
Covenanters, The, 158.
Crofters, 217, 218, 220.
Crianlarich, 192.
Crinan Canal, The, 190.
Croker, Richard, 245.
Cuchullin Hills, 221.
Dalkey, 247, 248.
Danes, 268, 269, 271.
Darnley, Henry, 140, 151, 152, 155.
Devenish Island, 270.
Devonshire, 11.
Donnybrook, 246, 247.
Dooagh, 282, 283.
Doomsday Book, 69.
Dragheda, 265, 266, 267.
Dryburgh Abbey, 127, 128.
Dublin, 229-241, 325.
 Bank of Ireland, 233, 234.
 Four Courts, 235, 238.
 Glasnevin Cemetery, 233, 237.
 Grattan's Statue, 232, 234.
 Horse Show, 238, 241-243.
 Museum of Irish Antiquities, 238.
 National Art Gallery, 238.
 Nelson Pillar, 231.
 New Museum and Library, 235.
 O'Connell's Monument, 231, 237.
 Parliament House, 232.
 Sackville Street, 230.

INDEX—Continued

- Shelbourne Hotel, 238, 239.
 Stephen's Green, 239.
 Trinity College, 233, 234.
Dugort, 278, 279, 280.
Dumfries, 181, 183.
Dunloe, Gap of, 310, 314.
Edinburgh, 134-159, 325.
 Abraham Lincoln Monument, 157
 Calton Hill, 135.
 Canongate, 141, 144, 147.
 Castle, 136-141.
 Charles II, Statue of, 144.
 Cowgate, 153.
 David Hume, Tomb of, 156, 157.
 East Princes Street Gardens, 135.
 Greyfriars Churchyard, 158.
 Holyrood Palace, 141, 149-152.
 John Knox Grave, 143.
 John Knox House, 144, 145.
 Magnificent Auditoriums, 154.
 Mons Meg, 141.
 National Gallery, 136.
 Parliament House, 143.
 Parliament Square, 143.
 Princes Street, 131, 134.
 Royal Institution, 135.
 Royal Mile, 141.
 Scott Monument, 129, 134.
 St. Giles' Cathedral, 142.
 St. Margaret's Chapel, 140, 141.
 Toolbooth Prison, 144.
 University, 155.
 West Princes Street Gardens, 135,
 137, 138.
 White Horse Close, 148.
Edward, Prince of Wales, 52, 63-65.
Edward III, 61, 63.
Edward VII, 51.
Elizabeth, Queen, 77, 152, 318.
Ellen's Isle, 185.
Elstow, 67.
England, 6.
English Riviera, The, 11.
Falkirk, Battle of, 166.
Falstaff, Sir John, 66.
Fingal's Cave, 214, 329.
Finished Scenery, 116.
Firth of Forth, 160.
Flora Macdonald, 207-209.
"Foine Days," 276.
Fort Augustus, 210.
Forth Bridge, 160-162.
Fotheringay, 152.
Friar's Heel, The, 29, 30.
George V, 64.
Giant's Causeway, 328-332, 334.
Gladstone, 51.
Glaestyngabyrig, 44.
Glasgow, 172-176, 325.
Glasgow University, 175.
Glastonbury, 42-45.
Glastonbury, Thorn of, 43.
Glastonbury Tor, 43, 44.
Glendalough, 250-253.
Glengariff, 312, 315.
Gota Canal, 210.
Grampian Mountains, 194.
Granite City, The, 200.
Grasmere, 102.
Grattan, Henry, 234-237.
Grattan's Parliament, 235.
Great Tom, 51.
Greater Britain, 5.
Greenwich, 75-79.
Gretna Green, 116, 117.
Greyfriars Bobby, 159.
Hampton Court, 59-61.
Harvard, John, 81-83.
Hathaway, Anne, 93.
Haunch of Venison, The, 20.
Heart of Bruce, The, 124.
Heather, 189.
Heating Arrangements, 105.
Hebrides, Inner, 217.
 Isle of Skye, 216, 217.
Henley Regatta, 57.
Henry VIII, 44, 59, 77, 163.
Highland Lakes, 186.
Highlands, The, 191, 195.
Holme, 101.
Holy Cross, 295, 296, 297.
Holyhead, 229.
Honest Duty, 287.
Honister Pass, 108.
Howth, 243.
Ilfracombe, 11.
Industrial Army, An, 288.
Inverness, 205-209.
Iona, 211-213.
Ireland's Eye, 243, 245.
Ireland's Fairest Valley, 294, 295.
Ireland's Wealth, 227.
Irish "Bulls," 248, 307.
Irish Channel, 229.
Irish "Hovels," Charming, 257.
Irish Hunters, 241.
Irish Norway, An, 290.
Irish Switzerland, An, 290.
Iseult of Ireland, 8.
Ivanhoe, 133.
Jack the Giant Killer, 10.
James I, 61.
James I of England, 139.
James II, 264, 265.
John Bunyan, 67.
Johnson, Samuel, 51.
Jordans, 66.
Joseph of Arimathea, 43.
Keats, John, 104.
Keel Constabulary, 281.

INDEX—Continued

- Kenilworth, 98.
 Kenmare, Estate of the Earl of, 304-306.
 Killarney, 304-312.
 "King Maker," The, 98.
 Kingston, 229.
 Knox, John, 142, 143, 145, 151.
 Kylemore Castle, 291.
 Lady of the Lake, The, 184, 185.
 Lady's Fan, The, 331.
 Lake Country, The English, 101-112.
 Lake District Defence Society, 105.
 Lake Poets, 103.
 Lakes, Scottish, 184-189.
 Land of Lyonesse, 7, 8.
 Land's End, 6.
 "Last of the Barons," The, 97.
 Limerick, 292, 293.
 Linlithgow, 162, 164, 165.
 Lisdoonvarna, Bridge of, 297.
 Loch Awe, 188.
 Loch Katrine, 184.
 Loch Lomond, 186, 188.
 Loch Lubnaig, 188.
 Longleat Park, 36.
 Looe, 9.
 Lough Erne, 270.
 Lough Leane, 307-309.
 Lusitania, 321, 322.
 Macbeth, 213.
 McGillicuddy's Reeks, 310-313.
 Manchester, Duke of, 291.
 Mark, King, 8.
 Mary, Queen of Scots, 130, 140, 150, 164.
 Meeting of the Waters, 254, 311, 313.
 Melrose Abbey, 123, 124.
 Memories of Pisa and of Florence, 205.
 Moher, Cliffs of, 300, 302, 303.
 Monasterboice, 266-269.
 Mottha Stone, The, 255, 256.
 Nelson, Horatio, 79, 231.
 New England's Birthplace, 61.
 Newgrange, 262-264, 265.
 New Haven, 160.
 Oban, 211.
 O'Connell, Daniel, 231-233, 237, 260.
 Order of the Garter, 62.
 Ovoca, Vale of, 254, 255.
 Oxford, 47, 55.
 Christ Church, 51.
 Magdalen College, 52.
 Merton College, 55.
 Parnell, James Stewart, 237.
 Peat, 273, 274, 276-278.
 Penn, William, 66, 67, 68.
 Pennsylvania, 66, 67.
 Perth, 191-194.
 Pleaskin Head, 332-334.
 Portree, 222.
 Potatoes, 17.
 Poultry Cross, The, 21.
 Prince of Wales, 63-65.
 Quakers, 66.
 Queenstown, 321.
 Race of Dreamers, A, 335.
 Rameses The Great, 31.
 Richard Coeur de Lion, 65.
 River Avon, 93, 97.
 Avon, in Wiltshire, 26.
 Ayr, 177.
 Cam, 79.
 Cherwell, 54.
 Clyde, 176, 177.
 Lee, 320.
 Liffey, 229.
 Shannon, 292, 293.
 Tay, 191-194.
 Thames, 55-59.
 Tweed, 127.
 Rizzio, David, 151.
 Rob Roy, 184, 185.
 Roman Baths, 33.
 Ross Castle, 307, 308.
 Round Towers, 237, 251, 266-271, 294, 295.
 Royal Naval College, 79.
 Rushlight, 96.
 Ruskin, John, 51, 104.
 Salisbury, 20-26.
 Salisbury Cathedral, 22-26.
 Salisbury Plain, 27.
 Scilly Isles, 7.
 Scotch Directness, 123.
 Scotch Humor, 170.
 Scott, Sir Walter, 126-133.
 Burial Place, 126.
 Monument, 134.
 Scottish Crops, 288.
 Scottish Lakes, 184, 189.
 Scottish Marriage Law, 116.
 Scuir-Na-Gilleann, 221.
 Selkirk Hills, The, 119.
 Shakespeare, William, 84-94.
 Shakespeare Memorial, The, 88-93.
 Sheep Fair, A, 106.
 Sheep Shearing, 119, 120.
 Shelly, Percy Byssche, 49, 104.
 Shillelagh, 256, 257.
 Shottery, 93.
 Siberian Monotony, 326, 327.
 Silver Strand, The, 185.
 Skye, Isle of, 216, 217.
 Sligachan Glen, 221.
 Society of Friends, 66.

INDEX—Continued

- Spanish Armada, 333.
- Staffa, 211, 213-215, 329.
- Stars and Stripes, 71.
- Stevenson, Robert Louis, 196-199.
- St. Andrew's Cross, 41.
- St. Columba, 211.
- St. Kevin, 250-252.
- St. Kevin's Bed, 251-253.
- St. Michael's Mount, 8, 9.
- St. Molaise, 270.
- St. Patrick, 211, 238, 272, 310.
- St. Patrick, Statue of, 260-262.
- Staigue Fort, 262, 263.
- Standard Clock, 76.
- Stirling, 164.
- Stirling Bridge, Battle of, 165, 166.
- Stirling Castle, 164-166, 169.
- Stonehenge, 27-32.
- Stone of Destiny, 261, 262.
- Stratford-on-Avon, 82-93.
 - Harvard House, 82.
 - Shakespeare House, 84.
- Sulgrave, 68-74.
- Sulgrave Manor, 69, 71, 73.
- Tammany, 244, 246.
- Tara, Hill of, 259, 262.
- Tea Serving Industry, The, 13.
- Tedford, Thomas, 210.
- Teeth of the Sea, 328.
- Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 80-101.
- Their Majesties, 64.
- Tipperary, Vale of, 293-295.
- Tom Quad, 50.
- Torquay, 19.
- Treasure Island, 196, 197.
- Treaty of York, 170.
- Tristram, 8.
- Trossachs, 185.
- Universal Cuisine, 15-18.
- Victoria, Queen, 195.
- Vikings, 268, 271.
- Wallace Monument, 170, 171.
- Wallace, Sir William, 165-168, 170.
- Warwick Castle, 97.
- Washington, George, 69, 71, 72.
- Washingtons of Sulgrave, The, 69, 71-73.
- Waverly Novels, 129.
- Wellington, Duke of, 51.
- William the Conqueror, 69.
- Wells, 36-42.
 - Cathedral, 36-40.
 - Chapter House, 38.
 - Episcopal Palace, 42.
 - Penniless Porch, 42.
- Westmoreland, 100.
- Weymouth, 19.
- William of Orange, 264, 265.
- Windsor, 61.
- Wolsey, Cardinal, 51, 59, 60.
- Wordsworth, William, 79, 103.
- Ynysyr Afalon, 44.
- Zero Line, 77.

EGYPT



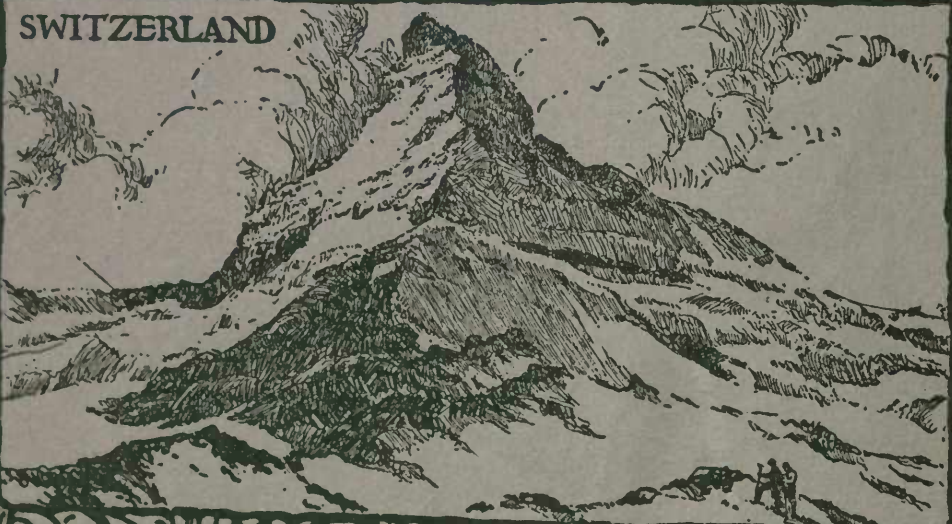
VENICE

BURTON HOLMES
TRAVELOGUES

LONDON



SWITZERLAND





3 1158 00701 7063

PANAMA

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 032 518 3

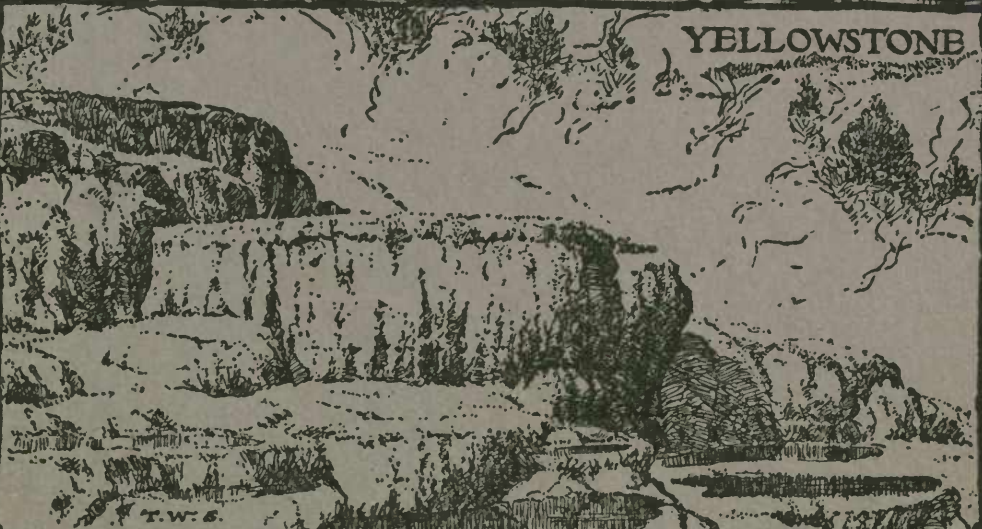
JAPAN

BURTON HOLMES
TRAVELOGUES

CHINA



YELLOWSTONE



T.W.S.

